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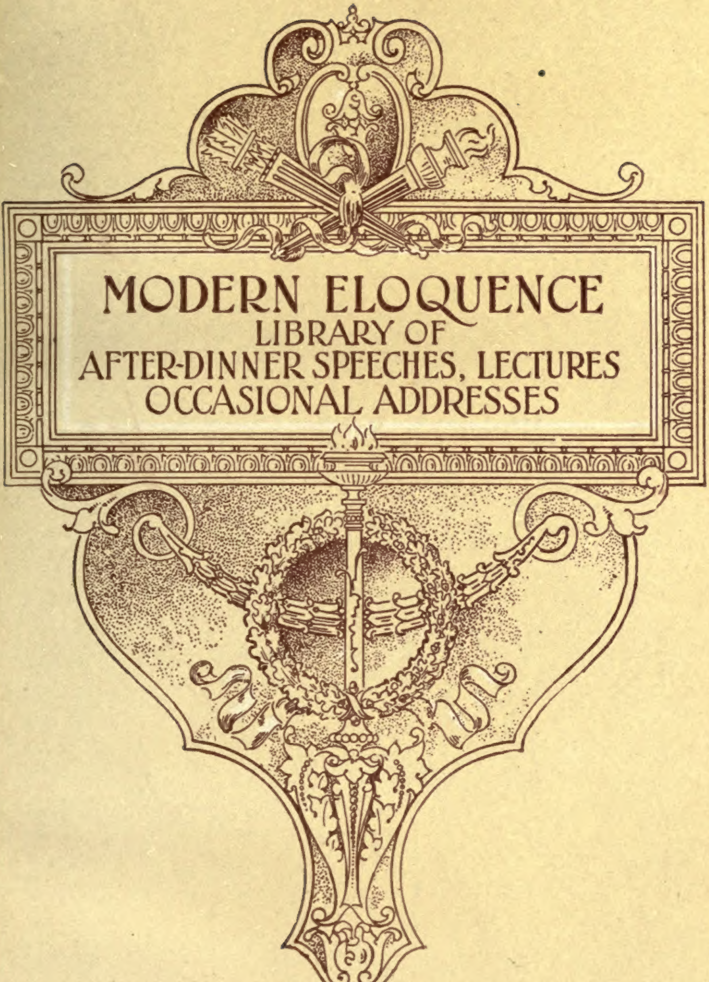

MODERN ELOQUENCE

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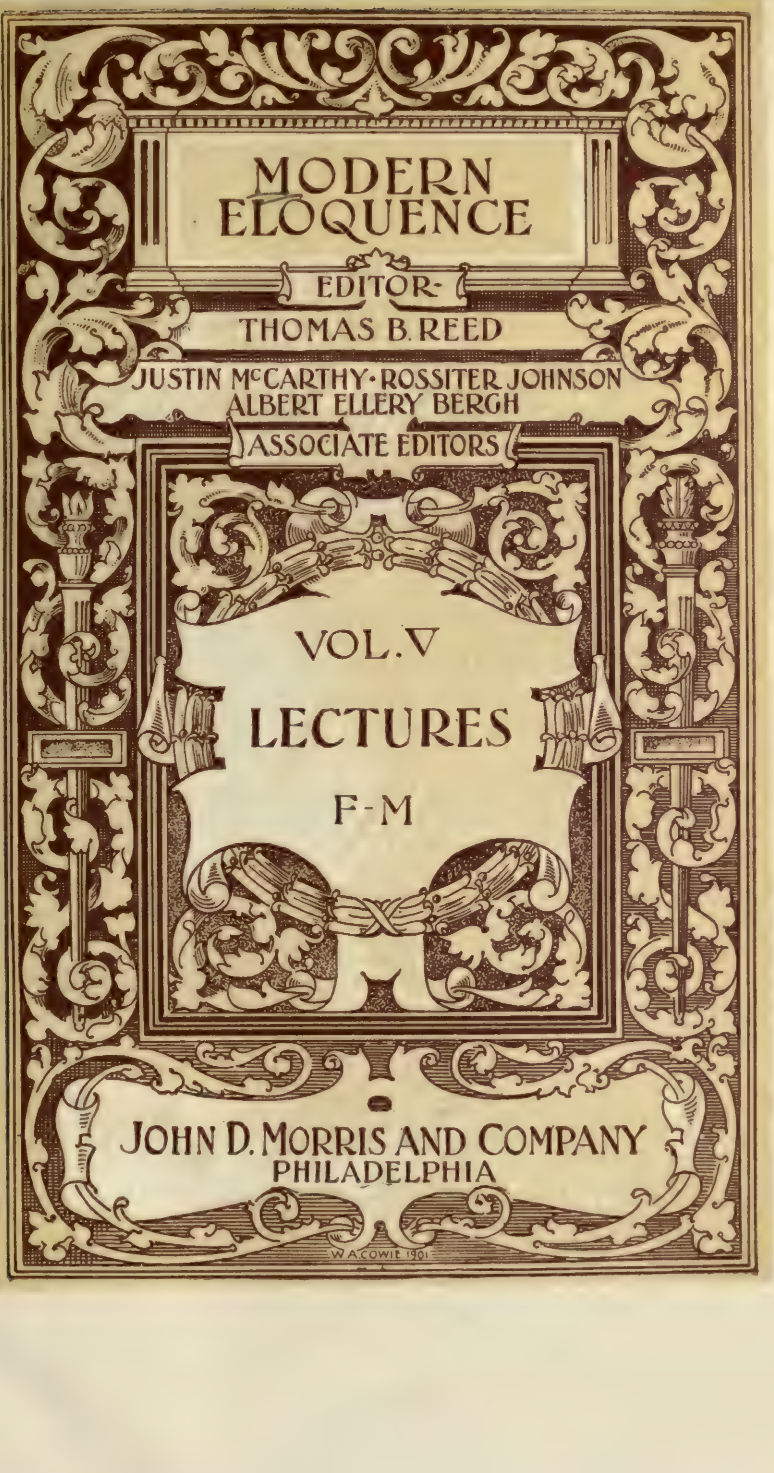
"RELIGION"

Photo-engraving in colors after the original painting by
Charles S. Pearce

Mr. Pearce's decorations in the north corridor deal with The Family, Religion, Labor, Study, Recreation, and Rest. The series illustrates the main phases of a pleasant and well-ordered life—a kind of idyllic existence so often imagined by the poets—showing a people living in an Arcadian country in a state of primitive simplicity, but partaking of the refinements of civilization. "Religion" is quiet in conception, but strong in its appeal. It represents a youth and maiden kneeling before a blazing altar made of two rough stones.



MODERN ELOQUENCE

EDITOR
THOMAS B. REED

JUSTIN McCARTHY · ROSSITER JOHNSON
ALBERT ELLERY BERGH
ASSOCIATE EDITORS

VOL. V

LECTURES

F-M

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PHILADELPHIA

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FREDERIC WILLIAM FARRAR

FAREWELL THOUGHTS ON AMERICA

[Lecture by Canon Farrar, Archdeacon of Westminster (born in Bombay, August 7, 1831; ———), delivered as the last of his series of lectures in America during his visit to this country in 1885. It was given in Boston, Philadelphia, and finally New York City. Upon the occasion of its delivery in the latter city, at the Academy of Music, December 3, 1885, the platform was occupied by William M. Evarts, Major-General Hancock, David Dudley Field, Cyrus W. Field, Charles E. Olney, Chauncey M. Depew, and other citizens of prominence, while the audience was large and representative. Cyrus W. Field introduced the lecturer.]

Ladies and Gentlemen:—Among the commonest questions addressed to the stranger who visits your hospitable shores are, "What do you think of our country?" "What do you think of our institutions?" The frequency of the questions proves, I suppose, a real desire to know the general impressions formed by those from the old home, whom you welcome here. May one who has been received among you with an overflowing kindness far beyond his deserts, and with a warmth of recognition to which he has no claim; who, though a stranger, has been treated as a friend in every city he has entered; who has received words of cordial welcome and appreciation from the members of every religious community among you, from Roman Catholic Archbishops to Shaker Elders; who has spoken at nine or ten of your colleges and universities; who has been again and again invited to preach in your churches, and to address many assemblages of the clergy or of theological students;—may such a stranger, whom you have encouraged to regard himself

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From Dean Farrar's "Sermons and Addresses Delivered in America," by permission of E. P. Dutton & Co.

as a friend, endeavor to give, or perhaps I should rather say, to indicate, some shadow of an answer to the familiar question?

Such an answer might be given—perhaps has been sometimes given—in a tone of vanity and arrogance. Your brilliant representative, Mr. Lowell, who, in spite of the fact that he has spoken some sharp words to England and the English, was honored and beloved in England as few of your many popular ministers have been, has written a paper on "A Certain Condescension in Foreigners." The humbleness of my position, the smallness of any claims of mine on your attention, exempt me from all temptations to vanity and arrogance. Others again have offended you by flattery, and others have vexed you by sarcasm and censure. I hope that I shall not be so unfortunate as to fall either into the Scylla of flattery—a whirlpool of which I have always tried to steer clear—or into the Charybdis of criticism, which, on my part, would be purely presumptuous. Thus much, however, I may say. I have stood in simple astonishment before the growth, the power, the irresistible advance, the Niagara-rush of sweeping energy, the magnificent apparent destiny of this nation, wondering whereunto it would grow. I have been touched by the large generosity, the ungrudging hospitality of friends in America whom I had never known before. I should consider myself privileged beyond anything which I can express, if any poor word which I have been asked to speak in America might prove to be an influence for good; if it could be one more link, even microscopically small, in the golden chain of mutual amity which now happily unites the two nations which yet are, and ought to be one nation; or if it could add anything to the feeling of essential unity between religious bodies which, in spite of their differences, have yet one great end in view. I should indeed rejoice if I could thus repay some small part of the debt of my gratitude and contribute my infinitesimal quota to the efforts of those who—feeling the inherent grandeur of this mighty people, and impressed with the eternal truth that righteousness is the sole palladium of the nations—are devoting heart and soul to the purest effort of patriotism, the effort which shall enable their fellow-countrymen to rise to the height of this great argument, and by their means to elevate the moral condition of the world. And why should this hope of mine be condemned as entirely presumptuous? Anything which I can do or say must be in itself of trivial value; but still it may serve its own small purpose even as it is the despised mica-flake which helps to build the bases of the mountains, and the tiny coral insect which lays the foundations of the mighty continent, and the grain of sand which is, "taken up by the wings of the wind, to be a barrier against the raging of the sea."

Surely, your history, so brief yet so memorable, has been too plainly marked by the interpositions of God to leave any American unimpressed by the responsibilities which God has made to rest upon the Atlantean shoulders of this His people. There are some who are fond of looking at the apparently trifling incidents of history, and of showing how the stream of the centuries has been diverted in one or other direction by events the most insignificant. General Garfield told his pupils at Hiram that the roof of a certain court-house was so absolute a water-shed that the flutter of a bird's wing would be sufficient to decide whether a particular rain-drop should make its way into the Gulf of St. Lawrence or into the Gulf of Mexico. The flutter of a bird's wing may have affected all history. Some students may see an immeasurable significance in the flight of parrots, which served to alter the course of Columbus, and guided him to the discovery of North and not of South America. There is no need for us to touch on such curiosities. Suffice it for me to quote a testimony which you will all reverence—the testimony of Washington: "When I contemplate," he says in his letter to the governors of the States, in 1783, "the interposition of Providence, as it was visibly manifest in guiding us through the Revolution . . . I feel myself oppressed and almost overwhelmed with a sense of Divine munificence. . . . No people can be bound to acknowledge and adore an Invisible hand which conducts the affairs of men more than the people of the United States. Every step by which they have advanced to the character of an independent nation seems to have been distinguished by some token of Providential agency. . . . Of all the dispositions and habits which lead to political prosperity, religion and morality are indispensable supports. In vain would that man claim the tribute of patriotism who should labor to subvert these great pillars of human happiness, these firmest proofs of the duties of men and of citizens." So wrote Washington, the Father of his Country. Such was his conviction, and such the inference to which it led him.

In truth, this lesson—the Providence of God in the affairs of nations—seems to be stamped upon your history from the first. When Columbus ceased to speak before the courtiers at Barcelona, and told them the discovery of the Western world,—

> "The king and queen
> Sank from their thrones and melted into tears,
> And knelt, and lifted hand and heart and voice
> In praise of God who led him through the waste,
> And then the great 'Laudamus' rose to heaven."

When William Penn founded, among the forest trees from which its streets are yet named, the City of Brotherly Love,—"It is," he said, "a holy experiment, which it depends upon themselves to accomplish or ruin;" and he intended Pennsylvania to be an endeavor "to improve an innocent course of life on a virgin Elysian shore." "Let us," said the great Edmund Burke—"let us auspicate all our proceedings in America with the old Church cry, "*Sursum corda.*" George Herbert wrote:—

> "Religion stands on tiptoe in our land,
> Ready to pass to the American strand."

May I try to show that every fact of your early history emphasizes the religious prophecies which thus attended its early dawn?

I. Who were your fathers? Look to the rock whence you were hewn, and the hole of the pit whence you were digged. The stream of life in some colonies has been tainted by the blood of criminals. Some of you may have read Walter Savage Landor's fine address to Mrs. Chisholm:—

"Chisholm! of all the ages that have rolled
Around this rolling world, what age hath seen
Such arduous, such heaven-guided enterprise
As thine? Crime flies before thee, and the shores
Of Australasia, lustrated by thee,
Collect no longer the putrescent weed
Of Europe, flung by senates to infect
The only unpolluted continent."

But, gentlemen, the line you draw from is the line of men brave and free, and the blood in your veins is the blood of heroes. "A Syrian ready to perish was thy father," says the Hebrew prophet to his people. A few Englishmen ready to perish were your ancestors; but they were true, brave, godfearing men, and therefore the irresistible might of their weakness shook the world. *Sicut Patribus, sit Deus nobis!* [The motto of Boston.]

There were Recusants in Maryland, there were Cavaliers in Virginia, but the type of your manhood was derived from the awful virtue of the Pilgrim Fathers. If "the feet of a few outcasts pressed Plymouth Rock, and it became famous," it was because those outcasts were men of fixed determination, of indomitable courage, of deep faith, of earnest prayer. The hundred who in their frail little bark braved the fury of the elements, were frowned upon alike by kings and priests, but, animated by a passion for Liberty, they carried to America, as Mr. Gladstone has said, "all that was Democratic in the policy of England, and all that was Protestant in her religion." Well might your orator exclaim, "Victims of persecution! how wide an empire acknowledges the sway of your principles! Apostles of Liberty! what millions attest the authenticity of your mission." But what was their safeguard? The power of faith, the passion for freedom. "We do verily believe and trust," wrote Robinson and Brewster to Sir E. Sandys, in 1617, "that the Lord is with us unto whom and whose service we have given ourselves in many trials, and that He will graciously prosper our endeavors according to the simplicity of our hearts."

There is scarcely a man whose name is connected with the early colonization of North America that is not noble and memorable. There was the brilliant and unhappy Raleigh—brightest star in the galaxy of stars which clustered round the Virgin Queen who gave her name to Virginia. There was Captain John Smith, a man with the soul of a Crusader, whose favorite book was "Marcus Aurelius," who "in all his proceedings made justice his first guide and experience his second, combating baseness, sloth, pride, and iniquity more than any other dangers." There was William Penn, ever acting in the spirit of his own conviction that the weak, the just, the pious, the devout are all of one religion. There was Bradford, the stern governor. There was Oglethorpe, with his "strong benevolence of soul." There was the hero of the Indian wars, Miles Standish. There was Roger Williams, the founder of Providence. There were Winthrop and Endicott, the worthy founders of worthy lines.

And how clearly is the will of Heaven marked in your history. It is but "God's unseen Providence" which men nicknamed chance. Least of all nations can America prepare a table for chance or furnish a drink-offering for destiny.*

It was not Chance which made the history of mankind hang on the fortunes of handfuls of strugglers in the forests of Canada. It was not Chance which gave the New World to the industry of Puritans, the individualism of busy traders. At one time, as Mr. Parkman has so finely shown, it seemed certain that America would have become the appanage of France. That would have meant the predominance of the principles of Richelieu and Loyola. It would have meant the sway of the despot, the noble, and the Jesuit in the continent of freedom. "Populations formed in the habits of a feudal monarchy and controlled by a hierarchy profoundly hostile to liberty would have been a hindrance and a stumbling-block in the way of that majestic experiment of which America is the field." But the hopes of the Jesuits, in spite of all their noble labors and heroic martyrdoms, were, in the Providence of God, shattered to pieces by the fierce tomahawks of the Iroquois. The gigantic ambition of France was foiled by the "little, sickly, red-haired hero" at Quebec; and the weak and broken line of English colonies along the shores of the Atlantic, the descendants of an oppressed and fugitive people, dashed down the iron hand of monarchy in the flush of its triumphant power.

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* See Isaiah lxiv., 12.

At another time it seemed as if the New World were to belong to the proud, sickly blood of decaying Spain. St. Augustine, in Florida, founded in 1565, was the first town built by whites in the United States. That would have meant the horrible despotism of Alvas and Philips; it would have meant the narrow and crushing tyranny of the bigot and the monk; it would have meant the Mass-book, the thumb-screw, and the bloodhound; it would have meant the inert and execrable rule of men like Menendez, the outcome of an infernal ignorance animated by an infernal religious zeal. But Spain was foiled by De Gourges, who justly hanged, "not as Spaniards, but as traitors, robbers, and murderers," the Spaniards who had hanged Huguenots, "not as Frenchmen, but as Lutherans;"—and again by General Oglethorpe, who with eight hundred men attacked and drove from Frederica their fleet with five thousand men on board.

And so it has been written in God's Book of Destiny that over America should wave neither the golden lilies of France, nor the lion and tower, "pale emblems of Castilian pride;" but first the stainless *semper eadem* of England, and then—we do not grudge them to you—the Stars and Stripes which you borrowed from the English tomb of the Washingtons.

America was God's destined heritage, not for tyranny, not for aristocracy, not for privilege—not for Spanish bigotry or French ambition—but for England, and for the Reformation, and for progress, and for liberty, and for the development—if you fall not short of the vast obligations which rest upon you—of a great and noble type of righteous, fearless, and independent manhood.

II. The voices of prophetic insight, from Seneca downward, point to such a destiny.

Alluding to King James and the foundation of Jamestown, Shakespeare, in the prophecy which he puts into the mouth of Cranmer, says:—

> "His honor and the greatness of his name
> Shall make new nations."

"Westward," wrote Bishop Berkeley in the four memorable lines, now engraved over the portal of the University of San Francisco—

"Westward the course of empire takes its way,
The first four acts already past,
The fifth shall close the drama with the day,
Time's noblest offspring is the last."

Those lines seem to have been written in a flash of prophetic insight; and years later Emerson wrote:—

"Lo! I uncover the land,
Which I hid of old time in the West,
As the sculptor uncovers his statue,
When he has wrought his best."

But it is for America, not to repeat these prophecies with complacency, but rather to register in heaven the vow that they shall be fulfilled. When the sword of Cornwallis was surrendered to Washington at Yorktown, some of the Americans, with a want of consideration which at such a moment was perhaps venial, began to cheer. But, turning to them, the noble Virginian said, with a fine rebuke: "Let posterity cheer for us." Gentlemen, you, as the youngest of the nations, may put your sickle into the ripened harvest of the world's experience, and if you learn the lessons which that revelation has to teach, Posterity will raise for you such a cheer as shall ring through all the ages. But the lessons of History are full of warning. "I will overturn, overturn, overturn," saith the Lord, "till he come whose right it is." When the representatives of many nations met Alexander at Babylon, the Roman ambassadors were, it is said, the obscurest among them; yet Greece was overturned, and Rome snatched the sceptre from her palsying hands. Babylon, Assyria, Carthage, Greece, Rome, have passed away. "Since the first dominion of men was asserted over the ocean," says Mr. Ruskin, "three empires, of mark beyond all others, have been set upon its sands: the thrones of Tyre, of Venice, of England. Of the First of these great powers only the memory remains; of the Second, the ruin; the Third, which inherits their greatness, if it forget their example, may be led through prouder eminence to less pitied destruction."—Is not the warning thus given to England as needful for the United States?

III. I have touched on your fathers, but yet another mighty impulse for good comes to you from the early visitors to your shores. With what interest do we remember Robert Hunt, Vicar of Reculver, in Kent, who on June 21, 1607, celebrated the first English communion ever held in the New World with the unruly crew of Captain John Smith. Was it no boon to you that Charles Wesley, the sweet poet of the Methodist movement, was the secretary of General Oglethorpe, and accompanied him to Georgia with his brother John Wesley? In St. Simon's Island you can still point to Wesley's oak, and in Newburyport Church to the grave of George Whitefield. It was he who suggested the motto, *Nil desperandum Christo duce,*—

> "That day when sunburned Pepperell,
> His shotted salvos fired so well;
> The Fleur de Lys trailed sulky down,
> And Louisburg was George's town."

Thus to you also was communicated, by strange interpositions of Providence, the electric thrill of that awakenment which startled the eighteenth century from its torpor of indolence and death.

Besides these, there came to you two great visitors of whose interest and affection any country might be proud. One was the gallant, the chivalrous, the stainless Lafayette, burning with the passion for freedom and the enthusiasm of humanity; the other was that whitest of human souls, Bishop Berkeley, whose wooden house still stands at Newport. It is something that you can point to the sea-cave in which was written the "Minute Philosopher;" something that the early streams of your history are commingled with the purest glories of the French Revolution, and the serene dawn of modern Philosophy; with the influence of one who added to the holiness of a saint the keenness of a philosopher, and to whom one of the most cynical of poets could ascribe "every virtue under heaven." Lafayette hung the key of the Bastile in Mount Vernon; Berkeley left his library to Yale.

Then, still keeping to the earlier stages of American history, how distinctive and how beautiful are the characteristics of your great men in Church and State:—In the Church, or, if you prefer it, in the churches—but to me there is but one great flock of God, however many may be the folds—you may look back with pride to the holy enthusiasm and boundless self-sacrifice of David Brainerd; to the lion-hearted courage of John Eliot; to those four students at Williamstown who gave the first impulse to the mighty work of missions; to the heroic endurance of Adoniram Judson; to Johnson of Yale, who in 1717 was the first to teach the Copernican system in America; to the faith and determination of Bishop Seabury; to the large-hearted theology and far-seeing wisdom of Bishop White; to the intense if Cimmerian theology of Jonathan Edwards; to the fiery courage of Theodore Parker; to the conquering sweetness and charity of William Ellery Channing, "whose word went forth like morning over the Continents." In the State, time would fail me to tell of Jefferson, who wrote your immortal Declaration of Independence; of Otis, with his tongue of flame, who "breathed into your nation the breath of life;" of Patrick Henry, that—

> "Forest-born Demosthenes,
> Whose thunder shook the Philip of the Seas;"

of young Warren, with his death and glory. Yes, in your old South Church, which I trust you will preserve inviolate forever,—

> "Adams shall look in Otis' face,
> Blazing with freedom's soul,
> And Molyneux see Hancock trace
> The fatal word which frees a race;
> There in New England's well-earned place,
> The head of Freedom's roll!"

And two there are who must have separate and special mention. One was the true patriot and sage, who

> "Called the red lightning from the o'er-rushing cloud,
> And dashed the beauteous terror on the ground,
> Smiling majestic;"

the other, he who, "first in war, first in peace, first in the hearts of his countrymen," has been called by an English writer "the greatest of good men, and the best of great men," and of whom your own great orator has said that "America has furnished to the world the character of Washington."

> "So sacred! is there aught surrounding
> Our lives, like that great Past behind,
> Where Courage, Freedom, Faith abounding,
> One mighty cord of honor twined?"

IV. Let me pass on to the War of Independence, and I am certain that every one here will agree with me when I say that Americans in the last few years have begun to understand far better the feelings of Englishmen respecting it. In reading some of the Fourth of July utterances we might fancy that you believed us to entertain a sore and sullen feeling, and that no Englishman could think without a blush of shame and a spasm of anger of the surrender of Burgoyne at Saratoga and of Cornwallis at Yorktown. I hope that I need not in the year 1885 stop to remove so unfounded an impression. I have myself preached a Fourth of July sermon in Westminster Abbey, and have invited your eminent countryman, Dr. Phillips Brooks, to do the same. Strange that any American should overlook the fact that the opponents of the American colonies were not the English people, but the king and the rulers who misrepresented them. Have you forgotten the words of Burke? Have you forgotten that Barré called you "Sons of Liberty?" Have you forgotten his daring words in the House of Commons, once familiar to your very school-boys?—"They planted by your care! No! Your oppression planted them in America. . . . They nourished by your indulgence! They grew up by your neglect of them. They protected by your arms! They have nobly taken up arms in your defense!" Can you ever forget the volcanic outburst of Chatham?—"The gentleman tells us that America is obstinate, America is almost in open rebellion. Sir, I rejoice that America has resisted! Three millions of people so dead to all the feelings of liberty as voluntarily to submit to be slaves, would have been fit instruments to make slaves of all the rest." If our glories are yours, we have learned also to look on yours as ours. We do not grudge you your Marathon of Bunker Hill, and we can repeat as proudly as you—

"By the rude bridge that arched the flood
Their flag to April's breeze unfurled;
In arms the embattled farmers stood,
And fired the shot heard round the world."

And I will tell you why we can look to the defeat of our forces without any of that shame which we should have felt had the defeat come from any hands but yours. It is because England could say, almost with a smile, My sons have conquered; it is from me they drew their strength! When the lioness was taunted with bringing forth only one cub at a time, she answered: "Yes, but that is a lion." You fought us in our own spirit. You retaught us what you had learned from us; your rebellion was but a vibration of "that deep chord which Hampden smote." When American friends gave me a window in honor of Sir Walter Raleigh, the founder of Virginia, the Father of the United States, I asked Mr. Lowell to write the inscription, and he wrote this quatrain:—

"The New World's sons, from England's breast we drew
Such milk as bids remember whence we came;
Proud of her Past, from which our Present grew,
This window we erect to Raleigh's name."

Keep your Fourth of July celebrations as long as you will. Let them teach you to say, with good reason, "Thank God, I also am an American." But I am sure that they will be kept no longer in any spirit of hostility to your mother-land. An Arab in the desert once asked a traveler if he was an Englishman. "No," was the answer, "I am an American." The Arab's only reply was to hold out two of his fingers. He had never heard Fluellen's proverb, "As like as my fingers to my fingers," but he knew that England and America are one in language, one in manner, one in desires and habits and aspirations, one in worship and birth and blood.

In the issue, then, of your War of Independence, we too see the hand of God. Franklin, in 1783, mentions the daily prayer offered up for the Divine protection. "Our prayers," he says, "were heard, and they were graciously answered. All of us who were engaged in the struggle must have observed frequent instances of a superintending Providence in our favor. Have we forgotten that Divine Friend, or do we no longer need His assistance? I have lived, sir, a long time, and the longer I live the more convincing proofs I see of the truth that God governs in the affairs of men." Perhaps Franklin was thinking of the sudden tempest which came in answer to Thomas Prince's prayer, when, in 1746, Admiral D'Anville had sworn to ravage Boston Town.

V. I pass on to the great crisis of your modern history—the war of secession, the Civil War, the war between the North and the South. In that war, too, in its origin, in its issues, in its many incidents, I see as manifestly as in your origin, and in the War of Independence the light of God, which shines on so steadily, and shows all things in the slow history of their ripening.

What an awful time it was, and how you learned to realize, as we had realized two centuries and a half before you, the horrors of a house divided against itself! Civil war is at the best a heart-rending word, and if the younger generation fail to realize all it meant, we can feel what it meant—we who have lived through the Indian Mutiny and the Crimean War. We know how your hearts ached to think of those whom God touched with His finger in the woods of Tennessee and by the green hill-slopes of the Potomac; of that disaster at Bull Run, where your new volunteers were faint with thirst and hunger, and fell asleep on the greensward for very weariness; of Washington turned into one great hospital; of those multitudes of terrible oblong boxes which the trains carried to various cities; of the tears of the nation which fell so hot and heavy over her dead volunteers. You can never forget, while life lasts, the days when, as the eye glanced over the daily papers, the two words, "mortally wounded," struck an unutterable chill into so many hearts of mothers and wives; when men, sacrificing all, locked the shops and chalked up, "We have enlisted for the war;" when those brave hearts went down in the stream on board the Cumberland, sloop of war; when the red stains on the woodland leaves were not only from the maple's conflagration; when your land, even amid her anguish, rejoiced that she had sons with hearts like these. In those days God ordained for you famine and fire and sword and lamentation. The blood of the gallant and good flowed like a river, and the dear ones at home hungered for news; and dread memories were left for years, and the hearts of women slowly broke. It was not only gray-haired fathers who sank under the bayonet thrust, and men who came home crippled for the rest of life, but the shots which pierced the breasts of young men drenched in blood a picture and a lock of woman's hair; and in the delirious fever of their wounds bright-eyed, gallant boys talked of their mothers and babbled of the green fields at home. How full is that page in your history of noble and tender memories! "In how many paths," said Mr. Lowell, "leading to how many homes, where proud memory does all she can to fill up the fireside gaps with shining shapes, do men walk in pensive mood? Ah, young heroes, safe in immortal youth as those of Homer, you at least carried your ideal hence untarnished. It is locked for you, beyond moth and rust, in the treasure-chamber of death." Your poets, even your unknown poets, spoke of it in touching accents:

"All quiet along the Potomac to-night,
Except now and then a stray picket
Is shot, as he walked on the beat to and fro,
By a rifleman hid in the thicket.
'Tis nothing—a private or two now and then
Will not count in the news of the battle;
Not an officer lost—only one of the men
Moaning out, all alone, the death-rattle.

. . . . .

"He passes the fountain, the blasted pine-tree,
His footstep is lagging and weary,
Yet onward he goes through the broad belt of light,
Though the shades of the forest be dreary.
Hark! was it the night-wind that rustled the leaves?
Was it moonlight so wondrously flashing?
It looked like a rifle—'Ha! Mary, good-night!'
And the life-blood is ebbing and plashing.

"All quiet along the Potomac to-night,
No sound save the rush of the river,
While soft falls the dew on the face of the dead;—
The picket's off duty forever."

Men left at home their pale young wives and sweet groups of little children, and how many thought—

"You have put the children to bed, Alice,
Maud and Willie and Rose;
They have lisped their sweet Our Father,
And sunk to their night's repose.
Did they think of me, dear Alice,
Did they think of me, and say,
'God bless him,' and 'God bless him,
Dear father far away?'"

And, then, what indomitable determination was breathed forth by some of your songs:—

"For the birthright yet unsold,
For the history yet untold,
For the future yet unrolled—
Put it through!

"Father Abram, hear us cry—
We can follow, we can die;
Lead your children, then, and try—
Put it through!

"Here's a work of God half done,
Here's the kingdom of His Son,
With its triumph just begun—
Put it through!

"Father Abram, that man thrives
Who with every weapon strives,
Use our twenty million lives—
Put it through!

"'Tis to you the trust is given,
'Tis by you the bolt is driven,
By the very God of Heaven,
Put it through!"

Yes, those sad days had their nobleness and their deep, unbroken human affections amid the horrors of war. Bad practices and fierce factions were forgotten. You remember how when two regimental bands were hurling responsive and defiant strains at each other, at last one of them struck up "Home! Sweet Home!" and to that challenge the enemy had no defiance; all they could do was to join their strains also with the strains of their foemen in "Home! Sweet Home!" So does

> "One touch of nature make the whole world kin."

You remember how, when General Lee lay sleeping under a tree for weariness, the army of the South marched by him in utter silence, having passed along the lines the whisper, "Uncle Robert's asleep; don't disturb him." You remember how once the two hostile armies delayed the charge and stopped firing because a little child had strayed between the lines. In that war, too, I see distinctly

> "God's terrible and fiery finger
> Shrivel the falsehood from the souls of men."

You had bitter feelings against England because of the "Alabama," and because you thought she sympathized with the South more than the North. Well, in the first place, the great heart of England was in no sense whatever responsible for the muddle of international law which allowed the escape of the "Alabama," and, in the second place, even for her voluntary entanglement in the doings of that vessel, though they were done against her will, England has made you frank acknowledgment and has paid you ample reparation. Nor was it true that the voice which John Bright raised for you in Birmingham was a voice without an echo. It woke hundreds and thousands of echoes; only, you must remember that in those days, if many of us by no means understood the issue, neither did many of you. God has flashed the light of history over the obscurities of those days, and made many things plain which then were complex. It was He who gave you grace as a nation to decide aright; for

> "Once to every man and nation comes the moment to decide,
> In the strife of truth and falsehood for the good or evil side.
> Some great cause, God's new Messiah, offering each the bloom or blight,
> Parts the goats upon the left hand, and the sheep upon the right;
> And the choice goes by forever 'twixt the darkness and the light."

In that hour America had the wisdom given her to decide—

> "In whose party she should stand,
> Ere the Doom from its worn sandals shook the dust against her land."

And God gave you the right men to guide you. He gave you that strong, homely, wise, fearless type of American manhood, Abraham Lincoln, calling him as clearly from the wood-shanty and the store as ever he called David from following the ewes great with young ones. From the leather store at Galena, He called your indomitable soldier, Grant, with his clear-sighted purpose and his demand of "unconditional surrender." From the log-hut and the school-master's desk, He called the firm spirit of James Garfield. The shot of the assassin cut short their martyr lives, but not until their work was done; and "when God's servants have done their day's work He sends them sleep." Each of them has sunk to sleep amid your tears. "For departed kings there are appointed honors, and the wealthy have their gorgeous obsequies; it was their nobler function to clothe a nation in spontaneous mourning, and to go down to the grave amid the benedictions of the poor."

Your Civil War ended, and ended gloriously. The South accepted the terrible arbitrament and read God's will in its issue, and bowed her head and clasped your hand in fraternal union. The bow of peace spanned once more the stormy heaven, and the flag which had been rent was one again, and without a seam.—

> "Then hail the banner of the free,
> The starry flower of liberty;
> Behold, its streaming rays unite
> Mingling floods of braided light—
> The red that fires the Southern rose
> With spotless white from Northern snows,
> And spangled o'er its azure sea
> The sister stars of Liberty."

Thenceforth the question of slavery is settled on the right side forever—the life-long effort of Channing, and Theodore Parker, and Whittier, and Lloyd Garrison, and

Wendell Phillips, and all the glorious army of Abolitionists was accomplished, and you will remain, we trust,

> "One flag, one land, one heart, one hand,
> One Nation evermore,"

while your genius of Liberty holds forth her olive-branch and tramples the broken fetters of four million slaves beneath her feet.

VI. And then at once and most gladly, and, let us hope, for many a century, you laid the sword aside. "The sword, after all," as Victor Hugo says, "is but a hideous flash in the darkness," while "Right is an eternal ray." "As the sword," said Washington, "was the last resort for the preservation of our liberties, so it ought to be the first they lay aside when those liberties are firmly established." When the Duke of Cambridge asked General Grant to review the English army, he made the noble answer that a military review was the one thing which he hoped never to see again. But the War of the secession established your national position. Just as, during the fighting, many a boy, learning to look death in the face, sprang into manhood at the touch of noble responsibility, so the war strengthened and sobered you, and gave to your thoughts, your politics, your bearing as a people, a grander and manlier tone. The nation waved her hand, and her army of more than a million sank back instantly into peaceful civil life, as the soldiers of Roderic Dhu sank back into the heather. "Cincinnatus," says Mr. Gladstone, "became a commonplace example. . . . The generals of yesterday were the editors, the secretaries, and the solicitors of to-day." It was a noble lesson to mankind, and a splendid service to the cause of popular government throughout the world. And again I say that the man must be blind indeed who cannot see that God's manifest Providence led and protected you. "If a sparrow cannot fall to the ground without God's notice, is it probable that an empire can rise without His aid?" [Franklin.] "Stand still and see the salvation of God" —such was the telegram flashed by President Lincoln on one memorable occasion. And when Lincoln had fallen; when the population of New York was wild with passionate excitement; when, like a spark falling on gunpowder, a single wrong word might have launched a terrible multitude into conflagration and massacre, Garfield appeared at the window shaking a white flag, and when he had hushed the attention of the multitude into breathless silence, what did he say? He said: "Fellow-citizens, clouds and darkness are round about Him; righteousness and judgment are the habitations of His seat." Again and again the words of Scripture have been potent at the crises of your history. "That book, sir," said President Andrew Jackson, pointing to the family Bible, as he lay on his death-bed, "is the rock on which our republic rests." The first words ever flashed along an electric wire in America were the words, "What hath God wrought?" sent by a young girl from Washington to Baltimore. And when man's science subdued the forces of the lightning and the ocean, and the electric cable first thrilled its flaming messages of love and hope "through the oozy dungeons of the rayless deep," almost the first words flashed from hemisphere to hemisphere were the divine message of Christmas, "Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace, good-will toward men."

VII. How quickly, again, by Heaven's blessing you recovered from the shock of war; how your prosperity advanced by leaps and bounds! What the Priest Vimont said to the followers of Maisonneuve, when they landed at Montreal, in 1642, applies to you: "You are a grain of mustard-seed that shall rise and grow till its branches overshadow the earth. You are few, but your work is the work of God. His smile is on you, and your children shall fill the land." It is a theme too familiar to dwell upon how a handful has become a mighty nation; how groups of log huts have sprung in a few years into splendid cities; how a fringe of precarious seaboard has become an empire of which the two great seas of the world wash the one and the other shore; how your commerce, reaching to every land and spreading white sails on every sea, is already a dangerous if friendly rival to the commerce of England; how in a single century of freedom you have sprung from one to fifty millions; how a band of daring fugitives has become almost in a century the wealthiest and one of the most powerful of all the nations on the globe. Are we not startled into astonishment when we hear of those who have spoken to men whose grandfathers remembered to have been present as children, in 1704, at the funeral of Peregrine White, the first English babe born on the New England shores? And now you have more than three millions of square miles of territory; 26,000 miles of river-way; 12,000 miles of indented shore; and more than sixty millions of living souls rich in their "inherent and inalienable rights!"

Surely, you might apply to yourselves the words of Tennyson:—

"Our enemies have fallen, have fallen; the seed,
The little seed they laughed at in the dark,
Has risen and cleft the soil and grown a bulk
Of spanless girth that lays on every side
A thousand arms and rushes to the sun—
A night of summer from the heat, a breath
Of autumn dropping fruits of power; and rolled
With Music in the growing breeze of Time,
The tops shall strike from star to star, the fangs
Shall move the stony bases of the world."

VIII. But all this pompous detail of material triumphs is worse than idle unless the men of the two countries shall remain and shall become greater than the mere things that they produce, and shall know how to regard those things simply as tools and materials for the attainment of the highest purposes of their being. The voice of Milton tells you, as it told England after her civil discord, that

"Peace hath her victories
No less renowned than war."

In many directions you have been mindful of those victories. Suffer me to point out some of your immense gains and advantages. You have shown a marvelous inventiveness. You develop more quickly, you adapt more rapidly and unhesitatingly than on the other side of the Atlantic the latest discoveries and applications of mechanical science. You have shown multitudes of examples of that splendid munificence—illustrated by such names as those of John Harvard, of George Peabody, of Peter Cooper, of Johns Hopkins, and many more—which leads men who have made colossal fortunes among you to spend part at least of those fortunes not in the endowment of idle families, but in enriching and benefiting the cities of their birth, the nation under whose gentlest of sways their path was paved from the lot of ragged and laboring boys to that of an affluence beyond the dreams of avarice. Your libraries, with their admirable card-catalogues, with their generous facilities, with their ample endowments, with their accumulated aid to research, ought to make you a nation of scholars. Your system of education is one of the freest and most ungrudging in the world. Best perhaps of all, you have developed and are developing a fine and original literature. You may well be proud of your poets: of Bryant, who "entered the heart of America through the Gate Beautiful;" of Longfellow, that pure and exquisite singer, whose bust in Westminster Abbey is the delight of our two nations; of Edgar Poe's weird genius; of the living fame of such men as Lowell with his generous culture, of Holmes with his sunny geniality, of Whittier with his passionate love of right and hatred of wrong. Among your novelists you count the honored names of Fenimore Cooper, the delight of our boyhood; of Nathaniel Hawthorne, whose works have the immortality of true genius. You have the humor of James, of Howells, of Bret Harte, of Mark Twain. You have the brilliant histories of Washington Irving, of Bancroft, of Prescott, of Motley, of Parkman. You have the splendid oratory of Clay, of Daniel Webster, of Wendell Phillips. All this is well. To borrow the image suggested by the late beloved Dean of Westminster when you welcomed him among you, the rush and fury of Niagara is a type of the life of your people—"its devouring, perplexing, fermenting, bewildering activity;" but it would lose nine-tenths of its splendor and loveliness, if it had not the silvery column of spray above it as the image of your future history—of the upward, heaven-aspiring destiny which should emerge from the distractions of your present. And if that glittering column of heaven-ascending spray is to be the type of your aspirations, may I not add that the vivid rainbow—"in sight like unto an emerald"—which to my eyes lent its chief glory to the Falls, may also be the symbol of your nation's hope?

IX. It would be false and idle to imply that you have no perils—that there are no rocks, no whirlpools which lie in front of your steam-driven Ship of State. It is hardly for me, it is not for any stranger to dwell on these. A stranger does not know, he cannot know much if anything about the spoils system; about bosses and bossism; about the danger of a secularized education; about the subtle oppression of popular opinion; about frauds, and rings, and municipal corruption; about the amazing frivolousness, the triviality, the tyranny, the ferocity, the untruthfulness, the reckless personality and intrusiveness of the baser portion of your Press. He reads, indeed, in your leading journals, of evils "calculated to humiliate and discourage those who have both pride and faith in republican institutions; of political scandals, and commercial dishonors; of demagogism in public life; of reckless financial speculations; of a lessening sense of the sacredness of marriage; of defalcations, malfeasance, sinister legislation, bought and paid for by those whom it benefits; of a false ideal of life which puts material interest above the spiritual, and makes riches the supreme object of human endeavor and an absorbing passion for paltry emulations." Of all these he reads in your papers and magazines, and of the warning of your wisest writers, that "popular government is no better than any other except the wisdom and virtue of the people make it so," and that "Democracy has weakness as well as strength." Clearly all these questions demand most solemn care. As the same voice has said, "when men undertake to do their own kingship they enter on the dangers and responsibilities as well as on the privileges of the function." Times of long peace, times of growing prosperity are times of serious peril. "About the river of human life there is a wintry wind but a heavenly sunshine; the iris colors its agitation, the frost fixes on its repose." You have freedom, but freedom demands an eternal vigilance. Franklin warned you a hundred years ago of the peril of being divided by little, partial, local interests. There can be no liberty without honesty and justice. "You may build your Capitol of granite," said Wendell Phillips, "and pile it high as the Rocky Mountains; if it is founded on or mixed up with iniquity, the pulse of a girl will in time beat it down." Public spirit, watchfulness, the participation of all in the burden and heat of the day, are requisite if America would work out her own salvation, and therewith almost the salvation of the race.

X. But not for one moment would your most pessimistic citizen despair. To despair of America would be to despair of humanity; for it would show that men, after all, have no capacity for governing themselves: that they have, after all, no nobler destiny than to be the footstool of the few.

And there are two reasons why not even the most cynical pessimist need despair of America—the one because your government is a government of manhood, the other, because you have succeeded in training men. It is a government of the people, by the people, for the people. The multitude may sometimes be careless and supine; it may fail to understand the responsibilities which attach to liberty. But sooner or later it awakens in all its strength and treads wicked laws and base combinations under its feet. The rousing of a magnificent people when it "views its mighty youth, and shakes its invincible locks," is as when

> "The lion shakes the dew-drop from its mane."

Nay, even these metaphors of Shakespeare and Milton are too weak to image forth the outburst of volcanic wrath which sometimes, almost in a moment, transforms a peaceful and careless commonwealth into terrific and irresistible agitation, as vast subterranean forces in one moment transform into bellowing eruption the mountain which but yesterday had snow in its long-slumbering crater, and gardens and vineyards upon its sunny slopes.

I ask, then, with President Lincoln in his first Inaugural Address: "Why should there not be a patient confidence in the ultimate justice of the people? Is there any better or equal hope in the world?"

Shakespeare in his day complained that

> "Not a man, for being simply man,
> Hath any honor, but honor for those honors
> That are without him—as place, riches, favor,
> Prizes of accident as oft as merit."

It has not been so with you. You have felt the sacredness of manhood, the dignity of manhood, the illimitable horizon of its hopes, the immeasurable capability of its powers. Your very Declaration of Independence lays it down as a self-evident truth, "that all men are created equal; that they are endowed by their Creator with certain inalienable rights; that among these are life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness." If often upon a small scale in local communities, and upon a large scale in your national history, you have witnessed the irresistible revolt of the national conscience against the growth of intolerable wrongs, the cause of this latent force is because you have honored men simply as men.

From the street and from the store, from the forest and from the prairie, you have taken ragged, bright-eyed boys, with little or no regular education even, but enriched by the lessons of experience and crowned and mitred by the hands of invisible consecration, and not asking who they were but only what they have proved themselves capable to be—because of their homely wisdom, because of their native strength, because of their undaunted righteousness—you have fearlessly set them to command a million of your soldiers, to rule over fifty millions of their fellow-men. Such a man was James Garfield; such a man was Ulysses Grant; such a man was Abraham Lincoln. Were manlier words ever spoken than those with which he ended his New York speech in 1860: "Let us have faith that right makes might; and in that faith let us to the end dare to do our duty as we understand it." A man, in one aspect, may be but a shadow and a vapor; in another, he is immortal, immeasurable, infinite, and he is never so great as when he is uplifted by the aspirations of a great land. "Governments, religion, property, books," said Humboldt, "are nothing but the scaffolding to build a man. Earth holds up to her Master no fruit but the finished man." "Mankind," said Kossuth, "has but one single object—mankind itself; and that object has but one single instrument—mankind again." "Men," said Pericles, "are a city, and not walls." The prayer of every great community should ever be, O God, give us men.

"What constitutes a State?" asks Sir William Jones in his ode in imitation of Alcæus.—

"Not high-raised battlement or labored mound,
Thick walls or moated gate;
Not cities proud, with spires and turrets crowned;
Not bays and broad-armed ports,
Where, laughing at the storm, rich navies ride;
Not starred and spangled courts.
No! Men—high-minded men;
Men who their duties know,
And know their rights, and, knowing, dare maintain;
Prevent the long-aimed blow,
And crush the tyrant, while they rend the chain—
These constitute a state:
And sovereign Law that, with collected will,
On crowns and globes elate
Sits empress, crowning good, repressing ill."

XI. But am I wrong in saying—if I am you will forgive me, for it is only the impression to which I have been led by studying the minds of some of your greatest thinkers—am I wrong in saying that at this moment in her history America needs nothing more imperatively than a new and concentrated enthusiasm? If Prophets be needed to stir up the monotony of wealth, and reawaken the people to the great ideals which are constantly fading out of their minds—"to trouble the waters that there may be health in their flow"—in what directions could such Prophets point which should give any grander aims than the achievement of the old eternal ideals? "That motionless shaft," said Daniel Webster, pointing to the pillar on Bunker Hill, "will be the most powerful of speakers. Its speech will be of civil and religious liberty. It will speak of patriotism and of courage. It will speak of the moral improvement and elevation of mankind. Decrepit age leaning against its base, and ingenuous youth gathering round it, will speak to each other of the glorious events with which it is connected, and exclaim, 'Thank God! I also am an American.'" But that depends. The boast of ancestral excellence is worse than unavailing if it be used by the lips of degenerate descendants. Vast is the work before America, and if in her the nations of the world are to be blessed, that work will need all her seriousness and all her energy.

I have endeavored to emphasize the thought on which all your own greatest and best men have insisted, that the hand of God is preëminently manifest in your history; and the correlative thought, that there rests upon the American nation an immense burden of heaven-imposed responsibility.

What is that responsibility?

It is to combine the old with the new—the experience of the East with the daring of the West—"the long past of Europe with the long future of America."

It is to guard the idea of Freedom as the fabled dragon guarded of old the very garden of the Hesperides—taking good heed that liberty be not confounded with license; nor republican government with the shout of popular anarchy; nor freedom with the freedom to do wrong unpunished; nor manly independence with lawless self-assertion. It is to keep the equilibrium between stability and advance, between liberty and law. "As for me," said Patrick Henry, in 1775, "give me liberty or give me death."

It is to work out the conception of Progress; to recognize that it is your duty not only to preserve but to improve; to bear in mind that the living sap of to-day outgrows the dead rind of yesterday. You and your churches will have to decide whether, in the words of Castelar, you will confound yourselves with Asia, "placing upon the land old altars, and upon the altars old idols, and upon the idols immovable theocracies, and upon the theocracies despotic empires; or whether by labor and by liberty you will advance the grand work of universal civilization." Despots, whether priestly or secular, may they "stand still!" But

"God to the human soul,
And all the spheres that roll
Wrapped by her spirit in their robes of light,
Hath said, 'The primal plan
Of all the world and man
Is Forward! Progress is your law, your right!'"

It is to work out a manly and intelligent correlation of religious tradition with the advancing knowledge of mankind. The churches must show to the world the rare example of religious tolerance; of many folds existing happily side by side in the one flock. The laity must teach their churches not to supersede but to supplement each other. They must beware of stagnant doctrines and stereotyped formulæ. They must learn the spirit of those grand words in which John Robinson addressed the Pilgrim Fathers when they sailed from the shores of Europe:—"I am persuaded that the Lord hath more truth yet to come for us; yet to break forth out of His Holy Word. Neither Luther nor Calvin has penetrated into the counsel of God."

> "New occasions teach new duties,
>   Time makes ancient good uncouth;
> They must upwards still, and onwards,
>   Who would keep abreast with Truth."

Judge Sewall set a noble example when, in 1696, he stood up in his pew in the Old South Church to confess his contrition for his share in the witchcraft delusion of 1692.

That preacher of Georgia spoke wise words who, taunted with a change of opinion about slavery, said in a Thanksgiving sermon, "I have got new light. I now believe many things which I did not believe twenty years ago. . . . If I live till 1900 I expect to believe some things which I now reject and to reject some things which I now believe;—and I shall not be alone."

It is, above all, to show the nations the true ideal of national righteousness. Two centuries and a half have passed since Peter Bulkley addressed to his little congregation of exiles the memorable words: "There is no people but will strive to excel in something. What can we excel in if not in holiness? If we look to numbers we are the fewest; if to strength we are the weakest; if to wealth and riches we are the poorest of all the people of God throughout the world. We cannot excel nor so much as equal other people in these things, and if we come short in grace and holiness we are the most despicable people under heaven. Strive we therefore to excel, and suffer not this crown to be taken from us."

How has all this been reversed! In numbers you are now, or soon inevitably must be, the greatest; in strength the most overwhelming; in wealth the most affluent of all the Christian nations throughout the world. In these things you not only equal other people but excel them. Why? Mainly, I believe, because your fathers feared God. Shall America then dare to kick down that ladder, to spurn the low degrees by which she did ascend, and, despising the holiness which was once her single excellence, now in the days of her boundless prosperity to make in the common life of her citizens a league with death and a covenant with hell? I do not for a moment believe it. I believe that she will be preserved from all such perils by the memories of the dead and the virtues of the living. I believe that she will cherish the pure homes which have never lost their ancient English dower of inward happiness. I believe that she will not suffer the wise voices of the holy and thoughtful few to be drowned in noisier and baser sounds. I believe that her aspirations will dilate and conspire with the breezes from the sea which sweep the vast horizons of your territory. I believe that she will listen to the three great Angels of History, of Conscience, of Experience, which, as the great teachers of mankind, ever repeat to us the eternal accents of the Moral Law. I believe that she will help to disenchant the nations of the horrible seductions of war, and of a peace crushed and encumbered under warlike armaments. I believe that she is linked, that she will ever desire to be linked, with us of the old home, in the golden yoke of amity, and that by the blessing of God's peculiar grace, you with us and we with you, shall be enabled to "make all things new" for the glory and happiness of mankind. Then shall hoary-headed selfishness receive its death-blow, and the vilest evils which have afflicted the corporate life of man

"Shall live but in the memory of Time,
Which like a penitent libertine shall start,
Look back, and shudder at his former years."

JAMES THOMAS FIELDS

MASTERS OF THE SITUATION

[Lecture by James T. Fields, publisher, editor, author (born in Portsmouth, N. H., December 31, 1816; died in Boston, April 24, 1881), delivered in Boston, Chicago, and New York in the autumn and winter of 1872-73, preceding his popular courses on subjects connected with Modern English Literature.]

Ladies and Gentlemen:—I am to speak to you this evening, without any pretense, but in all earnestness, if I may do so, a few thoughts on a subject which I shall call "The Masters of the Situation," and as example is always better than precept, and as it is much better to go and do a thing than to say how it ought to be done, I shall hope to interest you with now and then a short story, illustrative of my theme, rather than by a long sermon, had I the ability to preach one.

A great mastery, like that of Wellington, or Bismarck, is not so common in the world as to excite no surprise when it occurs. It is not, and never can be an every-day matter. You will oftentimes see dullness striving to revenge itself upon genius, but you will never see the former rising to be victor of the situation. True mastery is compact of supreme qualities. It is heroism; it is culture; it is enthusiasm; it is faith; it is intelligence; it is endurance; it is unconquerable will! There are men of convictions whose very faces will light up an era, and there are noble women in whose eyes you may almost read the whole plan of salvation.

Eleven years ago, a vast crowd of eager and excited men and women assembled just outside of Washington to witness a review of the grand army then under command of General McClellan. It was a scene of great and absorbing interest, for it was a revelation to thousands upon thousands of spectators gathered there, of what could be done for the preservation of American liberty and law, and how instantaneously a force could be mustered to guard them. It was a brilliant answer to the doubting heart, and a strengthening influence to the quailing spirit. The review that was then about to be held was to precede a series of magnificent victories, and the war was to end in sixty days. As if American uniforms were not various enough to gild the splendor of that day, foreign decorations must be added to the glittering show. The French Prince of the House of Orleans, the son and grandsons of Louis Philippe, rode to and fro among the General's staff, and recalled by their brilliant appearance other days of this Republic. Bugles sounded, squadrons wheeled into line, cannons reverberated, and martial music rose from innumerable battalions. The prominent figure of that day was indeed a marked man. All eyes searched the field for McClellan, and followed him from point to point. As the young commander galloped up and down the line, thundering cheers from more than a hundred thousand troops and spectators rolled after him. "How well he rides!" whispered the Prince de Joinville. "The finest horseman I ever saw!" responded the Count de Paris, and the Duke de Chartres indorsed his praises. "Never was anything so elegant!" chorused the General's fair countrywomen. But as he rode past a group of spectators, among whom I happened to be standing, I heard these fatal words from the lips of an old soldier: "He is not master of the situation." Soon afterward, when tidings of defeat and mortification came rolling back upon us, I remembered these ghastly words and trembled for the issue.

A few days ago I stood for the first time in the great city of Chicago, amazed at the spectacle before me. I had read, as we all had, how just one year ago that noble metropolis of the West had been mown down as by a scythe of fire, and all of us had shuddered at the tale of horror, as related by eye-witnesses on the spot. I remembered how the usual band of croakers came forward with the usual shake of the head and prophesied that her glory had departed forever, and that Chicago would never be rebuilt. Three square miles of its area, seventy-three magnificent streets, 18,000 buildings,—many of them the finest in the city—forty beautiful churches, were transformed in two days into one vast waste—a heap of hideous ruin! Two hundred millions of property became ashes in forty-eight hours.

Only one year had elapsed and I dreaded to look on such a desolated scene of a catastrophe unparalleled in the history of modern cities. But when I walked through those very streets, the scene of all that terrible havoc of fire, I saw such an illustration of the subject I am now discussing with you that all the other incidents I shall cite are dwarfed and rendered insignificant by comparison. Instead of ruin I found such a grandeur of restoration and strength of enterprise, such an overwhelming result of indomitable will, unfailing industry and courage, that I almost doubted the evidence of my senses, and could scarcely believe that any such conflagration as we had heard of, and read of, had occurred at all! Colossal structures, miles upon miles of palatial business and domestic edifices, richly ornamented with statues, and intaglios unequaled for beauty of design in any other of our great cities, are up already, and your eyes are bewildered by magnificence, instead of being blasted by deformity. Surely this is the mastery of a tremendous situation, over which we in common with our kin of the West, may well be exultant; and for one I rejoice that I belong to the same race with those stout-hearted sons and daughters of Chicago who are now teaching a lesson of patient endurance and well-directed enterprise to the world, such as was never witnessed before in the whole broad history of civilization. [Applause.]

There was once a noble ship full of eager passengers, freighted with a rich cargo, steaming at full speed from England to America. Two-thirds of a prosperous voyage this far were over, and in our mess we were beginning to talk of home. Fore and aft the songs of good cheer and hearty merriment rose from deck to cabin.

> "As if the beauteous ship enjoyed the beauty of the sea,
> She lifteth up her stately head, and saileth joyfully,
> A lovely path before her lies, a lovely path behind;
> She sails amid the loveliness like a thing of heart and mind."

Suddenly, a dense fog came, shrouding the horizon, but as this was a common occurrence in the latitude we were sailing, it was hardly mentioned in our talk that afternoon. There are always croakers on board ship, if the weather changes however slightly, but the "Britannia" was free, that voyage, of such unwelcome passengers. A happier company never sailed upon an autumn sea! The story-tellers are busy with their yarns to audiences of delighted listeners in sheltered places; the ladies are lying about on couches, and shawls, reading or singing; children in merry companies are taking hands and racing up and down the decks,—when a quick cry from the lookout, a rush of officers and men, and we are grinding on a ledge of rocks off Cape Race! One of those strong currents, always mysterious, and sometimes impossible to foresee, had set us into shore out of our course, and the ship was blindly beating on a dreary coast of sharp and craggy rocks.

I heard the order given, "Every one on deck!" and knew what that meant—the masts were in danger of falling. Looking over the side, we saw bits of the keel, great pieces of plank, floating out into the deep water. A hundred pallid faces were huddled together near the stern of the ship where we were told to go and wait. I remember somebody said that a little child, the playfellow of passengers and crew, could not be found, and that some of us started to find him; and that when we returned him to his mother she spake never a word, but seemed dumb with terror at the prospect of separation and shipwreck, and that other spectre so ghastly when encountered at sea.

Suddenly we heard a voice up in the fog in the direction of the wheel-house, ringing like a clarion above the roar of the waves, and the clashing sounds on shipboard, and it had in it an assuring, not a fearful tone. As the orders came distinctly and deliberately through the captain's trumpet, to "shift the cargo," to "back her," to "keep her steady," we felt somehow that the commander up there in the thick mist on the wheel-house knew what he was about, and that through his skill and courage, by the blessing of Heaven, we should all be rescued. The man who saved us so far as human aid ever saves drowning mortals, was one fully competent to command a ship;

and when, after weary days of anxious suspense, the vessel leaking badly, and the fires in danger of being put out, we arrived safely in Halifax, old Mr. Cunard, agent of the line, on hearing from the mail officer that the steamer had struck on the rocks and had been saved only by the captain's presence of mind and courage, simply replied: "Just what might have been expected in such a disaster; Captain Harrison is always master of the situation." [Loud applause.]

Now, no man ever became master of the situation by accident or indolence. I believe with Shelley, that the Almighty has given men and women arms long enough to reach the stars if they will only put them out! It was an admirable saying of the Duke of Wellington, "that no general ever blundered into a great victory." St. Hilaire said, "I ignore the existence of a blind chance, accident, and haphazard results." "He happened to succeed," is a foolish, unmeaning phrase. No man happens to succeed. "What do you mix your paints with?" asked a visitor of Opie, the painter. "With brains, sir," was the artist's reply.

Indolence never sent a man to the front. It is one of God's laws that nothing in His universe shall be stationary. The fixed stars, as they are called, are now known to be undoubtedly moving on. The deep things of this world are not engineered by sluggards. It is the travesties of Christianity that abound among the indolent who take everything for granted. Masters of the truly religious situations,—like Frederick Robertson, Ward Beecher, Maurice, and Stopford Brooke—are never idle. They scorn to furl their sails and ride at anchor in the sluggish bays of extinct thought, but are ever busy in the great thoroughfares of life, casting out those devils of intolerance, superstition and hypocrisy. [Applause.] Who doesn't like to see a minister fully master of the situation from an earnest desire to serve the great cause in which he is enlisted? Robert Collyer told me the other day of a big-hearted, big-fisted old clergyman in Yorkshire who was so determined to convert the wild wicked dwellers on the moors; that when they refused to come into church on Sunday, he would rush out of his pulpit spring into a crowd of cock-fighters outside the chapel, knock some of them down with his brawny fist, collar them, drag them in, and then administer Gospel truths right and left to the rascals. [Laughter and applause.]

Conceit kills many a man who is perhaps on the high road to mastery. "The sun rises in the East where I live," said a popular orator from Boston once. "Yes," said a bystander from the West, "but he doesn't stay there long!" [Laughter.] There are men who never pronounce their own names without involuntarily taking off their hats, so profound is their self-admiration; and all of us have known persons who felt that if they had been consulted prior to placing Adam on the old homestead, they could have added something to human nature which would have greatly improved it. [Continued laughter.] Complaining people, people who are in a state of normal dissatisfaction with the universe generally, do not often master the situation. The wrong side of the tapestry of life is never the most beautiful or encouraging one.

There are men who fail of mastery in the world from too low an estimate of human nature, and there are others who slip up on the way to eminence from too great a reverence for upper-standing, and too little for understanding. Such men would if possible, make a close corporation of the air of heaven, and only sell stock to people who have an income of not less than $50,000 a year. [Laughter and applause.] "Despise nothing, my son!" was the advice a wise mother gave to her boy when he went forth into the untried world to seek his fortune, and that boy grew up into Sir Walter Scott. [Applause.]

All great leaders have been inspired with a great belief. In nine cases out of ten, failure is born of unbelief. Tennyson sings, "Faith and unfaith can ne'er be equal powers." To be a great leader and so always master of the situation, one must of necessity have been a great thinker in action. An eagle was never yet hatched from a goose's egg. Dante speaks in bitter sarcasm of Branca d'Oria, whom he placed among the dead, when he says, "He still eats and sleeps and puts on clothes." In a case of great emergency it took a certain general in our army several days to get his personal baggage ready. Sheridan rode into Winchester without even a change of stockings in his saddle-bags. [Applause.]

When the Lords of the Admiralty, in a case of pressing need, asked Sir Charles Napier, in London, when he would be ready to start for India, he replied: "In half an hour, gentlemen, if necessary." Insight, foresight and knowledge are what the world demands in great leaders—men who have the power to transmute calamity into greatness. To a real commander nothing exists which cannot be overcome. "Monsieur," said Mirabeau's secretary to him one day, "what you require is impossible." "Impossible?" cried Mirabeau, starting from his chair, "never name to me again that blockhead of a word."

One of the ancients said that an army of stags with a lion for their commander was more formidable than an army of lions led by a stag. There are men who will pluck the very spear out of their wounds and turn round and slay their adversaries with the same weapon; and you will never find such men as these sending home the cowardly despatch of a French Marshal: "We have met the enemy, and we are theirs." So long as Epaminondas was their general, the Theban army never had a panic. It is the part of a really competent leader to turn disaster into conquest. When a soldier ran crying to Pelopidas, "We are fallen among the enemies, and are lost!" "How are we fallen among them any more than they among us?" replied the undaunted spirit. And when the soldiers of Marius complained of thirst, being encamped where there was no water, he pointed to a river running close to the enemy's trenches, and bade them take the drink which valor could give them in that direction. A gallant young officer who fought in the Wilderness told me the other day, that there was always such encouragement in his general's demeanor when he went into battle that the most desponding took fire from him and went in for victory on the first onset, because they knew that General Grant never made up his mind to be beaten anywhere. [Applause.] They who achieve great victories have first learned how to conquer, and opinions that have life in them will almost always come to the front. The first Napoleon seemed to have been born with ideas but he was never idle for a moment after he started on his stupendous career. He said: "If I appear always ready to reply to every question, to face all things, it is because before undertaking anything, I have long thought of it, and have long foreseen what may come. There is no genius who recalls to me all at once in secret what I have to say or do under circumstances unexpected by others; it is done by reflection and by meditation."

If ever a man was supreme master of the situation, with a heart that strengthened his understanding, it was assuredly Washington. No one knew him better at all points intimately and thoroughly, than Thomas Jefferson, and we have his estimate of our first President, written in a letter to Walter Jones, in 1814: "His mind was great and powerful, without being of the very first order, as that of Newton or Bacon or Locke, and as far as he saw no judgment was sounder. It was slow in operation, sure in conclusion. He was incapable of fear, meeting personal danger with the calmest unconcern. Perhaps the strongest feature in his character was prudence, never acting until every circumstance every consideration was maturely weighed, and when once decided going through with his purpose, whatever obstacles opposed. His integrity was most pure, and his justice the most inflexible I have ever known."

I suppose if any man was ever master of the situation, from his boundless knowledge, abundant language, instantaneous apprehension and undaunted speech, it was Edmund Burke. The vastness of his attainments and the immensity of his varied powers startled his great contemporaries into admiration. Somebody once asked Dr. Johnson whether he did not think Burke resembled Cicero. "No, sir," growled Johnson, "Cicero resembled Burke!" Goldsmith and Windham and Pitt, among others, have left on record eloquent testimony to the superiority of Burke's genius, and the striking fact that he was the best informed man of his time. Did this great statesman lounge carelessly into all this reputation, and rely on his genius solely to bring him into Parliament, to continue that long and brilliant career which is part of English history? Never for a moment did he trust to his genius. See him at the top of his high fame, elaborating every speech, every sentence he wrote with the most studious and exhaustive care. He would have twelve different proofs of his "Reflections on the French Revolution" before he would allow it to go to press, and even then he watched every page with a vigilant eye, as if his very existence depended on faultless accuracy of statement and style.

When the quality most needed in a Prime Minister who should be fully master of the situation, was the subject of conversation in the presence of Mr. Pitt, one of the speakers said it was eloquence, another said it was knowledge a third said it was toil. "No," said Pitt, "it is patience." And patience is undoubtedly a prime quality of mastery in any situation. Those were good lines which the good Santa Teresa of Spain put into verse centuries ago :—

"Let nothing disturb thee,
Nothing affright thee;
All things are passing;
God never changeth;
Patient endurance
Attaineth to all things."

There is an apprenticeship to difficulty, also, which is better for excellence sometimes than years of ease and comfort. A great musician once said of a promising but passionless young singer who was being educated for the stage: "She sings well, but she lacks something which is everything. If she were married to a tyrant who would maltreat her and break her heart, in six months she would be the greatest singer in Europe." It was the poverty of Cervantes, which gave to the world the riches of "Don Quixote"; and if Washington Irving had been successful in business and not crossed in love, we might never have had "The Sketch-Book" and "Knickerbocker's History of New York," books that were born, as it were, out of adversity and suffering. It is necessity sometimes that teaches and compels. We are told that a dumb man, seeing the knife of an assassin at his father's throat, suddenly acquired speech.

Preparation is a leading quality of mastery. Michelangelo, when an old man, said: "I carry my satchel still!"—indicating that his life was a perpetual study and preparation. The men who step from peak to peak, like gods, have first stumbled, perhaps, over the very rudiments of climbing. What makes the Adamses always in demand when great questions of national interest come up for settlement? It is because it has always been the habit of the family to study matters of diplomacy and the rules of statesmanship. They have got the knack of work in their very bones, and they dig into a subject of national importance with the strength that comes of energetic and intelligent action, and a pickaxe welded of iron will. Whatever else we may accuse them of, the lack of perseverance has never been alleged against one of that family.

I once met a veteran sailor, one of the old Hull and Decatur breed, who had been to sea forty years, and he told me he had never known a mutiny on board ship where the captain had risen from before the mast, implying that such an officer had acquired experience, and knew how to manage men as well as vessels.

The president of the London Alpine Club said no man was ever lost on the Alps who had properly prepared himself and knew how to ascend them, and when I quoted to him the list of guides who had fallen into crevices and been killed, he quoted back to me a certain passage of Scripture wherein the fate of blind guides and those they lead is set forth in unmistakable terms. "Choose for your guides," said he, "the hardy men who have learned their business thoroughly; who have been chamois hunters from their youth; who have lived on these mountains from their birth, and to whom these snows and these rocks and the clouds speak a language which they can understand and then accidents are impossible."

Great efforts upon the stage are produced only by great preparation. When Charlotte Cushman plays the part of Meg Merrilies, and Jefferson enacts the character of Rip Van Winkle, and Sothern produces Dundreary, our delight and satisfaction are the result of a profound and untiring application of the actor to the study of the art, and no man or woman can hold audiences for a lifetime without that preparation which great artists always give to great conceptions. There was once an English actor so terribly in earnest with the study of his profession that he made a mark on his generation never exceeded by any other tragedian. He was a little, dark man, with a voice naturally harsh, but he determined when comparatively young, to play the character of Sir Giles Overreach in Massinger's drama as no other man ever played it before. He resolved to give years of indefatigable industry in preparing himself for the part, and to devote his whole intellect to a proper conception of the character. In the whole range of English dramatic literature the character of Sir Giles is estimated one of the greatest pieces of effective villainy and untamable passion ever portrayed, and little Edmund Kean set to himself the task of producing on the London stage all the effect which the author intended. With what intensity he studied the language, how he flung himself with a kind of rage into the feeling of the piece, all his biographers have recorded. His wife said that he would often remain up all night before the pier-glass, endeavoring to realize by gesture, modulation, and action, the conception at which he had arrived.

At last, after repeated refusals to the management to appear as Sir Giles, saying he was not ready yet, and must still give more time to the rehearsal, he consented to have the play announced, as now he felt he could do it justice. And what was the effect of all this hard work and unceasing study of the part? Fortunately we know all about it, although Kean played it on that memorable evening more than fifty years ago. It was one of the grandest effects ever witnessed on the English stage. We have accounts from various eye-witnesses of the sensation and the enthusiasm the presentation of this character produced, when Kean, fully ripe for the occasion, came upon the stage as Sir Giles; and some of the triumphs of that wonderful evening in 1816, at Drury Lane, are well known. It was observed that when he first walked in from the wings there was that in his burning eye which betokened greater determination than usual, and Lord Byron, who was in a stage-box, whispered to the poet Moore, that something dreadful was written on the great actor's countenance, something more suggestive of power even than he had ever noticed before. And never till then, in the history of the stage, was there witnessed such an exhibition of forceful endeavor. Throughout the whole play Kean bore himself like a fury; but it was reserved for the last scene to stamp an impression which existed during the lifetime of all who were present. The great actor himself shook like a strong oak in the whirlwind of his passionate vengeance, as displayed in the closing sentences of the play, and when he was removed from the stage, his face, turned to the spectators, was so awful that Byron was seized with a convulsive fit and fell forward pale as death itself. The solemn stillness of the house was broken by screams of terror from boxes and gallery; the pit rose *en masse*. Mrs. Glover, an actress of long experience, and great talent, fainted outright on the stage; Mrs. Horn, who was also playing in the piece, staggered to a chair and wept aloud at the appalling sight of Kean's agony and rage. Munden, a veteran on the boards, who played the part of Marall, stood so transfixed with astonishment and terror that he had to be carried off by main force from the scene, his eyes riveted on Kean's convulsed and awful countenance. The actor that night was master of the situation, and profound and earnest study gave him the clue to his great achievement. [Applause.]

There have been masters of the situation who have made a sudden leap into the arena of fame from low and often from unknown origins, but there has always been some preparation for a career thus distinguished. A man may start suddenly from his tannery or his bench to win a victory which may be imperishable. It is never in good taste to slight any man on account of a former occupation. Said a Grecian warrior, son of a shoemaker, to one who reviled him because of his mean birth: "My nobility begins in me, but yours ends in you!" And one of our own poets sings in this wise:—

"If the rose were born a lily and by force
Of art and eagerness for light grew tall and fair,
It were a true type of the first fiery soul,
That makes a low name honorable;
They who take it by inheritance alone,
Adding no brightness to it, are like stars,
Seen in the ocean, that were never there,
But for their bright originals in heaven."

A general who rose from the ranks in our army, told me, not boastingly, that all he inherited from his father, in Vermont, was a pair of second-hand trousers, a sealskin cap, and a tendency to rheumatism. [Laughter.] The Spartans gave their cooks only vinegar and salt and commanded them to look for the rest of their sauce in the meats they were to serve.

Modern luxury is an almost insurmountable bar to modern mastery. " A too rich diet," said an old writer on morals, " hinders the gallantry of the soul." Let us not forget that luxury and ease have never been conducive to liberty. It was the same Augustus who boasted that he found Rome of brick and left it of marble, who also found Rome free and left her a slave. Stretched on the rack of a too easy chair, one man will let a great occasion go by and lose in sleep the very birthright of his soul, while another, encompassed round by want and woe, will leap from his pallet of straw and go forth like Peter the Hermit to fire the age with enthusiasm. [Applause.]

Too much preparation is sometimes as fatal in results as too little. Too much light is as blinding as too much darkness. And when I see a morning procession of pallid schoolboys staggering to school under a load of textbooks almost too heavy to be held together by the strap that encircles them, or a bevy of young girls, bound on the same educational errand, more pallid and more exhausted by the eight or ten pounds of torture in the shape of grammars, dictionaries, geographies, arithmetics, geometries, and philosophies, they too tug along the streets, I wish their piles of knowledge might be reduced one-half, for I cannot but feel that with fewer books there would be more culture, that too many studies produce too little scholarship, and that the intellect which is forced will rarely be expanded. [Applause.]

Attention is a prime requisite where mastery of the situation is to be acquired. No one, I suppose, will accuse me of over-statement if I call Charles Dickens a man of genius. Genius is a big word. Next to the supremest names, it is the largest word in the dictionary. The popular idea of a man of genius is a very vague and oftentimes a very foolish one. He is commonly supposed to be able at any moment, without previous study or preparation of any kind, to write a poem, an oration, a history, an essay, or a novel in three volumes, as the case may be. Hear, if you please, testimony on the other side. Dickens said:

"My own invention or imagination, such as it is, I can most truthfully assure you, would never have served me as it has, but for the habit of commonplace, humble, patient, daily, toiling, drudging attention. The one serviceable, safe, certain, remunerative, attainable quality in every study and in every pursuit is the quality of attention. Genius, vivacity, quickness of penetration, brilliancy in association of ideas, will not always be commanded, but attention, after due term of submissive service, always will. Like certain plants which the poorest peasant may grow in the poorest soil, it may be cultivated by any one, and it is certain, in its own good season to bring forth flower and fruit."

This eulogium on attention, spoken out of his own abundant experience, is quite worthy to be hung up in golden letters on the walls of every school-house and college in the land. Dickens's sense of responsibility to the public that had given him their homage was a marked peculiarity. During his readings in America, although he had the experience of thirteen years in those wonderful performances, he never came before his audience without a fresh preparation of hours over every piece he was to read. He studied every point he was to make with the anxiety of a novice.

In one of his novels, which we know to be the most autobiographical of all his stories, the author drops this admirable lesson like a jewel before his reader. I have his distinct authority for saying it is a record of his own perseverance as a young man. He says, speaking through the medium of his hero: "I have been very fortunate in worldly matters; many men have worked much harder, and not succeeded half so well; but I never could have done what I have done without the habits of punctuality, order, and diligence; without the determination to concentrate myself on one object at a time, no matter how quickly its successor should come upon its heels, which I then formed. My meaning simply is, that whatever I have tried to do in life, I have tried with all my heart to do well; that whatever I have devoted myself to, I have devoted myself to completely; that, in great aims and in small, I have always been thoroughly in earnest. I have never believed it possible that any natural or improved ability can claim immunity from the companionship of the steady, plain, hard-working qualities, and hope to gain its end. There is no such thing as such fulfillment on this earth. Some happy talent and some fortunate opportunity may form the two sides of the ladder on which some men mount, but the rounds of that ladder must be made of stuff to stand wear and tear, and there is no substitute for thorough-going, ardent, and sincere earnestness. Never to put one hand to anything on which I could throw my whole self, and never to affect depreciation of my work, whatever it was, I find now to have been my golden rule."

When Rubinstein, the great pianist, the greatest perhaps in the annals of music, was asked a few days ago, how he managed to produce such amazing effects when he played the "Erl King," he replied, as if surprised at the question, "It is only by stoody."

There is a faith so expansive and a hope so elastic that a man having them will keep on believing and hoping till all danger is passed and victory is sure. When I talk across an ocean of 3,000 miles, with my friends on the other side of it, and feel that I may know any hour of the day if all goes well with them, I think with gratitude of the immense energy and perseverance of that one man, Cyrus W. Field, who spent so many years of his life in perfecting a communication second only in importance to the discovery of this country. The story of his patient striving during all that stormy period is one of the noblest records of American enterprise, and only his own family know the whole of it. It was a long, hard struggle! Thirteen years of anxious watching and ceaseless toil! Think what that enthusiast accomplished by his untiring energy. He made fifty voyages across the Atlantic, and when everything looked darkest for his enterprise, his courage never flagged for an instant. He must have suffered privations and dangers manifold. Think of him, in those gloomy periods pacing the decks of ships on dark, stormy nights in mid-ocean, or wandering in the desolate forests of Newfoundland in pelting rains, comfortless and forlorn. I saw him in 1858, immediately after the first cable had ceased to throb. Public excitement had grown wild over the mysterious working of those flashing wires, and when they stopped speaking, the reaction was intense.

Stockholders, as well as the public, generally grew exasperated and suspicious; unbelievers sneered at the whole project, and called the telegraph a hoax from the beginning. They declared that never a message had passed through the unresponsive wires, and that Cyrus Field was a liar! The odium cast upon him was boundless. He was the butt and the by-word of his time.

It was at this moment I saw him, and I well remember how cowardly I acted and how courageously he appeared! I scarcely dared to face the man who had encountered such an overwhelming disappointment and who was suffering such a terrible disgrace. But when we met and I saw how he rose to the occasion, and did not abate one jot of heart or hope, I felt that this man was indeed master of the situation, and would yet silence the host of doubters who were thrusting their darts into his sensitive spirit. [Applause.] Eight years more he encountered the odium of failure, but still kept plowing across the Atlantic, flying from city to city, soliciting capital, holding meetings and forcing down this most colossal discouragement. At last day dawned again, and another cable was paid out—this time from the deck of the "Great Eastern." Twelve hundred miles of it were laid down, and the ship was just lifting her head to a stiff breeze then springing up, when, without a moment's warning, the cable suddenly snapped short off, and plunged into the sea. Says the published account of this great disaster: "Mr. Field came from the companion-way into the saloon, and observed with admirable composure, though his lip quivered and his cheek was white, 'The cable has parted and has gone from the reel overboard!'" Nine days and nights they dragged the bottom of the sea for this lost treasure, and though they grappled it three times, they could not bring it to the surface. In that most eloquent speech made by Mr. Field at the Chamber of Commerce banquet in New York, one of the most touching recitals on record, he said: "We returned to England defeated but full of resolution to begin the battle anew." And this time his energy was greater even than before. In five months another cable was shipped on board the "Great Eastern," and this time, by the blessing of Heaven, the wires were stretched unharmed, from continent to continent. Then came that never-to-be-forgotten search, in four ships, for the lost cable. In the bows of one of these vessels stood Cyrus Field, day and night, in storm and fog, squall and calm, intensely watching the quiver of the grapnel that was dragging two miles down on the bottom of the deep.

At length on the last night of August, a little before midnight, the spirit of this brave man was rewarded. I shall here quote his own words, as none others could possibly convey so well the thrilling interest of that hour. He says: "All felt as if life and death hung on the issue. It was only when the cable was brought over the bow and onto the deck that men dared to breathe. Even then they hardly believed their eyes. Some crept toward it to feel of it to be sure it was there. Then we carried it along to the electricians' room, to see if our long-sought treasure was alive or dead. A few minutes of suspense and a flash told of the lightning current again set free. Then the feeling long pent up burst forth. Some turned away their heads and wept. Others broke into cheers, and the cry ran from man to man, and was heard down in the engine-rooms, deck below deck, and from the boats on the water, and the other ships, while rockets lighted up the darkness of the sea. Then, with thankful hearts, we turned our faces again to the West. But soon the wind rose, and for thirty-six hours we were exposed to all the dangers of a storm on the Atlantic. Yet, in the very height and fury of the gale, as I sat in the electricians' room, a flash of light came up from the deep which, having crossed to Ireland, came back to me in mid-ocean, telling me that those so dear to me, whom I had left on the banks of the Hudson, were well, and following us with their wishes and their prayers. This was like a whisper of God from the sea, bidding me keep heart and hope."

And now, after all those thirteen years of almost superhuman struggle and that one moment of almost superhuman victory, I think we may safely include Cyrus Field among the masters of the situation. [Loud applause.]

Let us never omit, then, to render due homage to those masters of the situation still living with us, and those who have not yet passed into that fame which is hallowed by death. All honor to Henry Bergh, among other benefactors of our time, the firm and unselfish advocate for that part of creation which cannot ask kind treatment for itself; the man who has spoken so effectually for those poor dumb mouths that have so long pleaded silently for protection from injury at the hands of man. Is it not a brave thing to have stood so many years between the oppressor and his quivering victim and to have borne so long the contumely and ridicule of those who cannot understand why a horse should not be overloaded, or his sensitive flesh be tortured if he sinks beneath his burden? It is a sacred mission to which this man has been called, and among the world's benefactors he has proved himself a noble master of a difficult situation. [Applause.]

It was said by one who ought to know that the normal Englishman is always happy when he is killing something. It would be a prouder distinction if we shall ever be able to claim for the normal American that he is never happier than when he is saving the life or in some way ameliorating the condition of any being however humble in the scale of existence, and that one of the best lessons he has learned to practice is that enforced so feelingly by Wordsworth:—

> "Never to blend our pleasure or our pride,
> With sorrow of the meanest thing that feels."

We seem to have lost something, I may say a great deal, of that commendable, ardent enthusiasm which formerly existed for great talent and inspiring virtue, and mild and affectionate indifference has taken its place. Dr. Lyman Beecher told the Andover student that he had very little hope of a Christian inquirer who needed a mustard-plaster on to make him feel. [Laughter and applause.] Observe the difference in men. One man will bring forward a bill in Congress, and its failure to be put through may be prophesied from the moment he proposes it. Another member will present a resolve, embodying the same principles in a bill not so well drawn as the first, and its success is assured instantly. In the first case it is a languid bill because it is languidly presented, and the hounds of destruction fall to at once and tear it to pieces, simply because the mover is a timid, trembling creature. The master of the situation, whose bill is carried triumphantly, is courageous and enthusiastic from the start, and quells all opposition in advance by the very sound of his voice.

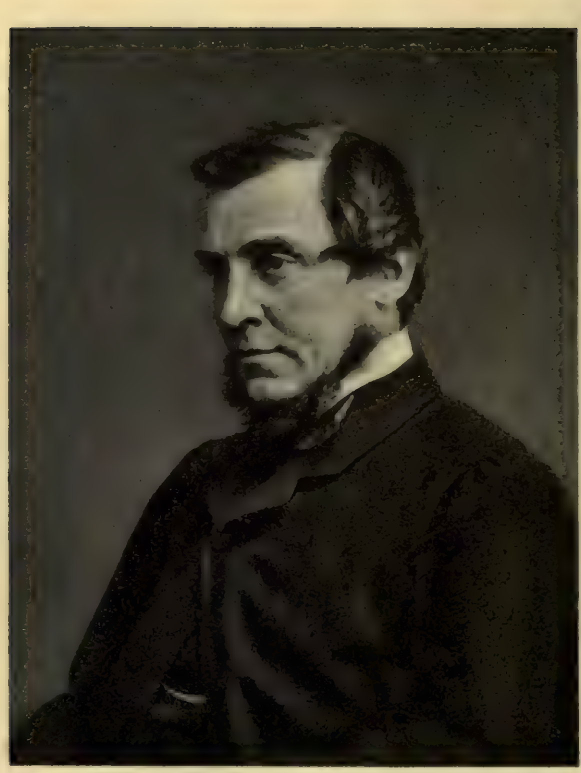
Promptness is a grand leader, while Procrastination limps behind. To-day is master of the situation; To-morrow is an impostor, who is almost sure to bring failure with him. Masters of the situation never do things by halves. There are minds that seem always to be in a state of disintegration, and working slowly to no end whatever. There are jumping men who always hit the top bar with their heels and never quite clear it. There are women whose stitches always come out, and the buttons they sew on fly off on the mildest provocation. And there are other women who will use the same needle and thread, and you may tug away at their work on your coat or your waistcoat, and you can't start a button in a generation! There are poets who never get beyond the first verse; orators who forget the next sentence, and sit down [laughter]; gold-diggers who buy a pickaxe and stop there. There are painters whose studios are full of unpainted pictures. And if sluggards ever took good advice, what long processions we should constantly meet, slowly traveling on their way to the ant. [Laughter.]

There are men in legislative assemblies who speak often, but are never masters of any situation. They have great powers of utterance, but nothing to say. The orator whose burning sentences become the very proverbs of freedom is not he who consumes the most time and employs the selectest paragraphs. I have seen men in Congress often on their legs and buzzing about like able-bodied darning-needles but they never managed, even by accident, to sting anybody into attention.

I wish there were time for the presentation of examples of mastery of the situation by self-denying, enthusiastic, valorous women. Past and present days are full of their noble records. I hear of a book called "The Twelve Women of the War," and the title sounds feeble and inadequate. Instead of twelve, there are thousands and tens of thousands; and the war has not ended their grand endeavors to benefit those who are less favored by Providence than themselves. All over this land there are living and working to-day, women like Amy Bradlee, in Wilmington, North Carolina, who went down from her home in Maine to teach that portion of almost hopeless humanity called "the poor whites." God bless such masteries of the situation, and give us as many female General Armstrongs as the country so sorely needs. [Applause.]

Let us not forget that there are successes which are worse than failures, and that there are victories which are irremediable ruin. Two of the fastest equipages in France and America were driven for a short time by Louis Napoleon and James Fisk. I have lived to see both these men followed and applauded by crowds on the Champs Elysées and the Central Park. Their flashing liveries dazzled the world of stupid starers with the loud huzzas.' One of these poor creatures fell by the hand of an assassin, who in his wicked turn is soon to meet his righteous doom. The other is reported to be gnawing his own heart and slowly dying in bitter exile. And yet how recently both of these men seemed to be masters of a great situation. A year or two ago their names every morning vulgarized the columns of your newspapers, and their daily doings were chronicled as those of good men never are. But that inexorable hand which, sooner or later, arrests the robber and the coward, smote them from their high places. I couple them together in one sentence, for both were frauds and disgraces to humanity. [Applause.]

I think no criminal American ever lived whose example while he moved among us was more fatal to the ardent business young man of this country than that of James Fisk. His apparent success debauched the minds and hearts of the most ingenuous and unsuspecting. God grant that he may be the last of his tribe who can so poison a generation. The old, old motto, "*Principia non homines*" is imperishable. When that poor hunted harassed body was stretched on the Charlestown gallows in Virginia, was Governor Wise master of the situation there? No! No! for the soul of the murdered victim still goes marching on, while that of the man who doomed him, and was standing by and consenting unto his death, had no advancing music in him which this world would listen and keep step to for an instant! It was Henry A. Wise who was defeated and buried on that fatal day, while John Brown lying cold in his coffin, will be the master of that situation forever. [Applause.]



JAMES ANTHONY FROUDE

Photogravure after a photograph from life

JAMES ANTHONY FROUDE

THE SCIENCE OF HISTORY

[Lecture by James A. Froude, English historian (born in Dartington, Devonshire, England, April 23, 1818; died in Salcombe, Devonshire, October 20, 1894), delivered first before the Royal Institution of London, February 5, 1864. This was held to be one of Mr. Froude's most important lectures, since in it he elaborated his particular views of history and of historical composition.]

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN:—I have undertaken to speak this evening on what is called the Science of History. I fear it is a dry subject; and there seems, indeed, something incongruous in the very connection of such words as Science and History. It is as if we were to talk of the color of sound, or the longitude of the Rule-of-Three. Where it is so difficult to make out the truth on the commonest disputed fact in matters passing under our very eyes, how can we talk of a science in things long past, which come to us only through books? It often seems to me as if History was like a child's box of letters, with which we can spell any word we please. We have only to pick out such letters as we want, arrange them as we like, and say nothing about those which do not suit our purpose.

I will try to make the thing intelligible, and I will try not to weary you; but I am doubtful of my success either way. First, however, I wish to say a word or two about the eminent person whose name is connected with this way of looking at History, and whose premature death struck us all with such a sudden sorrow. Many of you, perhaps, recollect Mr. Buckle as he stood not so long ago in this place. He spoke more than an hour without a note—never repeating himself, never wasting words; laying out his matter as easily and as pleasantly as if he had been talking to us at his own fireside. We might think what we pleased of Mr. Buckle's views, but it was plain enough that he was a man of uncommon power; and he had qualities also—qualities to which he, perhaps, himself attached little value—as rare as they were admirable.

Most of us, when we have hit on something which we are pleased to think important and original, feel as if we should burst with it. We come out into the book-market with our wares in hand, and ask for thanks and recognition. Mr. Buckle, at an early age, conceived the thought which made him famous, but he took the measure of his abilities. He knew that whenever he pleased he could command personal distinction, but he cared more for his subject than for himself. He was contented to work with patient reticence, unknown and unheard of, for twenty years; and then, at middle life, he produced a work which was translated at once into French and German, and, of all places in the world, fluttered the dovecotes of the Imperial Academy of St. Petersburg.

Goethe says somewhere that, as soon as a man has done anything remarkable, there seems to be a general conspiracy to prevent him from doing it again. He is feasted, feted, caressed; his time is stolen from him by breakfasts, dinners, societies, idle businesses of a thousand kinds. Mr. Buckle had his share of all this; but there are also more dangerous enemies that wait upon success like his. He had scarcely won for himself the place which he deserved, than his health was found shattered by his labors. He had but time to show us how large a man he was, time just to sketch the outlines of his philosophy, and he passed away as suddenly as he appeared. He went abroad to recover strength for his work, but his work was done with and over. He died of a fever at Damascus, vexed only that he was compelled to leave it uncompleted. Almost his last conscious words were, "My book, my book! I shall never finish my book!" He went away as he had lived, nobly careless of himself, and thinking only of the thing which he had undertaken to do.

But his labor had not been thrown away. Disagree with him as we might, the effect which he had already produced was unmistakable, and it is not likely to pass away.

What he said was not essentially new. Some such interpretation of human things is as early as the beginning of thought. But Mr. Buckle, on the one hand, had the art which belongs to men of genius: he could present his opinions with peculiar distinctness; and, on the other hand, there is much in the mode of speculation at present current among us for which those opinions have an unusual fascination. They do not please us, but they excite and irritate us. We are angry with them; and we betray, in being so, an uneasy misgiving that there may be more truth in those opinions than we like to allow.

Mr. Buckle's general theory was something of this kind: When human creatures began first to look about them in the world they lived in, there seemed to be no order in anything. Days and nights were not the same length. The air was sometimes hot and sometimes cold. Some of the stars rose and set like the sun; some were almost motionless in the sky; some described circles round a central star above the north horizon. The planets went on principles of their own; and in the elements there seemed nothing but caprice. Sun and moon would at times go out in eclipse. Sometimes the earth itself would shake under men's feet; and they could only suppose that earth and air and sky and water were inhabited and managed by creatures as wayward as themselves.

Time went on, and the disorder began to arrange itself. Certain influences seemed beneficent to men, others malignant and destructive; and the world was supposed to be animated by good spirits and evil spirits, who were continually fighting against each other, in outward nature and in human creatures themselves. Finally, as men observed more and imagined less, these interpretations gave way also. Phenomena the most opposite in effect were seen to be the result of the same natural law. The fire did not burn the house down if the owners of it were careful, but remained on the hearth and boiled the pot; nor did it seem more inclined to burn a bad man's house down than a good man's, provided the badness did not take the form of negligence. The phenomena of nature were found for the most part to proceed in an orderly, regular way, and their variations to be such as could be counted upon. From observing the order of things, the step was easy to cause and effect. An eclipse, instead of being a sign of the anger of Heaven, was found to be the necessary and innocent result of the relative position of sun, moon, and earth. The comets became bodies in space, unrelated to the beings who had imagined that all creation was watching them and their doings. By degrees caprice, volition, all symptoms of arbitrary action, disappeared out of the universe; and almost every phenomenon in earth or heaven was found attributable to some law, either understood or perceived to exist. Thus nature was reclaimed from the imagination. The first fantastic conception of things gave way before the moral; the moral in turn gave way before the natural; and at last there was left but one small tract of jungle where the theory of law had failed to penetrate,—the doings and characters of human creatures themselves.

There, and only there, amidst the conflicts of reason and emotion, conscience and desire, spiritual forces were still conceived to exist. Cause and effect were not traceable when there was a free volition to disturb the connection. In all other things, from a given set of conditions the consequences necessarily followed. With man, the word "law" changed its meaning, and instead of a fixed order, which he could not choose but follow, it became a moral precept, which he might disobey if he dared.

This it was which Mr. Buckle disbelieved. The economy which prevailed throughout nature, he thought it very unlikely should admit of this exception. He considered that human beings acted necessarily from the impulse of outward circumstances upon their mental and bodily condition at any given moment. Every man, he said, acted from a motive; and his conduct was determined by the motive which affected him most powerfully. Every man naturally desires what he supposes to be good for him; but, to do well, he must know well. He will eat poison, so long as he does not know that it is poison. Let him see that it will kill him, and he will not touch it. The question was not of moral right and wrong. Once let him be thoroughly made to feel that the thing is destructive, and he will leave it alone by the law of his nature. His virtues are the result of knowledge; his faults, the necessary consequence of the want of it. A boy desires to draw, He knows nothing about it: he draws men like trees or houses, with their centre of gravity anywhere. He makes mistakes, because he knows no better. We do not blame him. Till he is better taught, he cannot help it. But his instruction begins. He arrives at straight lines; then at solids; then at curves. He learns perspective, and light and shade. He observes more accurately the forms which he wishes to represent. He perceives effects, and he perceives the means by which they are produced. He has learned what to do; and, in part, he has learned how to do it. His after progress will depend on the amount of force which his nature possesses; but all this is as natural as the growth of an acorn. You do not preach to the acorn that it is its duty to become a large tree; you do not preach to the art-pupil that it is his duty to become a Holbein. You plant your acorn in favorable soil, where it can have light and air, and be sheltered from the wind, you remove the superfluous branches, you train the strength into the leading shoots. The acorn will then become as fine a tree as it has vital force to become. The difference between men and other things is only in the largeness and variety of man's capacities; and in this special capacity, that he alone has the power of observing the circumstances favorable to his own growth, and can apply them for himself, yet, again, with this condition,—that he is not, as is commonly supposed, free to choose whether he will make use of these appliances or not. When he knows what is good for him, he will choose it; and he will judge what is good for him by the circumstances which have made him what he is.

And what he would do, Mr. Buckle supposed that he always had done. His history had been a natural growth as much as the growth of the acorn. His improvement had followed the progress of his knowledge; and, by a comparison of his outward circumstances with the condition of his mind, his whole proceedings on this planet, his creeds and constitutions, his good deeds and his bad, his arts and his sciences, his empires and his revolutions, would be found all to arrange themselves into clear relations of cause and effect.

If, when Mr. Buckle pressed his conclusions, we objected the difficulty of finding what the truth about past times really was, he would admit it candidly as far as concerned individuals; but there was not the same difficulty, he said, with masses of men. We might disagree about the character of Julius or Tiberius Cæsar, but we could know well enough the Romans of the Empire. We had their literature to tell us how they thought; we had their laws to tell us how they governed; we had the broad face of the world, the huge mountainous outline of their general doings upon it, to tell us how they acted. He believed it was all reducible to laws, and could be made as intelligible as the growth of the chalk cliffs or the coal measures.

And thus consistently Mr. Buckle cared little for individuals. He did not believe (as some one has said) that the history of mankind is the history of its great men. Great men with him were but larger atoms, obeying the same impulses with the rest, only perhaps a trifle more erratic. With them or without them, the course of things would have been much the same.

As an illustration of the truth of his view, he would point to the new science of Political Economy. Here already was a large area of human activity in which natural laws were found to act unerringly. Men had gone on for centuries trying to regulate trade on moral principles. They would fix wages according to some imaginary rule of fairness; they would fix prices by what they considered things ought to cost; they encouraged one trade or discouraged another, for moral reasons. They might as well have tried to work a steam-engine on moral reasons. The great statesmen whose names were connected with these enterprises might have as well legislated that water should run up hill. There were natural laws, fixed in the condition of things; and to contend against them was the old battle of the Titans against the gods.

As it was with political economy, so it was with all other forms of human activity; and, as the true laws of political economy explained the troubles which people fell into in old times because they were ignorant of them, so the true laws of human nature, as soon as we knew them, would explain their mistakes in more serious matters, and enable us to manage better for the future. Geographical position, climate, air, soil, and the like, had their several influences. The northern nations are hardy and industrious, because they must till the earth if they would eat the fruits of it, and because the temperature is too low to make an idle life enjoyable. In the south, the soil is more productive, while less food is wanted and fewer clothes; and, in the exquisite air, exertion is not needed to make the sense of existence delightful. Therefore, in the south we find men lazy and indolent.

True, there are difficulties in these views; the home of the languid Italian was the home also of the sternest race of whom the story of mankind retains a record. And again, when we are told that the Spaniards are superstitious because Spain is a country of earthquakes, we remember Japan, the spot in all the world where earthquakes are most frequent, and where at the same time there is the most serene disbelief in any supernatural agency whatsoever.

Moreover, if men grow into what they are by natural laws, they cannot help being what they are; and, if they cannot help being what they are, a good deal will have to be altered in our general view of human obligations and responsibilities.

That, however, in these theories there is a great deal of truth, is quite certain, were there but a hope that those who maintain them would be contented with that admission. A man born in a Mahometan country grows up a Mahometan; in a Catholic country, a Catholic; in a Protestant country, a Protestant. His opinions are like his language: he learns to think as he learns to speak; and it is absurd to suppose him responsible for being what nature makes him. We take pains to educate children. There is a good education and a bad education; there are rules well ascertained by which characters are influenced; and, clearly enough, it is no mere matter for a boy's free will whether he turns out well or ill. We try to train him into good habits; we keep him out of the way of temptations; we see that he is well taught; we mix kindness and strictness; we surround him with every good influence we can command. These are what are termed the advantages of a good education; and, if we fail to provide those under our care with it, and if they go wrong, the responsibility we feel is as much ours as theirs. This is at once an admission of the power over us of outward circumstances.

In the same way, we allow for the strength of temptations, and the like.

In general, it is perfectly obvious that men do necessarily absorb, out of the influences in which they grow up, something which gives a complexion to their whole after character.

When historians have to relate great social or speculative changes, the overthrow of a monarchy or the establishment of a creed, they do but half their duty if they merely relate the events. In an account, for instance, of the rise of Mahometanism, it is not enough to describe the character of the Prophet, the ends which he set before him, the means which he made use of, and the effect which he produced; the historian must show what there was in the condition of the Eastern races which enabled Mahomet to act upon them so powerfully; their existing beliefs, their existing moral and political condition.

In our estimate of the past, and in our calculations of the future, in the judgments which we pass upon one another, we measure responsibility, not by the thing done, but by the opportunities which people have had of knowing better or worse. In the efforts which we make to keep our children from bad associations or friends, we admit that external circumstances have a powerful effect in making men what they are.

But are circumstances everything? That is the whole question. A science of history, if it is more than a misleading name, implies that the relation between cause and effect holds in human things as completely as in all others; that the origin of human actions is not to be looked for in mysterious properties of the mind, but in influences which are palpable and ponderable.

When natural causes are liable to be set aside and neutralized by what is called volition, the word Science is out of place. If it is free to man to choose what he will do or not do, there is no adequate science of him. If there is a science of him, there is no free choice, and the praise or blame with which we regard one another are impertinent and out of place.

I am trespassing upon these ethical grounds because, unless I do, the subject cannot be made intelligible. Mankind are but an aggregate of individuals; History is but the record of individual action; and what is true of the part is true of the whole.

We feel keenly about such things, and, when the logic becomes perplexing, we are apt to grow rhetorical about them. But rhetoric is only misleading. Whatever the truth may be, it is best that we should know it; and for truth of any kind we should keep our heads and hearts as cool as we can.

I will say at once, that, if we had the whole case before us; if we were taken, like Leibnitz's Tarquin, into the council chamber of Nature, and were shown what we really were, where we came from, and where we were going, however unpleasant it might be for some of us to find ourselves, like Tarquin, made into villains, from the subtle necessities of "the best of all possible worlds,"—nevertheless, some such theory as Mr. Buckle's might possibly turn out to be true. Likely enough, there is some great "equation of the universe" where the value of the unknown quantities can be determined. But we must treat things in relation to our own powers and position; and the question is, whether the sweep of those vast curves can be measured by the intellect of creatures of a day like ourselves.

The "Faust" of Goethe, tired of the barren round of earthly knowledge, calls magic to his aid. He desires, first, to see the spirit of the Macrocosmos, but his heart fails him before he ventures that tremendous experiment, and he summons before him, instead, the spirit of his own race. There he feels himself at home. The stream of life and the storm of action, the everlasting ocean of existence, the web and the woof, and the roaring loom of Time,—he gazes upon them all, and in passionate exultation claims fellowship with the awful thing before him. But the majestic vision fades, and a voice comes to him,—"Thou art fellow with the spirits which thy mind can grasp, not with me."

Had Mr. Buckle tried to follow his principles into detail, it might have fared no better with him than with "Faust."

What are the conditions of a science? and when may any subject be said to enter the scientific stage? I suppose when the facts of it begin to resolve themselves into groups; when phenomena are no longer isolated experiences, but appear in connection and order; when, after certain antecedents, certain consequences are uniformly seen to follow; when facts enough have been collected to furnish a basis for conjectural explanation; and when conjectures have so far ceased to be utterly vague that it is possible in some degree to foresee the future by the help of them.

Till a subject has advanced as far as this, to speak of a science of it is an abuse of language. It is not enough to say that there must be a science of human things because there is a science of all other things. This is like saying the planets must be inhabited because the only planet of which we have any experience is inhabited. It may or may not be true, but it is not a practical question; it does not affect the practical treatment of the matter in hand.

Let us look at the history of Astronomy.

So long as sun, moon, and planets were supposed to be gods or angels; so long as the sword of Orion was not a metaphor, but a fact, and the groups of stars which inlaid the floor of heaven were the glittering trophies of the loves and wars of the Pantheon,—so long there was no science of Astronomy. There was fancy, imagination, poetry, perhaps reverence, but no science. As soon, however, as it was observed that the stars retained their relative places; that the times of their rising and setting varied with the seasons; that sun, moon, and planets moved among them in a plane, and the belt of the Zodiac was marked out and divided,—then a new order of things began. Traces of the earlier stage remained in the names of the signs and constellations, just as the Scandinavian mythology survives now in the names of the days of the week: but, for all that, the understanding was now at work on the thing; Science had begun, and the first triumph of it was the power of foretelling the future. Eclipses were perceived to recur in cycles of nineteen years, and philosophers were able to say when an eclipse was to be looked for. The periods of the planets were determined. Theories were invented to account for their eccentricities; and, false as those theories might be, the position of the planets could be calculated with moderate certainty by them. The very first result of the science, in its most imperfect stage, was a power of foresight; and this was possible before any one true astronomical law had been discovered.

We should not therefore question the possibility of a science of history because the explanations of its phenomena were rudimentary or imperfect: that they might be, and might long continue to be, and yet enough might be done to show that there was such a thing, and that it was not entirely without use. But how was it that in those rude days, with small knowledge of mathematics, and with no better instruments than flat walls and dial-plates, those first astronomers made progress so considerable? Because, I suppose, the phenomena which they were observing recurred, for the most part, within moderate intervals; so that they could collect large experience within the compass of their natural lives: because days and months and years were measurable periods, and within them the more simple phenomena perpetually repeated themselves.

But how would it have been if, instead of turning on its axis once in twenty-four hours, the earth had taken a year about it; if the year had been nearly four hundred years; if man's life had been no longer than it is, and for the initial steps of astronomy there had been nothing to depend upon except observations recorded in history? How many ages would have passed, had this been our condition, before it would have occurred to any one, that, in what they saw night after night, there was any kind of order at all?

We can see to some extent how it would have been, by the present state of those parts of the science which in fact depend on remote recorded observations. The movements of the comets are still extremely uncertain. The times of their return can be calculated only with the greatest vagueness.

And yet such a hypothesis as I have suggested would but inadequately express the position in which we are in fact placed towards history. There the phenomena never repeat themselves. There we are dependent wholly on the record of things said to have happened once, but which never happen or can happen a second time. There no experiment is possible; we can watch for no recurring fact to test the worth of our conjectures. It has been suggested fancifully, that, if we consider the universe to be infinite, time is the same as eternity, and the past is perpetually present. Light takes nine years to come to us from Sirius: those rays which we may see to-night, when we leave this place, left Sirius nine years ago; and, could the inhabitants of Sirius see the earth at this moment, they would see the English army in the trenches before Sebastopol, Florence Nightingale watching at Scutari over the wounded at Inkermann, and the peace of England undisturbed by "Essays and Reviews."

As the stars recede into distance, so time recedes with them; and there may be and probably are, stars from which Noah might be seen stepping into the ark, Eve listening to the temptation of the serpent, or that older race, eating the oysters and leaving the shell-heaps behind them, when the Baltic was an open sea.

Could we but compare noses something might be done; but of this there is no present hope, and without it there will be no science of history. Eclipses, recorded in ancient books, can be verified by calculations, and lost dates can be recovered by them; and we can foresee, by the laws which they follow, when there will be eclipses again. Will a time ever be when the lost secret of the foundation of Rome can be recovered by historic laws? If not, where is our science? It may be said that this is a particular fact, that we can deal satisfactorily with general phenomena affecting eras and cycles. Well, then, let us take some general phenomenon; Mahometanism, for instance, or Buddhism. Those are large enough. Can you imagine a science which would have foretold such movements as those? The state of things out of which they rose is obscure; but, suppose it not obscure, can you conceive that with any amount of historical insight into the old Oriental beliefs, you could have seen that they were about to transform themselves into those particular forms and no other?

It is not enough to say, that, after the fact, you can understand partially how Mohametanism came to be. All historians worth the name have told us something about that. But when we talk of science, we mean something with more ambitious pretences, we mean something which can foresee as well as explain; and, thus looked at, to state the problem is to show its absurdity. As little could the wisest man have foreseen this mighty revolution, as thirty years ago such a thing as Mormonism could have been anticipated in America; as little as it could have been foreseen that table-turning and spirit-rapping would have been an outcome of the scientific culture of England in the Nineteenth century.

The greatest of Roman thinkers, gazing mournfully at the seething mass of moral putrefaction round him, detected and deigned to notice among its elements a certain detestable superstition, so he called it, rising up amidst the offscouring of the Jews, which was named Christianity. Could Tacitus have looked forward nine centuries to the Rome of Gregory VII, could he have beheld the representative of the majesty of the Cæsars holding the stirrup of the Pontiff of that vile and execrated sect, the spectacle would scarcely have appeared to him the fulfillment of a national expectation, or an intelligible result of the causes in operation round him. Tacitus, indeed, was born before the science of history; but would M. Comte have seen any more clearly?

Nor is the case much better if we are less hard upon our philosophy; if we content ourselves with the past, and require only a scientific explanation of that.

First, for the facts themselves. They come to us through the minds of those who recorded them, neither machines nor angels, but fallible creatures, with human passions and prejudices. Tacitus and Thucydides were perhaps the ablest men who ever gave themselves to writing history; the ablest, and also the most incapable of conscious falsehood. Yet even now, after all these centuries, the truth of what they relate is called in question. Good reasons can be given to show that neither of them can be confidently trusted. If we doubt with these, whom are we to believe?

Or, again, let the facts be granted. To revert to my simile of the box of letters, you have but to select such facts as suit you, you have but to leave alone those which do not suit you, and, let your theory of history be what it will, you can find no difficulty in providing facts to prove it.

You may have your Hegel's philosophy of history, or you may have your Schlegel's philosophy of history; you may prove from history that the world is governed in detail by a special Providence; you may prove that there is no sign of any moral agent in the universe, except man; you may believe, if you like it, in the old theory of the wisdom of antiquity; you may speak, as was the fashion in the Fifteenth century, of "our fathers, who had more wit and wisdom than we"; or you may talk of "our barbarian ancestors," and describe their wars as the scuffling of kites and crows.

You may maintain that the evolution of humanity has been an unbroken progress toward perfection; you may maintain that there has been no progress at all, and that man remains the same poor creature that he ever was; or, lastly, you may say, with the author of "The Social Contract," that men were purest and best in primeval simplicity,—

> "When wild in woods the noble savage ran."

In all or any of these views, history will stand your friend. History, in its passive irony, will make no objection. Like Jarno, in Goethe's novel, it will not condescend to argue with you, and will provide you with abundant illustrations of anything which you may wish to believe.

"What is history," said Napoleon, "but a fiction agreed upon?" "My friend," said Faust to the student, who was growing enthusiastic about the spirit of past ages—"my friend, the times which are gone are a book with seven seals; and what you call the spirit of past ages is but the spirit of this or that worthy gentleman in whose mind those ages are reflected."

One lesson, and only one, history may be said to repeat with distinctness: that the world is built somehow on moral foundations; that, in the long run, it is well with the good; in the long run, it is ill with the wicked. But this is no science; it is no more than the old doctrine taught long ago by the Hebrew prophets. The theories of M. Comte and his disciples advance us, after all, not a step beyond the trodden and familiar ground. If men are not entirely animals, they are at least half animals, and are subject in this aspect of them to the conditions of animals. So far as those parts of man's doings are concerned, which neither have, nor need have, anything moral about them, so far the laws of him are calculable. There are laws for his digestion, and laws of the means by which his digestive organs are supplied with matter. But pass beyond them, and where are we? In a world where it would be as easy to calculate men's actions by laws like those of positive philosophy as to measure the orbit of Neptune with a foot rule, or weigh Sirius in a grocer's scale.

And it is not difficult to see why this should be. The first principle, on which the theory of a science of history can be plausibly argued, is that all actions whatsoever arise from self-interest. It may be enlightened self-interest, it may be unenlightened; but it is assumed as an axiom, that every man, in whatever he does, is aiming at something which he considers will promote his happiness. His conduct is not determined by his will; it is determined by the object of his desire. Adam Smith, in laying the foundation of political economy, expressly eliminates every other motive. He does not say that men never act on other motives; still less, that they never ought to act on other motives. He asserts merely that, as far as the arts of production are concerned, and of buying and selling, the action of self-interest may be counted upon as uniform. What Adam Smith says of political economy, Mr. Buckle would extend over the whole circle of human activity.

Now, that which especially distinguishes a high order of man from a low order of man—that which constitutes human goodness, human greatness, human nobleness—is surely not the degree of enlightenment with which men pursue their own advantage: but it is self-forgetfulness; it is self-sacrifice; it is the disregard of personal pleasure, personal indulgence, personal advantages remote or present, because some other line of conduct is more right.

We are sometimes told that this is but another way of expressing the same thing; that, when a man prefers doing what is right, it is only because to do right gives him a higher satisfaction. It appears to me, on the contrary, to be a difference in the very heart and nature of things. The martyr goes to the stake, the patriot to the scaffold, not with a view to any future reward to themselves, but because it is a glory to fling away their lives for truth and freedom. And so through all phases of existence, to the smallest details of common life, the beautiful character is the unselfish character. Those whom we most love and admire are those to whom the thought of self seems never to occur; who do simply and with no ulterior aim—with no thought whether it will be pleasant to themselves or unpleasant—that which is good and right and generous.

Is this still selfishness, only more enlightened? I do not think so. The essence of true nobility is neglect of self. Let the thought of self pass in, and the beauty of a great action is gone, like the bloom from a soiled flower. Surely it is a paradox to speak of the self-interest of a martyr who dies for a cause, the triumph of which he will never enjoy; and the greatest of that great company in all ages would have done what they did, had their personal prospects closed with the grave. Nay, there have been those so zealous for some glorious principle as to wish themselves blotted out of the book of Heaven if the cause of Heaven could succeed.

And out of this mysterious quality, whatever it be, arise the higher relations of human life, the higher modes of human obligation. Kant, the philosopher, used to say that there were two things which overwhelmed him with awe as he thought of them. One was the star-sown deep of space, without limit and without end; the other was, right and wrong. Right, the sacrifice of self to good; wrong, the sacrifice of good to self,—not graduated objects of desire, to which we are determined by the degrees of our knowledge, but wide asunder as pole and pole, as light and darkness: one the object of infinite love; the other, the object of infinite detestation and scorn. It is in this marvelous power in men to do wrong (it is an old story, but none the less true for that),—it is in this power to do wrong—wrong or right, as it lies somehow with ourselves to choose—that the impossibility stands of forming scientific calculations of what men will do before the fact, or scientific explanations of what they have done after the fact. If men were consistently selfish, you might analyze their motives; if they were consistently noble, they would express in their conduct the laws of the highest perfection. But so long as two natures are mixed together, and the strange creature which results from the combination is now under one influence and now under another, so long you will make nothing of him except from the old-fashioned moral—or, if you please, imaginative—point of view.

Even the laws of political economy itself cease to guide us when they touch moral government. So long as labor is a chattel to be bought and sold, so long, like other commodities, it follows the condition of supply and demand. But if, for his misfortune, an employer considers that he stands in human relations towards his workmen; if he believes, rightly or wrongly, that he is responsible for them; that in return for their labor he is bound to see that their children are decently taught, and they and their families decently fed and clothed and lodged; that he ought to care for them in sickness and old age,—then political economy will no longer direct him, and the relations between himself and his dependents will have to be arranged on quite other principles.

So long as he considers only his own material profit, so long supply and demand will settle every difficulty; but the introduction of a new factor spoils the equation.

And it is precisely in this debatable ground of low motives and noble emotions; in the struggle, ever failing yet ever renewed, to carry truth and justice into the administration of human society; in the establishment of states and in the overthrow of tyrannies; in the rise and fall of creeds; in the world of ideas; in the character and deeds of the great actors in the drama of life, where good and evil fight out their everlasting battle, now ranged in opposite camps, now and more often in the heart, both of them, of each living man,—that the true human interest of history resides. The progress of industries, the growth of material and mechanical civilization, are interesting; but they are not the most interesting. They have their reward in the increase of material comforts; but, unless we are mistaken about our nature, they do not highly concern us after all.

Once more: not only is there in men this baffling duality of principle, but there is something else in us which still more defies scientific analysis.

Mr. Buckle would deliver himself from the eccentricities of this and that individual by a doctrine of averages. Though he cannot tell whether A, B, or C will cut his throat, he may assure himself that one man in every fifty thousand, or thereabout (I forget the exact proportion), will cut his throat, and with this he consoles himself. No doubt it is a comforting discovery. Unfortunately, the average of one generation need not be the average of the next. We may be converted by the Japanese, for all that we know, and the Japanese methods of taking leave of life may become fashionable among us. Nay, did not Novalis suggest that the whole race of men would at last become so disgusted with their impotence, that they would extinguish themselves by a simultaneous act of suicide, and make room for a better order of beings? Anyhow, the fountain out of which the race is flowing perpetually changes; no two generations are alike. Whether there is a change in the organization itself we cannot tell; but this is certain,—that, as the planet varies with the atmosphere which surrounds it, so each new generation varies from the last, because it inhales as its atmosphere the accumulated experience and knowledge of the whole past of the world. These things form the spiritual air which we breathe as we grow; and, in the infinite multiplicity of elements of which that air is now composed, it is forever matter of conjecture what the minds will be like which expand under its influence.

From the England of Fielding and Richardson to the England of Miss Austen, from the England of Miss Austen to the England of Railways and Free Trade, how vast the change! Yet perhaps Sir Charles Grandison would not seem so strange to us now as one of ourselves will seem to our great-grandchildren. The world moves faster and faster; and the difference will probably be considerably greater.

The temper of each new generation is a continual surprise. The Fates delight to contradict our most confident expectations. Gibbon believed that the era of conquerors was at an end. Had he lived out the full life of man, he would have seen Europe at the feet of Napoleon. But a few years ago we believed the world had grown too civilized for war, and the Crystal Palace in Hyde Park was to be the inauguration of a new era. Battles bloody as Napoleon's are now the familiar tale of every day; and the arts which have made greatest progress are the arts of destruction. What next? We may strain our eyes into the future which lies beyond this waning century; but never was conjecture more at fault. It is blank darkness, which even the imagination fails to people.

What, then, is the use of History, and what are its lessons? If it can tell us little of the past, and nothing of the future, why waste our time over so barren a study?

First it is a voice forever sounding across the centuries the laws of right and wrong. Opinions alter, manners change, creeds rise and fall, but the moral law is written on the tablets of eternity. For every false word or unrighteous deed, for cruelty and oppression, for lust or vanity, the price has to be paid at last; not always by the chief offenders, but paid by some one. Justice and truth alone endure and live. Injustice and falsehood may be long-lived, but doomsday comes at last to them, in French revolutions and other terrible ways.

That is one lesson of history. Another is, that we should draw no horoscopes; that we should expect little, for what we expect will not come to pass. Revolutions, reformations,—those vast movements into which heroes and saints have flung themselves, in the belief that they were the dawn of the millennium,—have not borne the fruit which they looked for. Millenniums are still far away. These great convulsions leave the world changed —perhaps improved, but not improved as the actors in them hoped it would be. Luther would have gone to work with less heart, could he have foreseen the Thirty Years' War, and in the distance the theology of Tubingen. Washington might have hesitated to draw the sword against England, could he have seen the country which he made as we see it now. [1864.]

The most reasonable anticipations fail us, antecedents the most apposite mislead us, because the conditions of human problems never repeat themselves. Some new feature alters everything,—some element which we detect only in its after-operation.

But this, it may be said, is but a meagre outcome. Can the long records of humanity, with all its joys and sorrows, its sufferings and its conquests, teach us no more than this? Let us approach the subject from another side.

If you were asked to point out the special features in which Shakespeare's plays are so transcendently excellent, you would mention perhaps, among others, this—that his stories are not put together, and his characters are not conceived, to illustrate any particular law or principle. They teach many lessons, but not any one prominent above another; and, when we have drawn from them all the direct instruction which they contain, there remains still something unresolved,—something which the artist gives, and which the philosopher cannot give.

It is in this characteristic that we are accustomed to say Shakespeare's supreme truth lies. He represents real life. His dramas teach as life teaches,—neither less nor more. He builds his fabrics, as Nature does, on right and wrong; but he does not struggle to make Nature more systematic than she is. In the subtle interflow of good and evil; in the unmerited sufferings of innocence; in the disproportion of penalties to desert; in the seeming blindness with which justice, in attempting to assert itself, overwhelms innocent and guilty in a common ruin—Shakespeare is true to real experience. The mystery of life he leaves as he finds it; and, in his most tremendous positions, he is addressing rather the intellectual emotions than the understanding,—knowing well that the understanding in such things is at fault, and the sage as ignorant as the child.

Only the highest order of genius can represent Nature thus. An inferior artist produces either something entirely immoral, where good and evil are names, and nobility of disposition is supposed to show itself in the absolute disregard of them, or else, if he is a better kind of man, he will force on Nature a didactic purpose; he composes what are called moral tales, which may edify the conscience, but only mislead the intellect.

The finest work of this kind produced in modern times is Lessing's play of "Nathan the Wise." The object of it is to teach religious toleration. The doctrine is admirable, the mode in which it is enforced is interesting; but it has the fatal fault that it is not true. Nature does not teach religious toleration by any such direct method; and the result is—no one knew it better than Lessing himself—that the play is not poetry, but only splendid manufacture. Shakespeare is eternal; Lessing's "Nathan" will pass away with the mode of thought which gave it birth. One is based on fact; the other, on human theory about fact. The theory seems at first sight to contain the most immediate instruction; but it is not really so.

Cibber and others, as you know, wanted to alter Shakespeare. The French King, in "Lear," was to be got rid of; Cordelia was to marry Edgar, and Lear himself was to be rewarded for his sufferings by a golden old age. They could not bear that Hamlet should suffer for the sins of Claudius. The wicked king was to die, and the wicked mother; and Hamlet and Ophelia were to make a match of it, and live happily ever after. A common novelist would have arranged it thus; and you would have had your comfortable moral that wickedness was fitly punished, and virtue had its due reward, and all would have been well. But Shakespeare would not have it so. Shakespeare knew that crime was not so simple in its consequences, or Providence so paternal. He was contented to take the truth from life; and the effect upon the mind of the most correct theory of what life ought to be, compared to the effect of the life itself, is infinitesimal in comparison.

Again, let us compare the popular historical treatment of remarkable incidents with Shakespeare's treatment of them. Look at "Macbeth." You may derive abundant instruction from it,—instruction of many kinds. There is a moral lesson of profound interest in the steps by which a noble nature glides to perdition. In more modern fashion you may speculate, if you like, on the political conditions represented there, and the temptation presented in absolute monarchies to unscrupulous ambition;

you may say, like Doctor Slop, these things could not have happened under a constitutional government: or, again, you may take up your parable against superstition; you may dilate on the frightful consequences of a belief in witches, and reflect on the superior advantages of an age of schools and newspapers. If the bare facts of the story had come down to us from a chronicler, and an ordinary writer of the Nineteenth century had undertaken to relate them, his account, we may depend upon it, would have been put together upon one or other of these principles. Yet, by the side of that unfolding of the secrets of the prison-house of the soul, what lean and shriveled anatomies the best of such descriptions would seem!

Shakespeare himself, I suppose, could not have given us a theory of what he meant; he gave us the thing itself, on which we might make whatever theories we pleased.

Or, again, look at Homer.

The Iliad is from two to three thousand years older than "Macbeth," and yet it is as fresh as if it had been written yesterday. We have there no lesson save in the emotions which rise in us as we read. Homer had no philosophy; he never struggles to press upon us his views about this or that; you can scarcely tell, indeed, whether his sympathies are Greek or Trojan: but he represents to us faithfully the men and women among whom he lived. He sang the tale of Troy, he touched his lyre, he drained the golden beaker in the halls of men like those on whom he was conferring immortality. And thus, although no Agamemnon, king of men, ever led a Grecian fleet to Ilium; though no Priam sought the midnight tent of Achilles; though Ulysses and Diomed and Nestor were but names, and Helen but a dream, yet, through Homer's power of representing men and women, those old Greeks will still stand out from amidst the darkness of the ancient world with a sharpness of outline which belongs to no period of history except the most recent. For the mere hard purposes of history, the Iliad and Odyssey are the most effective books which ever were written. We see the hall of Menelaus, we see the garden of Alcinous, we see Nausicaa among her maidens on the shore, we see the mellow monarch sitting with ivory sceptre in the market-place dealing out genial justice. Or, again, when the wild mood is on, we can hear the crash of the spears, the rattle of the armor as the heroes fall, and the plunging of the horses among the slain. Could we enter the palace of an old Ionian lord, we know what we should see there; we know the words in which he would address us. We could meet Hector as a friend. If we could choose a companion to spend an evening with over a fireside, it would be the man of many counsels, the husband of Penelope.

I am not going into the vexed question whether History or Poetry is the more true. It has been sometimes said that Poetry is the more true, because it can make things more like what our moral sense would prefer they should be. We hear of poetic justice and the like, as if nature and fact were not just enough.

I entirely dissent from that view. So far as Poetry attempts to improve on truth in that way, so far it abandons truth, and is false to itself. Even literal facts, exactly as they were, a great poet will prefer whenever he can get them. Shakespeare in the historical plays is studious, wherever possible, to give the very words which he finds to have been used; and it shows how wisely he was guided in this, that those magnificent speeches of Wolsey are taken exactly, with no more change than the metre makes necessary, from Cavendish's Life. Marlborough read Shakespeare for English history, and read nothing else. The poet only is not bound, when it is inconvenient, to what may be called the accidents of facts. It was enough for Shakespeare to know that Prince Hal in his youth had lived among loose companions, and the tavern in Eastcheap came in to fill out his picture; although Mrs. Quickly and Falstaff, and Poins and Bardolph, were more likely to have been fallen in with by Shakespeare himself at the Mermaid, than to have been comrades of the true Prince Henry. It was enough for Shakespeare to draw real men, and the situation, whatever it might be, would sit easy on them. In this sense only it is that Poetry is truer than History,—that it can make a picture more complete. It may take liberties with time and space, and give the action distinctness by throwing it into more manageable compass. But it may not alter the real conditions of things, or represent life as other than it is. The greatness of the poet depends on his being true to Nature, without insisting that Nature shall theorize with him, without making her more just, more philosophical, more moral than reality; and, in difficult matters, leaving much to reflection which cannot be explained.

And if this be true of Poetry—if Homer and Shakespeare are what they are from the absence of everything didactic about them—may we not thus learn something of what History should be, and in what sense it should aspire to teach?

If Poetry must not theorize, much less should the historian theorize, whose obligations to be true to fact are even greater than the poet's. If the drama is grandest when the action is least explicable by laws, because then it best resembles life, then history will be grandest also under the same conditions. "Macbeth," were it literally true, would be perfect history; and so far as the historian can approach to that kind of model, so far as he can let his story tell itself in the deeds and words of those who act it out, so far is he most successful. His work is no longer the vapor of his own brain, which a breath will scatter; it is the thing itself, which will have interest for all time. A thousand theories may be formed about it,—spiritual theories, Pantheistic theories, cause and effect theories; but each age will have its own philosophy of history, and all these in turn will fail and die. Hegel falls out of date, Schlegel falls out of date, and Comte in good time will fall out of date; the thought about the thing must change as we change: but the thing itself can never change; and a history is durable or perishable as it contains more or least of the writer's own speculations. The splendid intellect of Gibbon for the most part kept him true to the right course in this; yet the philosophical chapters for which he has been most admired or censured may hereafter be thought the least interesting in his work. The time has been when they would not have been comprehended: the time may come when they will seem commonplace.

It may be said, that, in requiring history to be written like a drama, we require an impossibility.

For history to be written with the complete form of a drama, doubtless is impossible; but there are periods, and these the periods, for the most part, of greatest interest to mankind, the history of which may be so written that the actors shall reveal their characters in their own words; where mind can be seen matched against mind, and the great passions of the epoch not simply be described as existing, but be exhibited at their white heat in the souls and hearts possessed by them. There are all the elements of drama—drama of the highest order—where the huge forces of the times are as the Grecian destiny, and the power of the man is seen either stemming the stream till it overwhelms him, or ruling while he seems to yield to it.

It is Nature's drama—not Shakespeare's, but a drama none the less.

So at least it seems to me. Wherever possible, let us not be told about this man or that. Let us hear the man himself speak, let us see him act, and let us be left to form our own opinions about him. The historian, we are told, must not leave his readers to themselves. He must not only lay the facts before them: he must tell them what he himself thinks about those facts. In my opinion this is precisely what he ought not to do. Bishop Butler says somewhere, that the best book which could be written would be a book consisting only of premises, from which the readers should draw conclusions for themselves. The highest poetry is the very thing which Butler requires, and the highest history ought to be. We should no more ask for a theory of this or that period of history, than we should ask for a theory of " Macbeth " or " Hamlet." Philosophies of history, sciences of history,—all these there will continue to be: the fashions of them will change, as our habits of thought will change; each new philosopher will find his chief employment in showing that before him no one understood anything; but the drama of history is imperishable, and the lessons of it will be like what we learn from Homer or Shakespeare,—lessons for which we have no words.

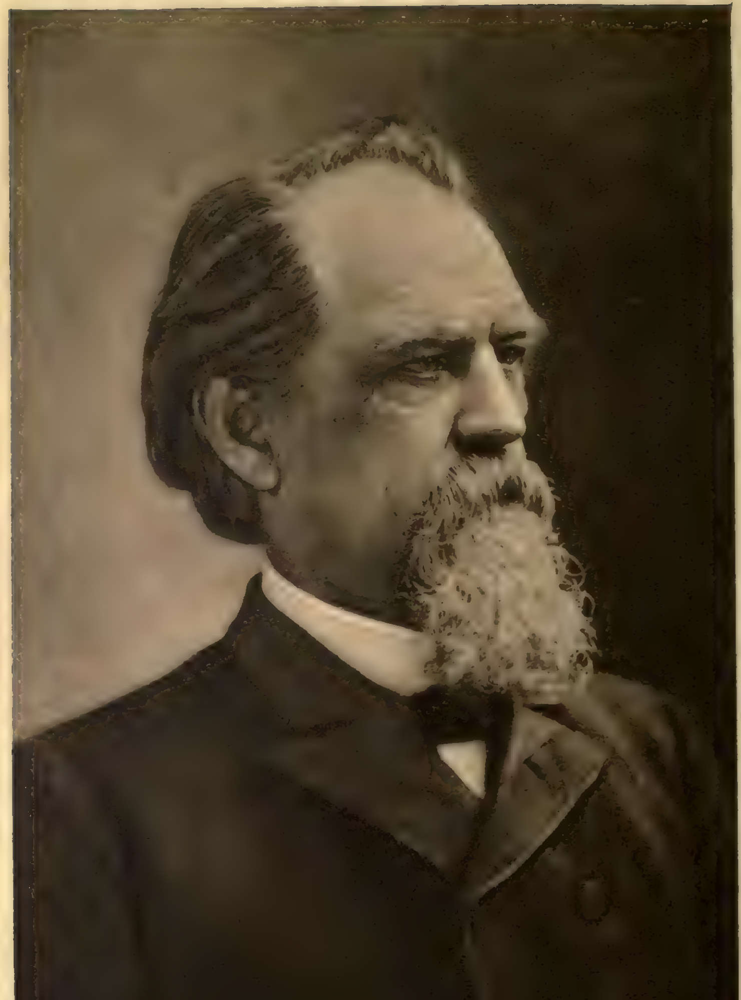
The address of history is less to the understanding than to the higher emotions. We learn in it to sympathize with what is great and good; we learn to hate what is base. In the anomalies of fortune we feel the mystery of our mortal existence; and in the companionship of the illustrious natures who have shaped the fortunes of the world, we escape from the littlenesses which cling to the round of common life, and our minds are tuned in a higher and nobler key.

For the rest, and for those large questions which I touched in connection with Mr. Buckle, we live in times of disintegration, and none can tell what will be after us. What opinions, what convictions, the infant of to-day will find prevailing on the earth, if he and it live out together to the middle of another century, only a very bold man would undertake to conjecture. "The time will come," said Lichtenberg, in scorn at the materializing tendencies of modern thought,—"the time will come when the belief in God will be as the tales with which old women frighten children; when the world will be a machine, the ether a gas, and God will be a force." Mankind, if they last long enough on the earth, may develop strange things out of themselves; and the growth of what is called the Positive Philosophy is a curious commentary on Lichtenberg's prophecy. But whether the end be seventy years hence, or seven hundred,—be the close of the mortal history of humanity as far distant in the future as its shadowy beginnings seem now to lie behind us,—this only we may foretell with confidence,—that the riddle of man's nature will remain unsolved. There will be that in him yet which physical laws will fail to explain,—that something, whatever it be, in himself and in the world, which science cannot fathom, and which suggests the unknown possibilities of his origin and his destiny. There will remain yet,—

> "Those obstinate questionings
> Of sense and outward things;
> Falling from us, vanishings;
> Blank misgivings of a creature
> Moving about in worlds not realized;
> High instincts, before which our mortal nature
> Doth tremble like a guilty thing surprised."

There will remain,—

> "Those first affections,
> Those shadowy recollections,
> Which, be they what they may,
> Are yet the fountain-light of all our day,—
> Are yet the master-light of all our seeing,—
> Uphold us, cherish, and have power to make
> Our noisy years seem moments in the being
> Of the Eternal Silence."



JOHN B. GORDON

Photogravure after an engraving

JOHN BROWN GORDON

LAST DAYS OF THE CONFEDERACY

[Lecture by General John B. Gordon, lawyer, soldier, senator, governor (born in Upson County, Georgia, February 6, 1832 ; ———), delivered with marked effect before large audiences in various parts of the country. This report is of the discourse as given in Brooklyn, New York, February 7, 1901. The speaker was introduced by a former soldier of the Union army in the Civil War—Henry W. Knight.]

Ladies and My Fellow Countrymen:—In deciding to deliver a series of lectures you will credit me, I trust, with being influenced in part, at least, by other and higher aims than mere personal considerations. If, from the standpoint of a Southern soldier, I could suggest certain beneficent results of our sectional war; or if, as the Comrade and Friend of Lee, I could add any new facts illustrative of the character of Grant; or lastly, if I could aid in lifting to a higher plane the popular estimate placed by victors and vanquished upon their countrymen of the opposing section and thus strengthen the sentiment of national fraternity as an essential element of national unity, I should in either event secure an abundant reward.

Let me say before beginning my lecture that although you are to listen to-night to a Southern man, a Southern soldier, yet I beg you to believe that he is as true as any man to this Republic's flag and to all that it truly represents. [Applause.]

In selecting as my theme "The Last Days of the Confederacy," it is not my purpose to analyze the causes of its decline, nor attempt descriptions of the great battles which preceded its overthrow. I propose to speak of those less grave but scarcely less important phases or in-

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cidents of the war which illustrate the spirit and character of the American soldier and people.

Gettysburg and Appomattox fix the boundaries of the Confederacy's decline and death. At Gettysburg its sun reached its zenith, and passed its meridian; at Appomattox it went down forever. Gettysburg, therefore, is the turning point, the dividing line between the aspiring and the expiring Confederate States of America.

Among the interesting questions suggested by the battle of Gettysburg is the inquiry into the reasons or motives of Southern invasion of Northern soil. In this day of peace and plenty it is difficult to realize the force of some of the reasons I am about to mention.

We were hungry, and as we stood on the heights of our Southern Pisgah on the Potomac's shore,

> "And viewed the landscape o'er,"

we beheld the valleys of Pennsylvania, fair, fertile, and grain-clad, stretching out in inviting panorama before us. Only the Potomac, like Jordan of old, "rolled between" us and that "land of promise." To "cross over and possess it," therefore, seemed the dictate both of military strategy and of empty stomachs.

But there was another reason for crossing. Social reciprocity demanded it. We owed our Northern cousins a large number of visits, and chivalric Southrons could not ignore such obligations. We had endeavored to cancel a part of the social debt by a visit to Maryland the summer before; but the reception accorded us by McClellan and his men at Antietam, or Sharpsburg, as we call it, while very hearty, did not encourage us to stay long. We concluded to postpone our visit further North till a more convenient season. That season seemed to arrive in '63, and we decided this time to test Pennsylvania's hospitality. Therefore for the reasons given, and for the additional reason that we desired closer communication with our Northern kinspeople in order more effectually to persuade them to take General Scott's or Horace Greeley's advice, and "let the wayward Southern sisters depart in peace," and with appetites whetted to keenest relish for Pennsylvania's ripened wheat and fatted cattle, we rapidly and cheerfully crossed the Potomac and then—a few days later—more rapidly and less cheerfully recrossed it. I think it is due to historical accuracy and to a proper respect for social regulations, to explain that no discourtesy whatever was intended by our unceremonious departure. Our visit was cut short by circumstances over which we did not have entire control, and for which we cannot be held exclusively responsible. [Laughter.]

Twenty months passed before our next visit. The war was over. We had changed our minds and had concluded not to set up a separate government. When we returned to you again, therefore, we came to stay. No more with hostile banners waving in defiance above gray-clad battle lines, but rallying now with all our countrymen around this common flag, whose crimson stripes are made redder and richer by Southern as well as Northern blood, and whose stars are brighter because they emblem the glory of both Northern and Southern achievements. We returned not with rifles in our hands, demanding separation as the price of peace; but with hands outstretched to grasp those extended by the North in sincere and endless brotherhood. We returned, too, without lingering bitterness, or puerile repining; but with a patriotism always broad and sincere, now intensified and refined in the fires of adversity, to renew our vows of fidelity to that unrivaled constitutional government bequeathed by our fathers and theirs; and by God's help to make with them the joint guarantee that this Republic, and its people and the States which compose it, shall remain united coequal, and forever free. [Applause.]

It was the fortune of my command to be separated from General Lee's army after crossing into Pennsylvania, and to penetrate further into the heart of that State than any other Confederate troops, and to pass through that portion of Pennylvania inhabited by what they call Pennsylvania Dutch, an unwarlike, magnificent people, priding themselves on their well cultivated fields, their colossal red barns, and horses nearly as big as barns. Some of those horses disappeared about that time from those barns, and by some strange coincidence they were found the next day securely tied in the Confederate camp. How they got there, whether through sympathy for the Southern cause, or were drafted into service, I never knew; to be honest about it, I never inquired; but they were there, and evidently without their owner's consent. This fact was soon made manifest by one of those owners announcing to me in his broken English, as well as I could understand him, that I had his mare. I endeavored to explain to this Pennsylvania Dutchman that we were obliged to take some of Pennsylvania's horses to pay for those the boys in blue had been taking from us. This explanation, which was entirely satisfactory to me, was not at all so to the Dutchman. He insisted that I pay him for his mare, and I at once offered to pay him full price in Confederate money. This he indignantly refused. Whereupon I offered, in fact I gave him a written order for the full price of his mare, on President Abraham Lincoln, of the United States. [Laughter.] This he liked much better—in fact, he was absolutely satisfied with that mode of settlement, until there crept into his brain some doubt about my authority for drawing on the President of the United States. He had a good deal of difficulty in understanding by what right a Confederate General could draw on the President for money to pay for horses to serve in the Confederate army; and the more he thought of it the less light he had on the subject; and at last, when he saw the truth, he discharged at me a perfect volley of Dutch expletives, and ended by saying, "I have been married three times, and I vood not geeve dot mare for all dose vomans." [Laughter.] I relented and gave him back his mare. Now, the great injustice done by him to the womanhood of his State was made manifest a few days later by the heroic conduct of one of Pennsylvania's noblest daughters. The retreating Federals had fired the bridge which spanned the Susquehanna river at the town of Wrightsville, where lived this superb woman, whom I shall designate as the "heroine of the Susquehanna." Wrightsville would have been inevitably consumed but for the fact that my command was formed around the burning district, and at a late hour of night checked the flames. The house which would have been next consumed was the home of the superb woman of whom I am about to speak. Early the next morning she invited me to breakfast at her house with my staff. Seated at her table was this modest, refined Northern woman, surrounded by none except Confederate soldiers; but she was so dignified, calm, and kind that I immediately imagined that I had found a Southern sympathizer in the heart of Pennsylvania, and I ventured some remark which indicated to her the thought that was in my brain. In an instant her eyes were flashing with patriotic fire, and she turned to me and said: "General Gordon, I cannot afford, sir, to have you misunderstand me, nor misinterpret this courtesy. You and your soldiers last night saved my home from burning, and I desired to give you this evidence of my appreciation; but my own honor and loyalty to my soldier husband demand that I tell you plainly that I am a Union woman—that my husband and son are both in the Union army with my approval, and that my daily prayer to Heaven is that the Union cause may triumph and our country be saved."

My fellow countrymen, I think that every gallant man, North, South, East and West, will echo the sentiment I am about to utter. To my thought a woman with such courage of her convictions of duty to her country, and in the presence of a hostile army, deserves a lofty niche in patriotism's temple. [Applause.]

And now I am sure this generous audience will pardon me if I ask what words of mine could measure the gratitude due from me and my comrades who wore the gray, to glorious Southern women for their part in that great struggle? Of course, I was perfectly familiar with the Spartan courage and self-sacrifice of Southern women in every stage and trial of that war. I had seen those patriotic women of our Southland sending their husbands and their fathers, their brothers and their sons to the front, cheering them in the hour of disaster and tempering their joys in the hour of triumph. I had witnessed the Southern mother's anguish, as with breaking heart and streaming eyes she gave to her beloved boy her parting blessing: "Go, my son," she said, "go to the front. I perhaps will never see you again; but I freely commit you to God, and to the defense of your people." I had seen those Southern women with the sick, the wounded, and the dying; and in the late stages of that war, I had been made to marvel at their saintly spirit of martyrdom, standing as it were, almost neck deep in the desolation around them, and yet bravely facing their fate while the light of Heaven itself played around their divinely beautiful faces. [Applause.] And now I had found their counterpart in this "heroine of the Susquehanna," this representative of noble Northern womanhood—this representative of tens of thousands of American women, of whose costly sacrifices for country the world will never know. To my comrades, therefore, I submit this proposition, which I know their brave hearts to a man will echo. That proposition is, that these sufferings and sacrifices and devotion of the American women during that Titanic conflict must remain through all the ages as cherished a memorial as the rich libations of blood poured out by their brave brothers in battle. [Applause.]

But now to Gettysburg. That great battle could not be described in the space of a lecture. I shall select from the myriad of thrilling incidents which rush over my memory but two. The first I relate because it seems due to one of the bravest and knightliest soldiers of the Union army. As my command came back from the Susquehanna River to Gettysburg, it was thrown squarely on the right flank of the Union army. The fact that that portion of the Union army melted was no disparagement either of its courage or its lofty American manhood, for any troops that had ever been marshaled, the Old Guard itself, would have been as surely and swiftly shattered. It was that movement that gave to the Confederate army the first day's victory at Gettysburg; and as I rode forward over that field of green clover, made red with the blood of both armies, I found a Major-General among the dead and the dying. But a few moments before, I had seen the proud form of that magnificent Union officer reel in the saddle and then fall in the white smoke of the battle; and as I rode by, intensely looking into his pale face, which was turned to the broiling rays of that scorching July sun, I discovered that he was not dead. Dismounting from my horse, I lifted his head with one hand, gave him water from my canteen, inquired his name and if he was badly hurt. He was General Francis C. Barlow, of New York. He had been shot from his horse while grandly leading a charge. The ball had struck him in front, passed through the body and out near the spinal cord, completely paralyzing him in every limb; neither he nor I supposed he could live for one hour. I desired to remove him before death from that terrific sun. I had him lifted on a litter and borne to the shade in the rear. As he bade me good-bye, and upon my inquiry what I could do for him, he asked me to take from his side pocket a bunch of letters. Those letters were from his wife, and as I opened one at his request, and as his eye caught, as he supposed, for the last time, that wife's signature, the great tears came like a fountain and rolled down his pale face; and he said to me, "General Gordon, you are a Confederate; I am a Union soldier; but we are both Americans; if you should live through this dreadful war and ever see my wife, will you not do me the kindness to tell my wife for me that you saw me on this field? Tell her for me, that my last thought on earth was of her; tell her for me that you saw me fall in this battle, and that her husband fell, not in the rear, but at the head of his column; tell her for me, General, that I freely give my life to my country, but that my unutterable grief is that I must now go without the privilege of seeing her once more, and bidding her a long and loving farewell." I at once said: "Where is Mrs. Barlow, General? Where could I find her?" for I was determined that wife should receive that gallant husband's message. He replied: "She is very close to me; she is just back of the Union line of battle with the Commander-in-Chief at his headquarters." That announcement of Mrs. Barlow's presence with the Union army struck in this heart of mine another chord of deepest and tenderest sympathy; for my wife had followed me, sharing with me the privations of the camp, the fatigues of the march; again and again was she under fire, and always on the very verge of the battle was that devoted wife of mine, like an angel of protection and an inspiration to duty. I replied: "Of course, General Barlow, if I am alive, sir, when this day's battle, now in progress, is ended—if I am not shot dead before the night comes—you may die satisfied that I will see to it that Mrs. Barlow has your message before to-morrow's dawn."

And I did. [Applause.] The moment the guns had ceased their roar on the hills, I sent a flag of truce with a note to Mrs. Barlow. I did not tell her—I did not have the heart to tell her that her husband was dead, as I believed him to be; but I did tell her that he was desperately wounded, a prisoner in my hands; but that she should have safe escort through my lines to her husband's side. [Applause.] Late that night, as I lay in the open field upon my saddle, a picket from my front announced a lady on the line. She was Mrs. Barlow. She had received my note and was struggling, under the guidance of officers of the Union army, to penetrate my lines and reach her husband's side. She was guided to his side by my staff during the night. Early next morning the battle was renewed, and the following day, and then came the retreat of Lee's immortal army. I thought no more of that gallant son of the North, General Barlow, except to count him among the thousands of Americans who had gone down on both sides in the dreadful battle. Strangely enough, as the war progressed, Barlow concluded not to die; Providence decreed that he should live. He recovered and rejoined his command; and just one year after that, Barlow saw that I was killed in another battle. The explanation is perfectly simple. A cousin of mine, with the same initials, General J. B. Gordon, of North Carolina, was killed in a battle near Richmond. Barlow, who, as I say, had recovered and rejoined his command—although I knew he was dead, or thought I did—picked up a newspaper and read this item in it: "General J. B. Gordon of the Confederate army was killed to-day in battle." Calling his staff around him, Barlow read that item and said to them, " I am very sorry to see this; you will remember that General J. B. Gordon was the officer who picked me up on the battlefield at Gettysburg, and sent my wife through his lines to me at night. I am very sorry."

Fifteen years passed. Now, I wish the audience to remember that during all those fifteen years which intervened, Barlow was dead to me, and for fourteen of them I was dead to Barlow. In the meantime, the partiality of the people of Georgia had placed me in the United States Senate. Clarkson Potter was a Member of Congress from New York. He invited me to dine with him to meet his friend, General Barlow. Now came my time to think.

"Barlow," I said, "Barlow? That is the same name, but it can't be my Barlow, for I left him dead at Gettysburg." And I endeavored to understand what it meant, and thought I had made the discovery. I was told, as I made the inquiry, that there were two Barlows in the United States Army. That satisfied me at once. I concluded, as a matter of course, that it was the other fellow I was going to meet; that Clarkson Potter had invited me to dine with the living Barlow and not with the dead one. Barlow had a similar reflection about the Gordon he was to dine with. He supposed that I was the other Gordon. We met at Clarkson Potter's table. I sat just opposite to Barlow; and in the lull of the conversation I asked him, "General, are you related to the Barlow who was killed at Gettysburg?" He replied: "I am the man, sir." [Laughter.] "Are you related," he asked, "to the Gordon who killed me?" "Well," I said, "I am the man, sir." The scene which followed beggars all description. No language could describe that scene at Clarkson Potter's table in Washington, fifteen years after the war was over. Truth is indeed stranger than fiction. Think of it! What could be stranger? There we met, both dead, each of us presenting to the other the most absolute proof of the resurrection of the dead.

But stranger still, perhaps, is the friendship true and lasting begun under such auspices. What could be further removed from the realm of probabilities than a confiding friendship between combatants, which is born on the field of blood, amidst the thunders of battle, and while the hostile legions rush upon each other with deadly fury and pour into each other's breasts their volleys of fire and of leaden hail. [Applause.] Such were the circumstances under which was born the friendship between Barlow and myself, and which I believe is more sincere because of its remarkable birth, and which has strengthened and deepened with the passing years. For the sake of our reunited and glorious Republic may we not hope that similar ties will bind together all the soldiers of the two armies,—indeed all Americans in perpetual unity until the last bugle call shall have summoned us to the eternal camping grounds beyond the stars? [Applause.]

Another incident of an entirely different character may be worth relating, as illustrating the peculiarities and eccentricities of a prominent Confederate officer.

Lieutenant-General Ewell had lost a leg in a previous battle, and supplied its place with a wooden one. During the progress of the battle at Gettysburg we chanced to be riding together. The thud of a Minie ball caught my ear, which, I supposed, had shattered his other leg. I quickly inquired: "Are you hurt?" He as quickly replied: "No, sir; but suppose that had been your leg; we would have had the trouble of carrying you off the field, sir. You see how much better prepared for a fight I am than you are. It doesn't hurt to be shot in a wooden leg, sir." [Laughter.]

This same eccentric officer, General Ewell, at another time was riding out in front of my line, on what he called an independent scout of his own; and he rode most too far. A squadron of Union cavalry got after him and chased him back. He was riding one of the most magnificent animals that ever stood on four feet; and as he came flying in, closely pursued by the Union cavalry, my line opened fire on him and his pursuers; but he came in safely, and reining up to my lines, he opened fire on them of a different kind. He asked, in his peculiarly emphatic style, "What in the world are you shooting at me for? Why don't you shoot at the other fellows?" They answered, "General, we were shooting at the other fellows, and you, too; but we did not know who you were." He replied: "Boys, that is a good excuse at this time, but you must be more careful; you might have killed the very finest mare in this army." [Laughter.]

This crusty old bachelor married late in life; married a widow, a Mrs. Brown. Of course, after Mrs. Brown's marriage to General Ewell, she became Mrs. Ewell, to all the world except to him; but he always persisted in introducing her as, "My wife, Mrs. Brown." [Laughter.]

The failure of the Confederate army at Gettysburg did not lower by one hair's breadth the confidence of Lee's men in the infallibility of that great commander. But I am bound to admit that the simultaneous fall of Vicksburg and the disaster at Gettysburg did set the Southern boys to thinking, and right seriously, about the future; but they soon recovered and were ready to meet General Grant as he came from his Southwestern campaigns with the green laurel of victory on his brow, and called us one fine morning in May, 1864, from our long winter's sleep on the historic banks of the Rapidan. We did not know as much about Grant then as we found out after a while, but we had heard of him. We had heard a good deal about Grant. Among other things, we had heard of that U. S. in his name which some Union prophet, without asking our advice about it, had changed from a simple "U. S." into those disagreeable words, "Unconditional Surrender." We could not see Grant for the underbrush in the wild wilderness, but we knew he was there. His morning salute at times to us was prompt and warm and unmistakable. Lee's response was equally royal in tone and hearty in character; but before saying anything more about those two old comrades, Lee and Grant, who you remember had been separated from each other a number of years, had not seen each other in a great while, and they were just now coming up to meet each other in the wilderness, and of course were saluting and cheering each other with their big guns as they came along:—before saying anything more about them I want to pause in this story to give one or two incidents illustrative of the life of a private in that war. My countrymen, I must be pardoned for saying that when I recall the uncomplaining suffering, the unbought and poorly paid patriotism of those grand men, the American volunteers, who had no hope of personal honors, no stripes on their coats, nor stars on their collars, who wore the knapsacks, trudged in the mud, leaving the imprint of their feet in their own blood on Virginia's snows—when I recall those men who stood in the forefront of the battle, fired the muskets, won the victories, and made the generals, I would gladly write their names in characters of blazing stars that could never grow dim. [Applause.]

I want to illustrate the life of a private. It will be remembered that that little stream of which I have spoken, the Rapidan, which, by the way, comrades, was called a river through courtesy—it was a sort of brevet title, a promotion from a creek to a river, on account of its long service, probably, in both armies:—it will be remembered that that little stream was for a long time the dividing line between these two great armies. It was so near that the pickets of the two armies refused to fire at each other by common consent. When they did shoot, they shot jokes instead of rifles across the river at each other, and where the water was shallow they waded in and met each other in the middle and swapped Southern tobacco for Yankee coffee; and where the water was too deep to wade in, they sent those articles across in little boats, loaded on this side with Southern tobacco, and sailed across. Then those little ships were unloaded on the opposite bank and reloaded and sailed back with Yankee coffee for the Johnnies. Thus those two fighting armies kept up for a long time their friendly and international commerce. So great was that commerce that the commanders of both armies ordered it to stop. As a matter of course, the privates ignored the orders, and went on trading. General Lee sent for me and said: "I want you to take charge of my picket line, sir, and break up that trading." I rode along the picket lines, and as I came suddenly around the point of a hill, on one of my picket posts, before they dreamed I was in the neighborhood, I found an amount of confusion such as I had never witnessed. I asked, "What is the matter here, boys? What does all this mean?" "Nothing at all, sir; it is all right here; we assure you it is all right." I thought there was a good deal of assuring about it, and said so, when a bright fellow, who saw I had some doubt on my brain, stepped to the front to get his comrades out of the scrape, and he began—he was a stammering fellow—and he began: "Oh, yes, g-g-g-general; it is all r-r-r-right; we were just getting r-r-r-ready, so we could present arms to you if you should come along after a while." Of course I knew there was not a word of truth in it, but I began to ride away. Looking back suddenly, I saw the high weeds on the bank of this little river shaking. I asked this fellow: "What is the matter with the weeds, sir? They seem to be in confusion, too?" Badly frightened now, he exclaimed: "Oh, g-g-g-general, there is nothing the matter with the weeds; the weeds are all right." I ordered: "Break down those weeds"; and there flat on the ground among those weeds was at least six feet of soldier, with scarcely any clothing on his person. I asked:

"Where do you belong?" "Over yonder," he said, pointing to the Union army, "on the other side." "What are you doing here, sir?" "Well," he said, "General, I didn't think there was any harm in my coming over here and talking to the boys a little while." "What boys?" I asked. "These Johnnies," he said. I asked: "Don't you know we are in the midst of a great war, sir?" "Yes, General; I know we are having a war, but we are not fighting now." The idea of this Union boy, that because we were not at this minute shooting each other to death, it was a proper occasion to lay aside the arms and make social visits, one army to the other, struck me as the most laughable kind of war I had ever heard of; and I could scarcely keep my face straight enough to give an order. But I summoned all the sternness of my nature, and said, "I will show you, sir, that this is war; I am going to march you through the country, and put you in prison." At that announcement my boys rushed to this fellow's defense. They gathered around me and said, "General, wait a minute; let us talk about it. You say you are going to send this Union boy to prison. Hold on, General; that won't do; that won't do at all; we invited this fellow over here, and we promised to protect him. Now, General, don't you see, if you send him off to prison, you will ruin our Southern honor." What could a commander do with such boys? I made the Union man stand up, and said to him, "Now, sir, if I permit you to go back at the solicitation of these Confederates, will you solemnly promise me, on the honor of a soldier——" And he did not wait for me to finish my sentence. With a loud "Yes, sir," he leaped like a great bull-frog into the river and swam back. [Laughter.]

Now, my countrymen, I allude to that little incident for a far higher purpose than mere amusement or entertainment. I want to submit a question in connection with it. Tell me, my countrymen, where else on all this earth could you find a scene like that in the midst of a long and bloody war between two hostile armies? Where else could you find it? Among what people would it be possible except among this glorious American people, uplifted by our free institutions and by that Christian civilization which was born in Heaven? [Applause.]

The Rapidan suggests another scene to which allusion has often been made since the war, but which as illustrative also of the spirit of both armies, I may be permitted to recall in this connection. In the mellow twilight of an April day the two armies were holding their dress parades on the opposite hills bordering the river. At the close of the parade a magnificent brass band of the Union army played with great spirit the patriotic airs, "Hail Columbia," and "Yankee Doodle." Whereupon the Federal troops responded with a patriotic shout. The same band then played the soul-stirring strains of "Dixie," to which a mighty response came from ten thousand Southern troops. A few moments later, when the stars had come out as witnesses and when all nature was in harmony, there came from the same band the old melody, "Home, Sweet Home." As its familiar and pathetic notes rolled over the water and thrilled through the spirits of the soldiers, the hills reverberated with a thundering response from the united voices of both armies. [Applause.] What was there in this old, old music, to so touch the chords of sympathy, so thrill the spirits and cause the frames of brave men to tremble with emotion? It was the thought of home. To thousands, doubtless, it was the thought of that Eternal Home to which the next battle might be the gateway. To thousands of others it was the thought of their dear earthly homes, where loved ones at that twilight hour were bowing around the family altar, and asking God's care over the absent soldier boy.

I ask the audience to return with me now to that wild and weird wilderness of scrub oaks, chinkapins, and pines, where we left Grant and Lee, and in another part of which Hooker and Burnside fought, and Stonewall Jackson fell; and in which Grant was now greeting Lee for the first time in battle on that famous 5th of May, 1864. Lee and Grant in that wild wilderness "volleyed and thundered" their greetings and counter-greetings in the most lordly manner for two or three days. On the second day, while riding over the field covered with the dead, General Lee indicated by the peculiar orders he gave me, his high estimate of General Grant's genius for war. He ordered me to move that night to Spottsylvania Court-House. I asked if scouts had not reported that General Grant had suffered heavy losses and was preparing to retreat. Lee's laconic answer revealed his appreciation, I repeat, of the character and ability of his great antagonist. "Yes," he replied, "my scouts have brought me such reports; but General Grant will not retreat, sir; he will move to Spottsylvania Court-House." I asked if he had information to that effect. "No," he replied, "but General Grant ought to move to Spottsylvania. That is his best manœuvre and he will do what is best." General Lee then added, "I am so sure of it that I have had a short road cut to that point, and you will move by that route." This was Lee's prophecy. Its notable fulfilment was the arrival of Grant's troops at Spottsylvania almost simultaneously with the head of the Confederate column and the beginning of the great battle of Spottsylvania.

On this field occurred some of the most desperate fighting of the war. Winfield Scott Hancock, the superb, made his famous charge and brilliant capture of the bloody salient in the mist and darkness of that fateful morning—the 12th of May. Here he sent to Grant his characteristic field despatch, "I have used up Johnson and am going into Early." Here Lee, with his army cut in twain, rode into the breach, and like Napoleon at Lodi, placed himself at the head of his reserves, resolved to recapture the salient or fall in the effort. Here, as he sat upon his horse in front of my lines, his head uncovered, his hat in hand, his face rigid and fixed upon the advancing foe, the Confederate soldiers exhibited that deathless devotion to his person which knew no diminution even to the end. As I seized his bridle and called in the hearing of the men, "General Lee, this is no place for you. You must go to the rear," my soldiers caught the words, and with electric spontaneity there came from my lines, in thunder-tones, "General Lee to the rear, General Lee to the rear," and they surrounded him and literally bore horse and rider to a place of safety. Here, under the inspiration of his majestic and magnetic presence, occurred that furious counter-charge which swept forward with the resistless power of a cyclone, bearing all things down before it, driving Hancock back, and retaking a large portion of the salient. Here occurred that incessant roll of musketry for more than twenty hours, unparalleled in the annals of war, the storm of Minie balls cutting away standing timber, piling hecatombs of dead Federals in front of the parapets and filling the inner ditches with dead and dying Confederates, upon whose prostrate bodies their living comrades stood to beat back with clubbed muskets the charging columns of Grant as they rushed with frantic fury up the slippery sides of the blood-drenched breastworks.

My brother Americans, all the ages have claimed chivalry and courage; but I stand here to-night, with the fear of God upon me, measuring my every word, and throw down the challenge to all history. I challenge the proud phalanxes of Cyrus and Alexander, the Tenth Legion of Cæsar, the Old Guard of Napoleon, or the heroic Highlanders of Scotland to furnish a parallel to that heroism, devotion, and self-sacrifice which was exhibited by those American boys in blue and gray from '61 to '65.

All things began now to point to the Confederacy's certain and speedy death. Whether as these boys in blue claimed, they were beginning then to whip us into submission or, as our boys claimed, we were simply wearing ourselves out whipping them [laughter] is a matter of no consequence now. I want to pause a moment, in connection with that piece of innocent pleasantry, to drop one thought; and would to God for the sake of my country, I could send this thought ringing down the ages until it had found a lodgment in every American youth's brain for a hundred generations. That thought is this: that for the future glory of this Republic, it is absolutely immaterial whether on this battlefield or that the blue or the gray won a great victory, for, thanks be to God, every victory won in that war by either side was a monument to American valor. [Applause.]

It was no longer possible to fill our ranks, except by converting slaves into soldiers, and the proposition to free all the Southern negroes at once and arm them for Southern defense became the great problem of the hour. It was no longer possible to feed Lee's army, and starvation—literal starvation—was doing its deadly work. So depleted and poisoned was the blood of our men from insufficient and unsound food, that the slightest wound in the finger, a mere scratch, would oft-times end in gangrene, blood poisoning and death. Young gentlemen, it was no uncommon sight to see your Southern brothers in Lee's army with sticks in their hands picking grains of corn from under the feet of the half-fed horses, and washing that corn for soldiers' food. We had to ration on corn right often; and one night after an unusually big ration of corn, I heard a great groaning down in my camp. I walked down and asked "What is the matter with you, Jake? What in the world are you making all this noise about, sir?" "Sick, General; I am sick; I ate too much corn." But Jake was out next morning, and as I came out he hailed me: "Hallo, General, I'm all right this morning, I feel first-rate; I ate a lot of corn last night, and now, if you will give me a good-sized bale of hay, I will be ready for the next fight."

The crowning fact which gilds this gloom with a lasting radiance, is that amidst all this suffering the esprit of the army was never broken. The grim humor of the camp waged incessant war upon the spirit of despondency. One soldier would meet another and accost him thus, "Hallo, Bill, I advise you to invest your month's pay in a bottle of the most powerful astringent, and contract your stomach to the size of your ration." [Laughter.]

It was impossible to secure hats enough to shelter the heads of those brave boys from the winter's blasts; but those rascally Confederates had a way of getting hats for themselves. I was on a train of cars going into Petersburg. A large number of old men were in the cars, coming up to see the boys. Every one of those old men on the inside of the cars had a hat. Those boys on the outside in the army, who had no hats, wanted hats—obliged to have hats—had stationed themselves along the railroad track in a long line, and in the hands of the man at the head they had put a tree-top. There he stood with this tree-top close to the railroad side; and as the train came sweeping by, they called "Look out!" and the old men stuck out their heads, and hats, and the brush swept the hats.

It was the fortune of my command to cover Lee's retreat after the final break of our lines around Petersburg and Richmond, and as we crossed the river at midnight and burned the bridges behind us, I carried on my spirit a load of woe which no language could describe.

In addition to the melancholy fate which had befallen Lee's army, I had left behind me in that desolated city that sweet and devoted wife who had followed me during the entire war; I had left that wife extremely ill in bed. But as I came back from the surrender, I found her still alive, and I found a fact for which I would gladly build with these hands a monument to the author of that fact—I do not know whether that author was General Grant himself, or some man like Grant; but this I do know that some knightly soldier with a blue uniform on his back had learned of her illness, and with a spirit worthy of an American freeman, had placed around her home a guard of boys in blue, who protected her from a single intruder. [Applause.]

I repeat, it was the fortune of my command to cover Lee's retreat, fighting all day, marching all night, with little food and no rest, with starvation claiming its victims at every mile of that march,—I would be an unfaithful chronicler, however, if I did not tell you that even under those extreme conditions, that same spirit of fun-making was forever present. Even the religious side of a soldier's life had its laughable phase now and then. There is not a man or woman in this audience who ever laughed at anything who could have resisted it. There was a deep religious feeling in Lee's army. Prayer-meetings were held wherever possible. One was held at my headquarters. A long lanky fellow about so high [indicating] without education, but a brave soldier, knelt at my side and prayed. "Oh, Lord," he said, "we are having a mighty big fight down here and a sight of trouble, and we do hope, Lord, that you will take a proper view of this subject, and give us the victory." [Laughter.] Another prayer-meeting was held, at which there was present an old fellow—a one-legged fellow; his leg had been taken off close to the hip-joint; he had been sent home, of course, but had come back on a visit, and was in the prayer-meeting. His leg was taken off so short that he could not kneel down in prayer, as the boys were in the habit of doing; he had to sit up; so he sat up while Brother Jones prayed. Brother Jones was praying for more manhood, more strength, more courage. This old one-legged Confederate could not stand that sort of a prayer for more courage at that stage of the game, any longer; so, right in the middle of the prayer, he called out: "Hold on there, Brother Jones—hold on there, sir; don't you know you are just praying all wrong? Why don't you pray for more provisions? We have got more courage now than we have any use for." [Laughter.] This broke up the prayer-meeting. Another prayer-meeting was held, this time in a little log cabin on the roadside, by officers in high command; and one general officer stepped to the door of the little log cabin, in which we were assembled, and beckoned to another general officer passing by to come in and participate in the prayer-meeting. The other general officer did not understand exactly what was wanted with him; so he replied, "No, I thank you, General, no more at present; I have just had some." [Laughter.]

My command was now thrown to the front; and on the evening of the eighth of April, the day before the final surrender, we struck that cordon of bayonets which General Grant had thrown across the line of our retreat at Appomattox. Then came the last sad Confederate council of war. It was called by Lee to meet at night. It met in the woods by his lonely bivouac fire. There was no tent, no table, no chairs, no camp-stools; on blankets spread upon the ground we sat around the great commander. A painter's brush might transfer to canvas the physical features of that scene, but no tongue or pen could describe the unutterable anguish of those broken-hearted commanders as they sat around their beloved leader and looked into his now clouded face and sought to draw from it some ray of hope. I shall not attempt to describe that scene; but I would be untrue to myself and to Lee's memory if I did not say of him that in no hour of that great war did his masterful characteristics appear to me so conspicuous as they did then and there; as he stood in that lonely woodland, by that low-burning fire, surrounded by his broken followers; and yet stood so grandly, so calmly facing and discussing the long-dreaded inevitable.

It was resolved at that last council that my wing of the army, now in front, should attempt at daylight the next morning to cut its way out through Grant's line. We moved at daylight—and this audience will pardon the pride which impels me to say that in no battle of that great war was there a prouder record of American valor ever written than was then and there made by that little band of poorly clad and starving American heroes who followed my standard in that last charge of the war. [Applause.]

As I fought to the front, Longstreet was compelled to fight to the rear, so that every foot of advance by either of us simply widened the breach between the two wings of Lee's army—such was Grant's magnificent strategy; and it was at this hour, as I was desperately fighting in every direction around me, that I received the last note from General Lee. It was to inform me that there was a flag of truce between General Grant and himself, stopping hostilities, and that I should notify the Union commanders in my front of that fact. The audience will understand that no unnecessary delay occurred in sending out that information. I called for my chief of staff and said: "Take a flag of truce and bear this message to the Union commanders quick." He soon informed me we had no flag of truce. "Oh, well," I said, "take your handkerchief and tie it on a stick, and go." He said, "General, I have no handkerchief." I ordered: "Tear your shirt and put that on a stick and go." He looked at his shirt, and then at mine, and said: "I have on a flannel shirt; I see you have; there is not a white shirt in the whole army." I said, "Get something, sir—get something, and go"; and he got a rag and rode to the front, and soon he returned, and with him one of the most superb horsemen who ever sat upon a saddle, and as I looked into his flashing eyes, with his long curls falling to his shoulders, I found myself in the presence of that afterwards great Indian fighter, that man who ought forever to hold a place in every American heart, the gallant Custer. [Applause.] With a wave of his sword, which embodied all the graces of the school, he said to me: "General Gordon, I bring you the compliments of General Sheridan." Very fine, wasn't it? He added, however, "I also bring, sir, General Sheridan's demand for your immediate and unconditional surrender"—which was not quite so fine. I replied: "You will please return, General, my compliments to General Sheridan, and say to him that I shall not surrender." The audience will understand that it required no vast amount of courage to send that sort of a message in view of the flag of truce which forbade any more fighting. Soon a white flag was seen in my front, and beneath its silken folds rode Philip Sheridan and his escort. I rode out to meet him, and between Sheridan and myself occurred a similar controversy; he had received no such message from General Grant about a flag of truce—the message had miscarried, and I am quite satisfied that Sheridan happened to be about that time, as he always was, in a place too hot for the messenger to want to find him; but upon my presenting to him the autograph letter from General Lee, it was agreed that we order the firing to cease and withdraw our lines to certain points. This was done, and Sheridan and I dismounted and sat together on the ground.

It would require the pen of a master to describe the succeeding events. In the little brick house where they met, Lee and Grant presented a contrast as strangely inconsistent with the real situation as it was unprecedented and inconceivable. Had any one of this audience, unacquainted with the facts, suddenly appeared in that room, you would have selected Lee for the victor and Grant as the vanquished hero. And when you had analyzed the reasons for this marvelous contrast, your conception of the great characteristics of the two men, and your admiration for each would have risen to a still higher plane.

There stood Lee dressed (as a mark of respect to Grant) in his best uniform, unbent by misfortune, sustaining by his example the spirits of his defeated comrades and illustrating in his calm and lofty bearing the noble adage which he afterwards announced, that "the virtue of humanity ought always to equal its trials."

I had seen him before in defeat as well as in the hour of triumph with the exultant shouts of his victorious legions ringing in his ears. I was familiar with the spirit of self-abnegation with which he had severed his allegiance to the general Government, and, like old John Adams, had resolved that sink or swim, survive or perish, he would cast his fortunes with those of his people. I had learned from long and intimate association with him that unlike Cæsar and Alexander and Bonaparte, and the great soldiers of history, the goal of his ambition was not glory, but duty, and only duty, that it was true of him as of few men who have ever lived that distance in his case did not lend enchantment, but that the nearer you approached him the greater and grander he grew.

And now, self-poised and modest, bearing on his great heart a mountain-load of woe, with the light of an unclouded conscience upon his majestic brow, with an innate dignity and nobility of spirit rarely equaled and never excelled, this central figure of the Confederate cause rose in this hour of supremest trial, in the estimation at least of those who had followed him, to the highest place of the morally sublime.

There, too, was Grant (peace to his ashes, and forever cherished be his memory), his slouch hat in hand, his plain blue overcoat upon his shoulders, making with Lee a contrast picturesque and unique. Grave, unassuming, and considerate, there was upon his person no mark of rank; there was about him no air of triumph nor trace of exultation. Serious and silent, except in kindly answers to questions, he seemed absorbed in thought, and evidently sought to withdraw, if in his power, the bitter sting of defeat from the quivering sensibilities of his great antagonist. Some of his responses to questions have already gone into history. His replies were marked by a directness, simplicity, force and generosity in keeping with the character of the magnanimous conqueror who uttered them. They were pregnant with a pathos and a meaning to the defeated Confederates, which can only be understood by a full comprehension of the circumstances and of the nobility of spirit and of the lofty sentiment which inspired them.

But General Grant rose, if possible, to a still higher plane, by his subsequent threat of self-immolation on the altar of a soldier's honor, and by his heroic declaration of the inviolability and protecting power of Lee's parole, and by invoking with almost his dying lips, the spirit of peace, equality, fraternity, and unity among all of his countrymen.

These evidences of Grant's and Lee's great characteristics ought to live in history as an inspiration to future generations. They ought to live on pages at least as bright as those which record their military and civic achievements. They ought to be inscribed on their tombs in characters as fadeless as their fame and as enduring as the life of the Republic.

Outside of that room the scenes were no less thrilling or memorable. When the Confederate battleflags had been furled forever, and as a Confederate corps marched to the point where its arms were to be stacked, it moved in front of the division commanded by that knightly soldier, General Joshua L. Chamberlain, of Maine. That brilliant officer called his command into line and saluted the Confederates at a "present arms" as they filed by, a final and fitting tribute of Northern chivalry to Southern courage. The briny tears that ran down the haggard and tanned faces of the starving Confederates; the veneration and devotion which they displayed for the tattered flags which had so long waved above them in the white smoke of the battle; the efforts secretly to tear those bullet-rent banners from their supports and conceal them in their bosoms; the mutually courteous and kindly greetings and comradeship between the soldiers of the hitherto hostile armies; their anxiety to mingle with each other in friendly intercourse; the touching and beautiful generosity displayed by the Union soldiers in opening their well-filled haversacks and dividing their rations with the starving Confederates—these and a thousand other incidents can neither be described in words nor pictured on the most sensitive scrolls of the imagination. [Applause.]

No scene like it in any age was ever witnessed at the close of a long and bloody war. No such termination of intestine and internecine strife would be possible save among these glorious American people. It was the inspiration of that enlightened and Christian civilization developed by the free institutions of this unrivaled and Heaven-protected Republic.

While political passion has now and then, and for brief periods, disturbed this auspicious harmony, yet what a marvel of concord, of power, and of progress is presented for the contemplation of mankind by this reunited country. The bloodiest war of the ages, with its embittered alienations all in the past; its lessons and immortal memories a guide and inspiration for all the future. Emerging from this era of passion, of strife, and of carnage, with a national life more robust, a national peace more secure, and a national union more complete and enduring, we call the fettered millions of earth to follow our lead and strike for republican liberty. As the vanguard, the color-bearers in the march of nations, we lift aloft this proud banner of freedom and bid universal humanity to catch its inspiration. [Applause.]

By the memory of the Fathers who bequeathed us this priceless heritage; by the names and deeds of Northern heroes, living and dead; by the sacrifices and measureless woes endured by Southern womanhood; by the heroic devotion and dauntless courage of the South's sons—which devotion and courage, exhibited in defense of the dead Confederacy, have been transmuted by the hallowing touch of time into consecrated services to this living and glorious Republic—by all these we unite in solemn compact that this American people shall know intestine war no more; but shall forever remain an unbroken brotherhood from sea to sea. By all these, and by the resistless fiat of an inexorable American sentiment, we proclaim that the American flag shall protect every American citizen on all oceans and in all lands. And in God's own time, it may be His will that this flag shall become omnipotent over every acre of soil on this North American continent. [Applause.]

But whatever be the geographical limits over which destiny decrees it to float as the symbol of our national sovereignty, there shall at least be no boundaries to its moral sway; but as long as political truth triumphs or liberty survives this flag of our Fathers shall remain the proudest and most potential emblem of human freedom in all the world. [Loud applause.]

JOHN BARTHOLOMEW GOUGH

Photogravure after a photograph from life

JOHN BARTHOLOMEW GOUGH

SOCIAL RESPONSIBILITIES

[Lecture by John B. Gough, temperance platform advocate (born in Sandgate, Kent, England, August 22, 1817; died in Frankford, Penn., February 18, 1886), delivered first in Exeter Hall, London, in 1857, under the auspices of the London Young Men's Christian Association. This was Mr. Gough's second visit to his native country, which he left for America when a poor lad, and his welcome was as cordial as on the occasion of his first visit, five years before, immense audiences greeting him at his every appearance on the lecture platform. The lecture was subsequently repeated in this country many times.]

Ladies and Gentlemen:—The subject of the evening's address, as you will know, is Social Responsibilities. I must confess that the weight of my own responsibility on this occasion lies heavily upon me, and I regret very much that I have not found time for study in reference to this matter. Speaking five times a week for the past eight or ten weeks, and traveling constantly, I have had no time to arrange ideas or seek for facts, principally; and I feel this the more because of the intellectual treats that you enjoy in the course of lectures delivered before this Association, and because I consider this Association to be the most important in the world. [Applause.] I must, therefore, simply give you my own ideas and views freely—my own opinions with regard to this subject—fairly and fearlessly.

There is a social responsibility that is recognized by society everywhere. The law of the land holds men responsible for the loss or injury to life or limb or property by malice, carelessness, or ignorance. If a chemist gives poison instead of the right prescription through ignorance, you hold him responsible for the results. If a man throws a stone at a passing railway train, it will not do for him to say: "I did not think." It is every man's duty to think what may be the consequences of his acts. If a sentry sleeps at his post, and owing to his carelessness and want of watchfulness mischief ensues, that sentry is held reponsible. I might go on to illustrate this by the cases of engineers, of lighthouse-keepers, and of all those occupying positions in which their carelessness or want of thought may cause harm and damage to others. But there is a social responsibility recognized and enforced by the higher law of God: "Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself." It is of this responsibility that I would speak more particularly to-night.

Men of the world are generally opposed to the recognition of this responsibility, and they cry out with Cain: "Am I my brother's keeper?" But I address myself to-night to a Christian Association, an association of young men who profess to acknowledge God's law as supreme and paramount to all others. Therefore, I speak with some degree of encouragement and hope that I shall receive sympathy while endeavoring to illustrate and enforce this responsibility. And yet, among Christians we find sometimes this question still asked—"And who is my neighbor?" I hold this to be a truth: every human being on the face of this earth whom God has made in His own image, is my brother. [Applause.] In this country you feel indignation because the Southern gentlemen in the United States do not choose to call the black man their brother; and in your associations when, under high patronage, you send protests against American slavery across the Atlantic, you call the oppressed your colored brothers. I spoke in Quincy, in Illinois, last winter, and I said: "I look upon every man whether black or white, bond or free, as my brother," and they hissed me. It was on the borders of the Mississippi River, within a stone's throw of Missouri. You feel indignation at this want of recognition on the part of our Southern brethren; but gentlemen, if you please, look not quite so loftily as only to see across some 2,500 miles of ocean and 1,000 miles of land, but look about you and round you in this metropolis.

Ah! brothers, I once saw a man sold, and I stood by the auction-block, while my wife, at a hundred yards' distance, was trying to comfort a little mulatto woman, because her master would not let her see her husband again. A trader from the South wanted to take the man down the river, and a benevolent man in the vicinity wanted to buy him to keep him with his wife and child. I shall never forget the look of agony with which he gazed upon the trader, and then the ray of hope that seemed to illumine his face as he looked upon his friend. But, presently, the trader offered a sum that shut out all hope, for his friend turned upon his heel and departed. Then that man folded his arms, and I saw the twitching of the fingers, and I saw the convulsive workings of the throat; I saw the white teeth brought upon the lip as if he would press the blood from under it; I saw the eyelids swollen with unshed tears; I saw the veins standing out like whipcords upon his brow, and the drops like beads upon his forehead—and I pitied him. It was human agony—and I pitied him. But as I looked at him, occasionally from his bloodshot eye there flashed a light that told of a wild free spirit there,—that told me there was a soul that no human power could enslave; and then, black as he was, bought and sold as he was, he loomed up before me in the glorious attitude of a free man, compared with the miserable tobacco-chewing, whiskey-drinking, blaspheming slaves of lust that were bidding on their brother. [Applause.]

A slave once stood up before his brethren and said: "Bredren, dis poor ole body ob mine is Massa Carr's slave; de bones an' blood an' sinews an' muscles belong to my massa; he bought dem in de market-place, and paid a price for 'em—yes, bredren, dis poor ole body ob mine is Massa Carr's slave—but, glory to God, my soul is de free man ob de Lord Jesus." There is not a poor slave to vice in this metropolis who can say that; and the most pitiful slave on the face of God's footstool is the man "that is bound by the curse of his own sin," that has sold himself for naught.

There are many of your brethren in this city that are festering in the moral pool of degradation and the question is, what shall we do for them? They are your brothers. Aye, see that poor miserable creature staggering through your street, the image of God wiped out of the face and the die of the devil stamped there; the body smitten with disease from head to heel, until he is as loathsome as Lazarus when he lay at the rich man's door. Though you gather your garments about you as you pass him, he is your brother, and you have a responsibility resting upon you in reference to him and his degradation. See that heap of rags lying near that corner, with the bonnet pressed upon the face, covered with the mire of the streets; there lies your sister. "But," you may say, "she is drunk." Ah! madam, I do not say it would not be so, but, perhaps, if you had been brought up with all the horrible surroundings that she has, if you had been exposed to the temptations that she has, you would be drunk, too.

I ask you, is there not something noble and glorious in the fact of seeking out our brother, not amid the circle of society in which we move, not looking at our visiting list to find him, not looking round the pews in our places of worship to see him, not seeking for him among the Young Men's Christian Associations; but seeking for him in the midst of the haunts of vice and misery, making inquiries not only as to the fact of his degradation, but as to our responsibility in reference to that degradation? The most glorious men and women on the face of the earth have sought for their neighbors and their brother out of their own circle. A poor cobbler in Portsmouth that used to go down upon the wharf to find his neighbors among the ragged miserable children, and bribe them with two or three roasted potatoes to come into his little shop, eighteen feet by six, that he might teach them to read, and mend their clothes, and cook their food—he was a noble man, and John Pounds was the founder of Ragged Schools. [Applause.] John Howard found his neighbors in lazar-houses of Europe, William Wilberforce and his glorious compeers found their neighbors among the negroes of the West Indies plantations; Elizabeth Fry found her neighbors among the half-mad women of Newgate; and she, the heroine of the Nineteenth century, found her neighbors among the bruised battered soldiers of the Crimea, and many a soldier in the hospitals of Scutari died with his glazed eyes fixed with love and reverence on the angel face of Florence Nightingale. [Applause.] These are your noble men and women—these are God's heroes.

And when we would bring the matter right down to our own personal responsibilities, the question arises—and I have asked it many times myself (and there is probably not a benevolent man or a philanthropist in this association but has asked the question)—what shall be done to elevate the degraded masses? That is the point—what is doing? Ragged schools?—good! With all my heart I say, good! And God bless their patrons! Model lodging-houses?—good, as far as they go. But you cannot make a model man by putting him in a model house. You have to lift him to the house, or he will bring the house down to his level. [Applause.] It must be by elevating the man that the work will be done; and the working classes of this country must elevate themselves. Oh! if we could only inspire them with that! The glory of it—to elevate themselves! Society is doing a great deal for the workingman, for the lower classes; but it seems to me, sometimes, as if it formed associations to obtain for them toys, and then formed other associations to teach them to play with them.

As I have said before, men of the world look with contempt on what is doing to elevate the degraded classes in a moral way. Some of our philanthropists who "do love the working classes so much" propose to elevate them by excursion trains on the Sabbath. Now, I say you can never elevate a man nor a race by violating the law of God: "Remember the Sabbath day and keep it holy," is God's command. "But," they say, "these working classes, penned up in wretched homes, need recreation, and fresh air." Did you ever see a returning excursion train? I went one Sabbath evening in the summer of 1854 for the purpose of seeing a company of men and women returning from such "recreation"—and what a sight it was! Here you would see a man with his hat brought down over his eyes and a thorn-stick under his arm that he had cut from the hedges, tottering along in a most pitiful state; and there you would see a woman with a child fastened behind her back with a shawl, and two or three more little ones coming along after her, crying, and dirty, and miserable. I never saw a set of men returning from twelve hours' hard labor that looked as jaded, as dispirited, and as miserable as that whole excursion party. Now, I say that is not the way to elevate the working classes. Look at New England. And when I say New England, I point you to a portion of the United States that is free from the curse of slavery, standing up in all its glory with the principles of the good old Puritans; and to those that sneer at Puritanism I say, God send us more of it, if it teaches men to honor the Sabbath! In all New England there is no excursion train running on the Sabbath day—not one.

I remember on one occasion, when an immense quantity of freight was to be brought from New York to Boston, they undertook to run on the Sabbath day. They came up with a large load of cotton, and on coming near to M—— a bale got afire, and there were not hands enough to roll it off. They then drove to M—— and rang the bells, and the people came down to the number of three hundred. "Help us," said the railway people, "to put out the fire." "No, you have no business to run that train on the Sabbath." They then sent up to one of the directors and said: "If you speak a word, these men will bring us water; there is property being destroyed." "I voted in the Board of Directors," he replied, "against this running on the Sabbath, and if you burn the whole freight, I will not raise a finger." And the two carloads of cotton were destroyed. The company had to pay for them—but they ran no more trains on the Sabbath. I remember when they started a train from New York to Boston and from Boston to New York at four o'clock on Sunday afternoon to satisfy those wonderfully busy merchants that wanted their letters early on Monday morning—and some of them professed to be Christian men, too. Indignation meetings were held all along the line; and in New Haven, they decided on three things: First, to petition the Government to send no mail that day; next, to petition the directors to send no train that day; and then, if that did not answer, they resolved to take advantage of an old clause in their city charter for attaching locomotives as a nuisance, and not let them pass through their city.

Now, look at our working classes! I tell you, gentlemen, there is scarcely a country on the face of the earth,—I believe there is none,—that can show such a mass of honest, moral workingmen as the natives of this. I am not speaking of your imported monstrosities. Do not imagine I am saying a word against emigration; but let me say this in regard to emigration that is going on at the rate of one thousand a day,—that it goes through a sifting process in our cities so that the dregs are left there and in the vicinity, while the best emigrants go West, and get land and work. I am speaking of the abominations of emigration, and I say the born citizen peasantry working classes do credit to the system; and that system is a strict Sabbath observance. There are many ways of merely elevating the lower classes; but while looking, if you please,—for I want to speak plainly,—at the schools of vice for the lower classes in this metropolis, I say this, whether you believe me or not,—that every man is responsible for the existence of these schools who does not with all his heart and voice protest against them. If you please, let us rend asunder and expose, if not to some, perhaps to you, the secrets of these charnel-houses.

Go on the opposite side of this street, within the shadow of Exeter Hall. You see a man with an illuminated hat; you follow,—whom?—old men generally, and boys, into a room; but if you can stay there five minutes without blushing, aye, five seconds, I tell you the system of your moral purity is undermined. The most disgusting exhibitions are there—right there to-night, within the shadow of the Hall where Sabbath evening services can be stopped, owing to the tender conscience of a single man. [Applause.] I tell you, sir, that place is licensed; and there is power enough in this Hall to break up that place between to-night and next Tuesday night; as easy as it was to shut up the Argyle Rooms. Then let us have a protest from the Young Men's Christian Association of London against that sink of iniquity "licensed by Act of Parliament." Go with me again; you shall pay a small sum, and immediately on your entrance you will see persons looking like gentlemen (for they all wear white neckerchiefs, like ministers) [laughter], and they will come to you with "Your orders, gentlemen; your orders, gentlemen." Drink! Aye, over there they cannot sustain the place without drink! Drink everywhere! What do you see? Young men, boys and girls, seated with their ale, their porter, or their spirits and water before them, looking at a place called a stage from whence comes forth some individual to sing a comic song, to the horrible, discordant thrum of an old pianoforte; and if you have patience to listen to that song, you will find such a strain of immorality running through it, that you put your hand to your ear and walk out; and thank God if you can get a breath of fresh pure air!

Go with me again. I will take you to another place—licensed again! To be sure, all these places are licensed, they are according to law, and I maintain, therefore, that the people are responsible for them. Come with me and I will show you another place; we will not go into every corner of it; but I will show a stage erected and a girl dressed in boy's clothes holding a dialogue with another girl so abominably impure that I say, gentlemen, if your daughter heard the words, you would shudder for the consequences; and yet there are men and women and girls and babies in arms, breathing in a horrible atmosphere of tobacco smoke, drink and impurity. Licensed! Go with me if you please, to another place; it is very magnificent, and I understand that a professed Christian at its opening rejoiced that such a building was erected for the amusement and instruction of the working classes; you will see perhaps one thousand or twelve hundred persons seated there. Drink! Drink! Drink! Drink! All the way through. "Your orders, gentlemen, your orders!" Young girls are there under fifteen years of age, and the matron who brings her children with her. Then some one comes forth to sing a comic song, as it is called; but a song, when I hear it, that would make you weep as bitterly as I should weep if the singer was my own brother and I followed him to the grave. Let me take you to another just of the same kind; and then go lower, and lower, and lower down, until the disgusting exhibitions are enough to make a man mad. But this is licensed! Licensed! And, as you pass out, what do you see? A drunken brawl, fighting and quarreling; a poor wretched heap of rags that looks like a woman taken away upon a stretcher. Ah! yes, it is a sliding scale, down, down, down, and here is your degradation!

Now, I say this, gentlemen, that the degradation is not to be attributed to birth or to blood, but to education. Birth! A man may have a pedigree as long as the Irishman who said he was "perfectly independent of Misther Noah,"—"for," said he, "in the time of the Deluge, one of my ancesthers saved himself in a boat of his own kinstruction." [Laughter and applause.] I hope I shall not be misunderstood, as throwing any slight upon the nobility or the aristocracy of this land. When I went to Manchester and saw seven million pounds sterling worth of art treasures exhibited which the workingman might look at for a shilling, or sixpence, I felt that the nobility of Great Britain were noble more than in name, to do that for the benefit of the poor. [Applause.] But I do say,—and you will excuse me for saying it, for I want to go as high as I dare—you may take a boy born in a ducal palace; he shall be baptized by the Archbishop, and you shall take him at three weeks of age and give him into the hands of one of the drunken hags in the slums of your city, and let him be brought up with all these horrible surroundings; let him be educated as these children are educated, and this son of a duke will become a thief as quickly as the boy born in the slums. [Applause.] There is as much human depravity in the one as in the other; but here is the hotbed in which the seeds of original sin sown in our mortal body take root, and spring up and fructify and bring forth, and we are shocked at the harvest. Let us look at the cause of it; let us drain these horrible hotbeds and go to work like men to remove the cause. [Applause.] I know we speak of the lower classes as being degraded; and so they are; and it seems to me sometimes as if there was a gulf between them and respectability over which they could never leap and society has broken down the bridge. I was once in a castle in Scotland and they told me that in a dungeon 100 feet below me on the walls were scratched these words: "Nae hope." And may not many who are in the debased and degraded classes of this city grave upon the walls that society has built up between them and respectability, the words "nae hope?" Now I say, brethren, if you are all children of one common Father, help us in this work.

Is it poverty that makes this degradation? I thank God there can be poverty with no degradation. Yes, yes, my earliest recollections are recollections of poverty—hard, bitter, grinding poverty. When I went to visit my native village in 1853, I went in the midst of a glorious English harvest. I went out into the wheat fields. It seemed as though the hedges were the same that they were twenty-three years ago—as if the farmhouses were the same; and for the pleasure it afforded me, I took one wheat field and walked up and down eight or ten times. Why? Because I remembered a little old woman schoolmistress of the village, with her hand upon her weary back, and her two children, my sister Mary, and myself, who gleaned in that field the ears left by the reapers, and we were to have a half-holiday to thrash our wheat and take it to the mill. And I remember the face of that blessed mother of mine who, though she was poor, was never degraded. She was one of the Lord Jesus Christ's nobility; she had obtained the sign and seal in His blood. [Applause.] When He saw fit to try her he put her in the crucible, and when He saw His image reflected in the gold he took her home. Oh! there was no degradation there! I remember how her face brightened and she would thank God when I used to come in and say "Mother! Good news; flour is down and the loaf has fallen a penny." Ah, yes, poverty! But, thank God, no degradation. [Applause.] I grant you that the poor man's lot is a hard one from the beginning to the end; struggling to gain the meat that perisheth, living day after day fighting for food in a rough and heartless world, it is a hard lot. But the poor have this honor, that they are Christ's legacy to His church: "The poor ye have always with you." God's mission was to the poor.

Now you will allow me, if you please, to state what I consider to be the great cause of the degradation of those who are termed the lower classes; and I express my own opinion freely and fully. I believe that intemperance is the great degrading curse of the country; the very vice itself is debasing and degrading. Drunkenness—what is it? I have attempted sometimes to describe it, but I always feel that I have made a great failure of it. A drunkard—a man with a man's capacities, with a man's sources of enjoyment, with a man's intellect, and a man's reason, a man's heart and a man's soul—to lower himself below the level of the beasts over whom God gave him dominion, is a most pitiful sight. Oh! how degrading it is! Look at the records of crime and can you find me a murder within the last twelve months in which the drunkard has not been the prime agent? I search the records of crime in vain to find such a case. But justice is visited on the head of the man, drunk or sober. The poor wretch who was swung into eternity the other day before a crowd of men, women and children, declared to the very last that he had no knowledge of the fact. "Gentlemen, I was drunk, mad drunk!" Oh, if we would bring before the people the horrible evil of drunkenness. It seems to me as if we must call upon the drunken dead (for they won't take warning by the living) to wipe the grave-dust crumbling from their brow, and in tattered shrouds of bony whiteness, stalk forth, a host, to testify against the power of drink! Bring from the gallows drink-maddened men-slayers, and let them grip their bloody knives, and they would stand, a host to testify against it! Let the poor unfortunate victims drowned by their drink, crawl from their slimy ooze and with suffocation's blood and livid lips hear them testify against the power that has destroyed them. Let them snap their burning chains, the doomed drunkards, and sheeted with fire and dripping with the waves of hell, hear them, hear them testify against the deep "damnation of their taking off" by the power of intemperance! Hear it, oh, young man, hear it! And may it warn you against the outer pleasant circle of the whirlpool, the vortex of which is death! [Applause.]

But we speak of social responsibility. To get at that we must get at the influence that every man exerts. Is there a young man in this assembly that will tell me he has no influence? Then I will say that of himself which he would not like to have me say. I made a man very angry once, because when, asked to join our abstinence movement, he said: "I do not know as I have got any particular influence." I said: "I do not know as you have." I heard of a man who once said he had not been as good a man as he ought to have been—that he had overreached in bargains, that he had shut his ear to the cry of the widow, and so on, but that he should not do so any more; when a gentleman got up and said: "I am very glad to hear my friend make this statement, for I can testify to the truth of all that he has said." "It is false, sir," said the man. [Laughter.] The idea of a man without influence! Why, if you stand still, shut your eyes, close your mouth, and fold your arms, you exert an influence by the position you occupy. A man cannot live without exerting an influence. Now there are a great many people who say: "Ah, it is a very good work you are engaged in, going among these poor, degraded people." A gentleman in Edinburgh said: "If Mr. Gough will only go among the poor creatures in the West Port, and on the High Street, and in the Grass Market, he will get an audience that may probably be benefited by his addresses." I am willing to go anywhere and everywhere—to the West Port, or any other port, to speak on the subject of intemperance,—just where the people call me (and my time is pretty well filled up). I will go anywhere. But I believe I have got an audience to-night better to be affected, and with whom more good can be accomplished, than if every man and woman of you were debased and degraded, of the very scum of the streets of the city. Why? Because prevention is better than cure. You say: "It is all very well for you; you are a teetotaler; teetotalism is a capital thing for the poor and the degraded, and those who cannot govern themselves." Let me say, my Christian brethren, teetotalism is, by the Bible, a lawful principle; it is lawful to abstain. I am willing to be bound by the Bible. I bring you passages containing cautions and warnings and reproofs and admonitions of the use of wine; and if you can find me one word in the Bible rebuking or reproving abstinence from wine, I will abandon the principle to-night. It is a lawful principle, and you say it is good for the debased. I say it is good for you if by your abstinence you can help up your brother who needs it for his own salvation from drunkenness. Precept is a very good thing. I often hear it said: "You are engaged in a good cause, Mr. Gough;

go on; I wish you success; you have got my sympathies, I hope you will do a great deal of good." All very pleasant, this. But precept without example is worth but little. If the principle is good and is worthy of your offering it as a precept or an advice, then you should accept it as an example.

A clergyman presided at a meeting I held at one time. They called it a teetotal meeting, though that is a term I do not like very well; I prefer the word "abstinence," because a great many people do not understand the word "teetotal." They think we must drink nothing but tea. [Laughter.] But what we mean is abstinence from intoxicating liquors as a beverage—you all understand that. Well, this clergyman said: "Ladies and gentlemen, I am a teetotaler and have been for the past two years, and I will give you my reason why. I found I had no influence over the drunkards in my parish till I was. Let me give you an illustration of it. A few weeks ago one of my parishioners was very drunk in the street, and he was not aware that I was a member of the Temperance Society. He was very drunk, and he insulted me. The poor fellow was so much under the influence of liquor that I paid no attention to it; but I saw him a few days afterwards, sober, and I said to him: 'I am ashamed of you; you are getting to be a complete nuisance; you are a disgrace to the parish; every two weeks, when you get your wages, you spend them in the public-house, leaving your family in destitution and want, while you hang about the streets in the shameful manner in which I saw you the other day. I am ashamed of you; you are a perfect pest to society.' And he shrugged his shoulders, and twiddled his fingers, and jerked his elbows, and looked at me as sulkily as he could. Presently I said to him: 'Why don't you do as I do?' And then he looked in my face and said: 'Do as you do, sir! There's a great deal of difference between you and me, sir.' 'What difference?' I asked. 'Ah, sir, you know, sir, you are a gentleman and I am a lab'rin' man.' 'Well, what difference can that make?' 'Why, you see, sir, when you wants your drink, you don't have to go to no public-house to get it—don't you see? You gets your wine in the cellar; and there's lots on it there, and you have only to send the servants down to bring it up. And then you drinks in purty good company and drinks purty good liquor, too, I 'spects, sir; and if I could afford it, sir, I'd do just as you do, sir. But don't you see, sir, I am a lab'rin' man. I gets my wages once in two weeks. I gets paid off at the public-house, and when I gets my money I takes a drink along with the lads and then I takes another; that is the way it goes. I drinks what I gets every two weeks, and you drinks yourself, too, sir, reg'lar.' 'Ah, but,' said I, 'I do not drink at all.' 'What, sir? You a teetotaler?' 'Yes, I am, and have been more than two years.' 'Well, sir, you never made any bad use of the drink as anybody ever heerd of, did you? Well, sir, really, if a gentleman like you can give up your wine, that drinks in good company, I think a lab'rin' man like me that is exposed to a great many temptations and does make bad use on it,—I think it's high time to give up mine; and so have I done.' And he went away. The Secretary of the Society got a pledge and put his name to it. 'There, sir,' said he, 'I tell you if a gentleman like you can give up your wine, a lab'rin' man like me ought to do it, sir. There's my name and I will stick to it.' Now," said the clergyman, "I had no power over my brother by saying, 'There is a good society for just such as you are: there is an exceedingly good society, go and join it'; but I could say: 'My brother, do as I do'—there was the secret of my power."

I say if you will arrest the intemperate man you must set him an example, and let your example strengthen him in his purpose and his resolution. As I said last night—and I am not going over the argument—it is a hard matter to save the drunkard; it is a hard matter for that man to break the appetite that seems to permeate every nerve and vein in his system, crying like the leech: "Give, give, give." It is a hard matter, and he needs help, and he needs assistance, and words of kindness and encouragement, and, above all, he needs an example.

In 1853 when I first visited this country I was giving an address in a certain place and two persons came up to sign the pledge—the worst specimens I ever saw at a public meeting in my life, though I have seen such in the streets. I can hardly attempt to describe them: the man looked as if the drink had scorched up his neck; he was bowed down, crooked in the back, a sort of shiftless creature, as they would say in America, his limbs hanging as if they were half-paralyzed,—a perfect victim. And the wife was a horrible looking creature. With all my respect for womankind I felt that an eternity of companionship with such as she with no change, would be hell with no other punishment. She was ragged, and her clothes hung loosely upon her. She had a thing that might be called a shawl that should have covered her shoulders and neck, but was twisted round one shoulder and came under the arm; she looked as if she would like a fight—a perfect virago—her eye as cold as a piece of gray granite. But she with her husband signed the pledge. Some of the officers with myself watched the whole operation. The Secretary was making out certificates of membership for those who were entitled to them by paying sixpence for a beautifully embossed card. The man looked on and said to the woman: "I should like to join the society and get a certificate." Said she: "There's sixpence to pay for them things; come along wi' me." "No, no," said he; "I want to join the 'ciety and get a ce'tificate and be a member." "There's sixpence to pay," repeated the woman; "no, no, come along."

And there they were, one pulling one way and the other the other, when a gentleman,—as noble a looking gentleman as any here on the platform,—came up and said cheerfully: "Well, good people, are you going to sign the pledge?" "We have signed the pledge, sir," said the man; "me and my missus, and we want to join the 'ciety and get a ce'tificate." "Well, why don't you?" Then the man fumbled in his rags as if he had left his pocket-book at home, and said: "There's sixpence to pay." "That need make no difference at all; here's a shilling; make these people out a couple of certificates." The effect of the words was as plain and palpable as the effect of sunlight when its first gleam touches the top of a hill. The man looked before half-idiot and half-beast; and now he looked half-idiot and half-man. His back seemed to straighten out a little, and there was more appearance of humanity about him. He was called upon to give his name and he walked up straighter than ever and gave it. I watched the woman. She was working her fingers about her gown as if she would tie it in knots, and looked fiercer than before. The Secretary said: "Now, madam, your name, if you please." She looked straight before her and was perfectly still. "Come, ma'am, we are waiting; others want to be served; we are waiting for you to sign, if you please." Then one hand went up so quick and dashed away one big drop, and then another, and then she gathered the wretched shawl and held it close over her shoulders and bosom, and then put her naked arm to her face, and the tears and dirt mingled to the tips of her fingers. The one word of kindness and sympathy had stirred the white ashes that covered the last spark of the woman, and she stood, sobbing like a little child as she went and gave her name. [Applause.]

This noble man's work was not done. He came and laid his hand on the shoulder of that filthy creature—did he defile his fingers? No;—and he said to him: "Now, my friend, remember you are one of us." "One of us, sir!" "To be sure. You and your good woman have signed the pledge and have got a certificate saying that you belong to our society, and are one with us." "Did you hear that, ole ooman? Did you hear that? Come along; the gen'leman says we are 'one of us.' Come along." And away they went. Twenty-two months afterward I was introduced to that man by a minister of the Gospel, who said: "He wants to shake hands with you before you go to America." I took the man by the hand—"I am glad to see you, sir," said he. "Mr. Gough, I have been to hear you a great many times and I wanted to bid you God-speed across the water before you go." I said: "Have you ever seen that gentleman who laid his hand on your shoulder that night?" "No, sir," said he; "never, God bless him! I have never seen him since. It seems to me sometimes, sir, that if I should never see him again in this world, but met him in heaven, I should never get tired of telling him that the words he said to me that night nerved me as no man's words ever nerved me yet. God bless him! My wife, sir, is a changed woman. We have got children, and we teach them their prayers, and we have got a little bit put in that God Almighty may bless him. Good-by, Mr. Gough; God bless you!" [Applause.] Is not that worth something? It is not worth a sacrifice? Is not it worth meeting with all the scorn and contempt of the circle of society in which you move if, by self-denial and self-sacrifice, the blessing of one man ready to perish shall come upon you? It *is* worth something. Then we say precept and example.

There are many Sabbath-school teachers here, probably. Sabbath-schools are the nurseries of the church; and intemperance is robbing the nursery of the church of its lambs. You have work to do. You have sometimes been astonished to find that in Sabbath-schools in this metropolis and in this country they refuse to allow the principle of abstinence to be spoken of in the presence of their children. And why? Drunkenness in this land would die out with the present race of the intemperate if there were no more made. Death alone would sweep the land of drunkenness in forty years if there were no other drunkards made. Is there any necessity that there should be any others made? Is there any benefit that you can tell me to be derived morally, physically, intellectually or religiously, to your children by the use of intoxicating liquor as a beverage? You may tell me, if you please, "The great fault I find with you teetotalers is your radicalism; you go too far; you seem to say that every individual who drinks must necessarily become a drunkard; that if this boy uses it he must necessarily become intemperate. Now, my father used it and he died a respectable moderate drinker; I use it and I was never out of the way through drink in my life; and it is not a necessity that these children shall become intemperate if they drink."

I do not say so. But I do say this, that no young man ever intended to become a drunkard; he never set out with a determination that he would ruin himself, body and soul, for time and for eternity; it is not all who drink that become drunkards—we know that. Suppose you were going to kill a mad dog, and I should call out: "Don't kill that animal! Don't kill him!" You would say: "He is mad." "Well, but if he is mad, he is one of God's creatures; if he is a little crazy, let him alone." "But he will bite somebody, won't he?" "Yes, probably he may bite somebody, but he can't bite everybody, so let him alone." You would say: "That would be nonsensical." Now I am as much afraid of a dog as anybody; I always give a dog a wide berth; if I see one running along the street in the direction in which I am approaching, I always step out, no matter how muddy the streets are. I have such a horror of hydrophobia that if a dog should bite me, I should never see a happy hour again, that is an hour free from uneasiness. The very first nervous twitch of the system I had, the very first symptom of illness, I should be terrified for fear of hydrophobia. But as I am a living man to-night, and shall answer for what I say in that day for which all others are made, I had rather a mad dog should tear my flesh from my limbs to-night than that I should become again a victim of this accursed habit. [Applause.] I should, so help me heaven!

I know all who drink do not become drunkards; but are there none among the victims of this vice that have been taught in the Sabbath-school? Some of them have been Sabbath-school teachers; and some (Heaven pity us) are about the streets of our city to-day who were once ministers of the Gospel. The power of drink no man can understand; it is a mystery to the victim himself. I spoke with a man who was strong-minded with regard to everything else; a man of intellectual power and ability—a man who has made himself famous as an author; and I pleaded with him to give up the habit. I showed him the daguerrotypes of his wife and two daughters and I said to him: "You tell me you love your wife—look there; for her sake, give it up; you tell me you love your children; that girl you say is to be married soon; never let her husband tell her that her father is a drunkard." And he shook his head. I put my hand upon him, and I pleaded with him as if I were pleading for his own life. Then he stepped back and brushed his fingers through his hair and wiped away the tears that were streaming hot down his cheeks, and said: "Give it up? why, John Gough, Dives in hell never longed for a drop of water on his cracked tongue as with every power I have longed for drink, and I will have it!" That man was once a Sabbath-school scholar.

I belonged at one time to a club of young men, some thirty-five, and there was scarce one who did not receive a religious education, scarce one who had not been taught in the Sabbath-school, had not been dandled in the lap of piety. Those young men formed themselves into a club for social enjoyment, having no idea of the danger they were incurring. By-and-by they began to sink, and they gave up this thing and the other that was good.

I spoke once in the Melodeon in the city of Boston and I said this: "Twelve years ago I stood in this house, or sat in this house—for I was a spectator—the last time it was opened for theatrical performance; and now I deliver the first temperance address ever delivered in it. But I ask, Where are the young men who were associated with me in this house? Where are they now?" And echo only answered: "Where are they now?" One I knew; he came into my place of business and wanted a loan of ninepence, which was just about sixpence of your money. I gave it to him and he got drunk with it. I was told he was ill,—I went to see him but they would not let me in. Three days afterward they told me he was dying. I then went in, for his mother who stood behind the girl that opened the door told her to admit me. I sat by his bedside. He had beaten his clenched hands till they looked like anything but human hands; he had bitten his lip and his mouth was spitting forth blasphemy and bloody foam, and he was struggling in all the horror of delirium tremens. He bounded from the bed, dashed himself against the wall, and fell back in quivering convulsions. And thus he died. He had not seen his twenty-third birthday; and at eighteen years of age he was a Sabbath-school teacher.

Another one said to me: "John, I am going whaling. I cannot stand the temptations of the city. When I declare I will drink no more, one and another comes and asks me to take a little. So I am going whaling for three years. But," said he, "John, I will have one glorious spree and that will be the last." And he did, and it was the last. The next morning he went on board ship; all his nerves were unstrung; but he was a man whom we should call a noble-hearted fellow; he would never shirk from duty. He was ordered aloft; hand over hand he climbed the ratlines, and set his feet on the crosstrees when he slipped down, fell upon the deck and was picked up a corpse.

Another kept a pair of horses at Reid's stables at the back of the Pemberton House, and drove young men to Brighton and Dorchester, and Cambridge and Cambridgeport. Where is he? Dead. He died in the horse-trough in Reid's stable, with no living being near him but a person named John Augustus who was then our great Boston philanthropist, and that which seemed to affect him most in his last moments was the thought: "They have all left me, left me alone; they drunk my wine, they drove my horses, they laughed at my jokes, they clapped me on the back, called me 'good fellow,' they applauded my songs; but now, when death is feeling for my heart-strings, they have all left me, and you, the man I despised, the man I have ridiculed, the man I have laughed at, you are the only man to wipe the death-damp from my brow." And thus he died.

I might bring you another such case, and another, all well attested facts. When I was at home last, I went to this very place, and a man came up and said: "Well, how are you?" "Well, Charlie," said I; "how do you do?" "Well," said he; "just as I used to. You are a temperance lecturer and I keep on the same old jog." "Do you drink now?" said I. "Just the same as I used. Let me see; how long is it since you left? Eighteen years? so it is. Well, I go on the same regular old jog; I never get drunk in my life and you know I could always drink you and half a dozen others under the table." There was one man who could stand it, and all about him men were falling with as much intention of being moderate as he. The effect on his nervous system was a mere nothing; he could drink and laugh, and laugh and quaff, and walk away with a curl of the lip in contempt of those who were staggering and tumbling under the table, having taken the same quantity as himself.

I say not all who drink become drunkards, but there is a risk about it; and if that principle of abstinence is lawful, why not assist us in encouraging the young as they come upon the stage of action to repudiate the thing forever? This association is a mighty power and has a mighty power. The Young Men's Christian Association of London is a great fact and every individual in it, as I have said before, exerts an influence, and has an influence to exert. Will you allow me to present to your sympathy and your careful and prayerful consideration, the movement I have the honor to advocate as a great instrumentality in rolling away the hindrance to the moral elevation of the working classes and the moral elevation of those who are debased and degraded? We want your sympathy and your prayerful coöperation. At any rate, if you cannot give us your coöperation, give us your thoughtful and prayerful consideration. Take the claims of this movement home with you to-night; look at it on every side, from every point of view. We seek to prevent, we seek to build a barrier between the unpolluted lip and the intoxicating cup, and we say that the loss of one soul by the drink may not counterbalance the good that moderate drinkers can manufacture out of the use of it.

It may be a little thing to you to save a man, but it is everything to the man saved; and that man is worth saving. Worth saving! To be sure he is. I saw a lady one day on Broadway pull off her glove, and as she pulled it off I heard something strike, with a rich jingling sound, upon the pavement; and I saw something roll in the distance—a gem, a brilliant; it might have been worth twenty guineas, it might have been worth fifty, it might have been worth one hundred. It rolled to the edge of the curbstone and fell into the gutter,—and our New York gutters are perfectly detestable, they are generally very deep and very thick; the jewel rolled into it and was out of sight; the lady took her delicate parasol and poked about in the gutter, then brought it up, but it was of no use; stripping the sleeve that covered her white arm, down went the white arm into the mud, and she poked about till she got the gem; she held it daintily between her fingers, and I could not help but laugh to see her shake off the mud and go into a shop near by to get her arm cleansed. You do not blame her for seeking to rescue her gem. But a man is worth more than a diamond!

How fearful we are lest we should come in contamination with that which is degrading! If you should see an eagle you would gaze upon it, for it is the king of birds,—a noble bird. You see his broad wings fanning the air as he rises up. As you watch him, you see him hovering, then making one dive with the swiftness of an arrow. You watch for his uprise; you see him, and what has he in his beak? It is a serpent! See the slimy twining form! He has it firm in his beak. And now he rises to take it to his eyrie. Up! Up! But why flutters that eagle now? See! See! The serpent is twining its slimy folds about his body. It has crippled a wing. Ah yes! it has crippled a wing. Now see him flutter. The serpent has twined himself round his throat. It has parted the beak. And now see it about to strike the bird as it twines over and holds another wing. Ah! He goes down, slowly, slowly, slowly, and his enemy is about to strike him. Where is the man of you that would not crush the serpent's head as he falls heavily on the ground, and let the eagle go free again?

There are men that are fettered, that are thus bound, thus entwined in the coil of the serpent, and they need help. They are crying for help all around, and we seek to give it them. We have formed this organization on the principle that it is our duty to help our neighbor. "Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself." When I stop the weakness of my brother I am not made partaker of his weakness. The strongest men, morally speaking, that have lived, have been those who have imparted the most strength to their weaker brethren. And when I speak to the Young Men's Christian Association perhaps I may bring up a remark that was made to me by a minister of the Gospel, as an objection to our movement. He said:—

"All that you have said of the evil I believe! It debases more ministers, more Church members, cripples more efforts of our city missions, and hinders more the efficacy of the preaching of the Gospel, than any other agency in this land; but I do not agree with you in your method of getting rid of it."

"How so, sir?"

"Because you are attempting to remove a moral evil by a physical agency."

I said: "It is a moral evil produced by a physical agency."

"Yes," said he, "you may put it in that light if you choose; but there is a higher, nobler, and grander, and more effectual remedy than any abstinence society."

Said I: "What is that?"

He replied: "The grace of God."

Now I do not wish to be misrepresented in what I have to say here. Please hear all I say and do not misrepresent me. There are two classes of men who speak of the grace of God being able to save them; with one class it is pure, unadulterated cant; and if there is anything in the world I hate more than another it is cant. When a man who knows nothing of the power of the grace of God, a man who does not know what he means when he speaks of the grace of God, a man whose whole life gives the lie to his acceptance of the Bible as a rule of faith and practice,—when such a man holds up his hands when we want him to work in any good movement, and says, "Oh, I am safe, I am trusting to the grace of God," that is pure, unadulterated cant. [Applause.] Infidels tell us that we who profess to be religious use a great deal of cant. I have found more cant among skeptics than I have found among Christians; they are full of it; they are the most bigoted set on the face of the earth; although they talk about bigotry and cant you will find more in the ranks of infidels than in the ranks of those who profess Christianity. Another class, I believe, are sincere; I think they mean what they say.

I am one of those who believe that the grace of God bringeth salvation. I am one of those who believe in the renewing and sanctifying influence of the grace of God on the human heart. I am one of those who believe that man cannot work his way to heaven, because if he could, I do not see how he could join in the song of "Worthy the Lamb," for the Lamb would have nothing to do with his salvation if he worked it out himself. I am one of those who believe that a man may be a reformed liar, a reformed cheat, a reformed drunkard; and in so far as he is reformed in these respects so far good; but he may be no more a reformed man than Judas was when he betrayed the Saviour. The grace of God alone, operating upon his heart by the influence of His Spirit can reform the man. But suppose I go into a cellar and see a man lying on a heap of rotten straw with a bundle of rags for his pillow, naked, hungry, drunken; I go there, if you please, without my Bible, without a tract, without homily, without any intention of offering prayer. I go with a purely human agency,—soap and water. I cleanse him of his filth. And I go with a suit of clothes and I clothe him; a loaf of bread and I feed him; the abstinence principle and I make him sober. I bring him out clean, clothed, fed, and sober. Have not I done a good work? So far as it goes, yes; but these people say: "It does not go far enough to suit us." It goes as far as we ever said our principle would go; but I ask any Christian man, I appeal to any Christian minister, is not that man better prepared to understand and appreciate the truth which he must hear and receive to be saved, than he was down there? And have not I by the mere act of bringing him out of that position done a good work? And may I not pray to God to sanctify these means to a higher end than merely making him sober and putting good clothes upon his back? Can I not look at this movement I advocate in this light? I tell you if I did not, I should lose faith in it; I should lose my courage; I should lose my energy. When I feel sad and dispirited and weary and worn, I think of the temperance movement as the handmaid to Christianity. And then I get nerve and strength to go to battle against this terrific evil with tenfold more vigor.

A gentleman once said to me: "If you are a Christian, you have the grace of God, and that is able to keep you from drunkenness without abstinence. Teetotalism is not necessary if you have the grace of God." Now why will not men look at this evil of drunkenness as produced by a physical agency? It is produced by an effect on the brain and nervous system. I say it is dishonoring the grace of God to use such an argument, as His grace will no more prevent drink from affecting my brain and nervous system if I take it, than it will prevent laudanum from affecting me, if I take that? If I have any grace in my heart it prompts me to pray in the language of the admirable pattern prayer "Lead us not into temptation." If for the trial of my faith and patience, He says that I shall be tempted I have His word for it that I shall not be tempted more than I am able to bear, and that in every case ther will be a way of escape; but if I trust what I think I have got of the grace of God, and walk voluntarily into temptation, I shut myself out of the pale of that promise, and render it amazingly doubtful whether I have got any grace or not. The evidence that I have the grace of God in my heart is when I abstain from all appearance of evil and shrink from it in abhorrence.

I told you when I commenced that I had not time to arrange thoughts and ideas with regard to this matter. I want, if possible, to say something that shall make all these young men and old, minister and layman, feel that there is an amount of degradation in the land and that they are responsible for it. A man is responsible if he does not protest. You hold us in America responsible for slavery unless we hold up our hand against it. Of every man in the North who does not, you say he is sympathizing with slavery; he is a pro-slavery man; there is no half-and-half, it must be either anti-slavery or pro-slavery. So, unless we protest against the cause that produces these fearful effects we are in some degree guilty. But I will say that all our individual efforts are wanted if we are to do anything for the benefit of our fellow men. It is a privilege,—the highest position a man can occupy in this world is to stand as a machine connected with his Maker by a bond of living faith, willing to work and leave the results with Him. Our part is to do all in our power to work, pray, and believe; have faith that is faith; and when we say faith we mean faith, we do not mean what some people call trust.

Allow me to tell a story, although it is an absurd one. I do not know that I can find anything better to express my idea. A minister related it, and so I may. He said: "A great many people's faith is like the old woman's trust. The horse ran away with a wagon in which she was seated and she was in imminent peril. But she was rescued and some one said to her:—

"'Madam, how did you feel when the horse ran away?'

"'Well,' said she, 'I hardly know how I felt; you see, I trusted in Providence at first and when the harness broke, then I gave up.'"

That is it; that is not faith; faith is not dependent on results. Suppose you are sick and see no results? Then you must exercise faith and work on. Faith is walking right into a black cloud, though you see no sign of daylight beyond, though you see no silver lining. Faith is walking to the edge of the precipice and then—stop? No, but setting your foot right into the void, to find solid rock rise up to rest upon and so onward; that is faith. [Applause.] Now let use have faith when we work for Him. Believe that He approves every effort put forth in His name and in His fear. We of ourselves can do nothing. That I became aware of a great many years since. Of myself I can do nothing; my words are simply breath and will affect nothing. I rode last winter across the prairies for about two hours in a railway train, and could see neither hill, nor bush, nor house nor tree; it is like being out of sight of land as they say, only you can see nothing but land—nothing but the land and the sky; and the tall rank heavy grass grows there in such luxuriance as would astonish you. Sometimes there is a fire in the prairies, and those who are acquainted with it know when they see a red glare in the sky that they must watch, and they fight fire with fire. They pull up the grass in a large circle, then they lay it down by the standing grass and set fire to it. The flame blows from them in every direction and by the time the flood of fire comes up they are removed from it. A missionary party was passing across the prairie toward their destination when they halted for a while, and some one cried: "Look, look yonder—see, what is that?"

A trapper shading his eyes with his hand, said: "The prairie is on fire—we are lost, lost! The fire travels twenty miles an hour and nothing will remain of us but our blackened corpses." "Haste, haste," said he, "we must fight fire with fire. Every man, woman, and child of you work, work for your lives! Pull up the grass in a circle larger yet, larger yet. Pull it up, quick! quick! Lay it by the standing grass. I feel the first flush of the heat upon my brow like the hot breath of the simoon; work, work for your lives! within half an hour the fire will be upon us. Bring the fire apparatus."

The apparatus was brought and there were but two matches. They hastily struck one and it failed. The one match left was their last earthly hope. The fire had reached within twenty miles of them. Hush!

Pressing his hand upon his brow the missionary said:

"God help us in this our extremity—help us, if it be Thy will. This is our last hope; our last hope, but in Thee our last human agency."

And reverently bowing and praying, they struck the match. It caught fire. The grass was kindled and the flames went away from them in every direction, and when the waves of fire met the flood of flame, they mingled together and leaped as if in joy to heaven that the noble band had escaped.

Brothers, our instruments in themselves are as feeble as that match. Ere we put forth let us say: "God help us for His great name's sake. Help us, if it be Thy will and we shall yet stand in a circle while the flames rage harmlessly around us and those saved by our agency." Then we say to you, will you look upon this movement as one of the great instrumentalities for elevating the degraded and the debased in this land? Give it your prayerful serious consideration; and may God help you, according to the dictates of a pure conscience and His word!

FREDERIC HARRISON

THE CHOICE OF BOOKS

[Lecture by Frederic Harrison, lawyer and critic (born in London, England, October 18, 1831; ——), delivered before The London Institution for the Diffusion of Knowledge, in 1878.]

It is the fashion for those who have any connection with letters to expatiate on the infinite blessings of literature, and the miraculous achievements of the press: to extol, as a gift above price, the taste for study and the love of reading. Far be it from me to gainsay the inestimable value of good books, or to discourage any man from reading the best; but I often think that we forget that other side to this glorious view of literature—the misuse of books, the debilitating waste of brain in aimless, promiscuous, vapid reading, or even, it may be, in the poisonous inhalation of mere literary garbage and bad men's worst thoughts.

For what can a book be more than the man who wrote it? The brightest genius seldom puts the best of his own soul into his printed page; and some famous men have certainly put the worst of theirs. Yet are all men desirable companions, much less teachers, able to give us advice, even of those who get reputation and command a hearing? To put out of the question that writing which is positively bad, are we not, amidst the multiplicity of books and writers, in continual danger of being drawn off by what is stimulating rather than solid, by curiosity after something accidentally notorious, by what has no intelligible thing to recommend it, except that it is new? Now, to stuff our minds with what is simply trivial, simply curious, or that which at best has but a low nutritive power, this is to close our minds to what is solid and enlarging and spiritually sustaining.

Whether our neglect of the great books comes from our not reading at all, or from an incorrigible habit of reading the little books, it ends in just the same thing. And that thing is ignorance of all the greater literature of the world. To neglect all the abiding parts of knowledge for the sake of the evanescent parts is really to know nothing worth knowing. It is in the end the same, whether we do not use our minds for serious study at all, or whether we exhaust them by an impotent voracity for desultory "information"—a thing as fruitful as whistling. Of the two evils I prefer the former. At least, in that case, the mind is healthy and open. It is not gorged and enfeebled by excess in that which cannot nourish, much less enlarge and beautify our nature.

But there is much more than this. Even to those who resolutely avoid the idleness of reading what is trivial, a difficulty is presented—a difficulty every day increasing by virtue even of our abundance of books. What are the subjects, what are the class of books we are to read, in what order, with what connection, to what ultimate use or object?

Even those who are resolved to read the better books are embarrassed by a field of choice practically boundless. The longest life, the greatest industry, joined to the most powerful memory, would not suffice to make us profit from a hundredth part of the world of books before us. If the great Newton said that he seemed to have been all his life gathering a few shells on the shore, whilst a boundless ocean of truth still lay beyond and unknown to him, how much more to each of us must the sea of literature be a pathless immensity beyond our powers of vision or of reach—an immensity in which industry itself is useless without judgment, method, discipline; where it is of infinite importance what we can learn and remember, and of utterly no importance what we may have once looked at or heard of. Alas! the most of our reading leaves as little mark even in our own education as the foam that gathers round the keel of a passing boat!

For myself, I am inclined to think the most useful help to reading is to know what we should not read, what we can keep out from that small cleared spot in the overgrown jungle of "information," the corner which we can call our ordered patch of fruit-bearing knowledge. The incessant accumulation of fresh books must hinder any real knowledge of the old; for the multiplicity of volumes becomes a bar upon our use of any. In literature especially does it hold—that we cannot see the wood for the trees.

How shall we choose our books? Which are the best, the eternal, indispensable books? To all to whom reading is something more than a refined idleness these questions recur, bringing with them the sense of bewilderment; and a still, small voice within us is forever crying out for some guide across the Slough of Despond of an illimitable and ever-swelling literature. How many a man stands beside it, as uncertain of his pathway as the Pilgrim, when he who dreamed the immortal dream heard him "break out with a lamentable cry; saying, what shall I do?" And this, which comes home to all of us at times, presses hardest upon those who have lost the opportunity of systematic education, who have to educate themselves, or who seek to guide the education of their young people.

Systematic reading is but little in favor even amongst studious men; in a true sense it is hardly possible for women. A comprehensive course of home study, and a guide to books, fit for the highest education of women, is yet a blank page remaining to be filled. Generations of men of culture have labored to organize a system of reading and materials appropriate for the methodical education of men in academic lines. Teaching equal in mental calibre to any that is open to men in universities, yet modified for the needs of those who must study at home, remains in the dim pages of that melancholy volume entitled *"Libri valde desiderati."*

I do not aspire to fill one of those blank pages; but I long to speak a word or two, as the Pilgrim did to Neighbor Pliable, upon the glories that await those who will pass through the narrow wicket-gate. On this, if one can find anything useful to say, it may be chiefly from the memory of the waste labor and pitiful stumbling in the dark which fill up so much of the travail that one is fain to call one's own education. We who have wandered in the wastes so long, and lost so much of our lives in our wandering, may at least offer warnings to younger wayfarers, as men who in thorny paths have borne the heat and burden of the day might give a clue to their journey to those who have yet a morning and a noon. As I look back and think of those cataracts of printed stuff which honest compositors set up, meaning, let us trust, no harm, and which at least found them in daily bread,—printed stuff which I and the rest of us, to our infinitely small profit, have consumed with our eyes, not even making an honest living of it, but much impairing our substance,—I could almost reckon the printing press as amongst the scourges of mankind. I am grown a wiser and a sadder man, importunate, like that Ancient Mariner, to tell each blithe wedding guest the tale of his shipwreck on the infinite sea of printers' ink, as one escaped by mercy and grace from the region where there is water, water, everywhere, and not a drop to drink.

A man of power, who has got more from books than most of his contemporaries, once said: "From a habit of reading, do not mind what you read; the reading of better books will come when you have a habit of reading the inferior." We need not accept this *obiter dictum* of Lord Sherbrooke. A habit of reading idly debilitates and corrupts the mind for all wholesome reading; the habit of reading wisely is one of the most difficult habits to acquire, needing strong resolution and infinite pains; and reading for mere reading's sake, instead of for the sake of the good we gain from reading, is one of the worst and commonest and most unwholesome habits we have.

And so our inimitable humorist has made delightful fun of the solid books,—which no gentleman's library should be without,—the Humes, Gibbons, Adam Smiths, which, he says, are not books at all, and prefers some "kind-hearted play-book," or at times the "Town and County Magazine."

Poor Lamb has not a little to answer for, in the revived relish for garbage unearthed from old theatrical dung-heaps. Be it jest or earnest, I have little patience with the Elia-tic philosophy of the frivolous. Why do we still suffer the traditional hypocrisy about the dignity of literature—literature, I mean, in the gross, which includes about equal parts of what is useful and what is useless? Why are books as books, writers as writers, readers as readers, meritorious, apart from any good in them, or anything that we can get from them? Why do we pride ourselves on our powers of absorbing print, as our grandfathers did on their gifts in imbibing port, when we know that there is a mode of absorbing print, which makes it impossible that we can ever learn anything good out of books?

Our stately Milton said in a passage which is one of the watchwords of the English race, "as good almost kill a Man as kill a good Book." But has he not also said that he would "have a vigilant eye how Bookes demeane themselves, as well as men; and do sharpest justice on them as malefactors"? . . . Yes! they do kill the good book who deliver up their few and precious hours of reading to the trivial book; they make it dead for them; they do what lies in them to destroy "the precious life-blood of a master-spirit, imbalm'd and treasured up on purpose to a life beyond life"; they "spill that season'd life of man preserv'd and stor'd up in Bookes." For in the wilderness of books most men, certainly all busy men, must strictly choose. If they saturate their minds with the idler books, the "good book," which Milton calls "an immortality rather than a lie," is dead to them: it is a book sealed up and buried.

It is most right that in the great republic of letters there should be freedom of intercourse and a spirit of equality. Every reader who holds a book in his hand is free of the inmost minds of men past and present; their lives both within and without the pale of their uttered thoughts are unveiled to him; he needs no introduction to the greatest; he stands on no ceremony with them; he may, if he be so minded, scribble "doggerel" on his Shelley, or he may kick Lord Byron, if he please, into a corner. He hears Burke perorate, and Johnson dogmatize, and Scott tell his border tales, and Wordsworth muse on the hillside, without the leave of any man, or the payment of any toll. In the republic of letters there are no privileged orders or places reserved. Every man who has written a book, even the diligent Mr. Whitaker, is in one sense an author; "a book's a book although there's nothing in't";

and every man who can decipher a penny journal is in one sense a reader. And your "general reader," like the grave-digger in "Hamlet," is hail-fellow with all the mighty dead; he pats the skull of the jester; batters the cheek of lord, lady, or courtier; and uses "imperious Cæsar" to teach boys the Latin declensions.

But this noble equality of all writers—of all writers and of all readers—has a perilous side to it. It is apt to make us indiscriminate in the books we read, and somewhat contemptuous of the mighty men of the past. Men who are most observant as to the friends they make, or the conversation they share, are carelessness itself as to the books to whom they intrust themselves, and the printed language with which they saturate their minds. Yet can any friendship or society be more important to us than that of the books which form so large a part of our minds and even of our characters? Do we in real life take any pleasant fellow to our homes and chat with some agreeable rascal by our firesides, we who will take up any pleasant fellow's printed memoirs, we who delight in the agreeable rascal when he is cut up into pages and bound in calf? If any person given to reading were honestly to keep a register of all the printed stuff that he or she consumes in a year—all the idle tales of which the very names and the story are forgotten in a week, the bookmaker's prattle about nothing at so much a sheet, the fugitive trifling about silly things and empty people, the memoirs of the unmemorable, and lives of those who never really lived at all—of what a mountain of rubbish would it be the catalogue! Exercises for the eye and the memory, as mechanical as if we set ourselves to learn the names, ages, and family histories of every one who lives in our own street, the flirtations of their maiden aunts, and the circumstances surrounding the birth of their grandmother's first baby.

It is impossible to give any method to our reading till we get nerve enough to reject. The most exclusive and careful amongst us will (in literature) take boon companions out of the street, as easily as an idler in a tavern. "I came across such and such a book that I never heard mentioned," says one, "and found it curious, though entirely worthless." "I strayed on a volume by I know not whom, on a subject for which I never cared." And so on. There are curious and worthless creatures enough in any pot-house all day long; and there is incessant talk in omnibus, train, or street by we know not whom, about we care not what. Yet if a printer and a bookseller can be induced to make this gabble as immortal as print and publication can make it, then it straightway is literature, and in due time it becomes "curious."

I have no intention to moralize or to indulge in a homily against the reading of what is deliberately evil. There is not so much need for this now, and I am not discoursing on the whole duty of man. I take that part of our reading which by itself is no doubt harmless, entertaining, and even gently instructive. But of this enormous mass of literature how much deserves to be chosen out, to be preferred to all the great books of the world, to be set apart for those precious hours which are all that the most of us can give to solid reading? The vast proportion of books are books that we shall never be able to read. A serious percentage of books are not worth reading at all. The really vital books for us we also know to be a very trifling portion of the whole. And yet we act as if every book were as good as any other, as if it were merely a question of order which we take up first, as if any book were good enough for us, and as if all were alike honorable, precious, and satisfying. Alas! books cannot be more than the men who write them; and as a fair proportion of the human race now write books, with motives and objects as various as human activity, books, as books, are entitled *a priori*, until their value is proved, to the same attention and respect as houses, steam-engines, pictures, fiddles, bonnets, and other products of human industry.

In the shelves of those libraries which are our pride, libraries public or private, circulating or very stationary, are to be found those great books of the world *rari nantes in gurgite vasto*, those books which are truly "the precious life-blood of a master-spirit." But the very familiarity which their mighty fame has bred in us makes us indifferent; we grow weary of what every one is supposed to have read; and we take down something which looks a little eccentric, some worthless book, on the mere ground that we never heard of it before. Thus the difficulties of literature are in their way as great as those of the world, the obstacles to finding the right friends are as great, the peril is as great of being lost in a Babel of voices and an ever-changing mass of beings.

Books are not wiser than men, the true books are not easier to find than the true men, the bad books or the vulgar books are not less obtrusive and not less ubiquitous than the bad or vulgar men are everywhere; the art of right reading is as long and difficult to learn as the art of right living. Those who are on good terms with the first author they meet, run as much risk as men who surrender their time to the first passer in the street; for to be open to every book is for the most part to gain as little as possible from any. A man aimlessly wandering about in a crowded city is of all men the most lonely; so he who takes up only the books that he "comes across" is pretty certain to meet but few that are worth knowing.

Now this danger is one to which we are specially exposed in this age. Our high-pressure life of emergencies, our whirling industrial organization or disorganization have brought us in this (as in most things) their peculiar difficulties and drawbacks. In almost everything vast opportunities and gigantic means of multiplying our products bring with them new perils and troubles which are often at first neglected. Our huge cities, where wealth is piled up and the requirements and appliances of life extended beyond the dreams of our forefathers, seem to breed in themselves new forms of squalor, disease, blights, or risks to life such as we are yet unable to master. So the enormous multiplicity of modern books is not altogether favorable to the knowing of the best. I listen with mixed satisfaction to the pæans that they chant over the works which issue from the press each day; how the books poured forth from Paternoster Row might in a few years be built into a pyramid that would fill the dome of St. Paul's. How in this mountain of literature am I to find the really useful book? How, when I have found it, and found its value, am I to get others to read it? How am I to keep my head clear in the torrent and din of works, all of which distract my attention, most of which promise me something, whilst so few fulfil that promise? The Nile is the source of the Egyptian's bread, and without it he perishes of hunger. But the Nile may be rather too liberal in his flood, and then the Egyptian runs imminent risk of drowning.

And thus there never was a time, at least during the last two hundred years, when the difficulties in the way of making an efficient use of books were greater than they are to-day, when the obstacles were more real between readers and the right books to read, when it was practically so troublesome to find out that which it is of vital importance to know; and that not by the dearth, but by the plethora of printed matter. For it comes to nearly the same thing whether we are actually debarred by physical imposibility from getting the right book into our hand, or whether we are choked off from the right book by the obtrusive crowd of the wrong books; so that it needs a strong character and a resolute system of reading to keep the head cool in the storm of literature around us. We read nowadays in the market-place—I would rather say in some large steam factory of letter-press, where damp sheets of new print whirl round us perpetually—if it be not rather some noisy book-fair where literary showmen tempt us with performing dolls, and the gongs of rival booths are stunning our ears from morn till night.

Contrast with this pandemonium of Leipsic and Paternoster Row the sublime picture of our Milton in his early retirement at Horton, when, musing over his coming flight to the epic heaven, practising his pinions, as he tells Diodati, he consumed five years of solitude in reading the ancient writers—

> "Et totum rapiunt me, mea vita, libri."

Who now reads the ancient writers? Who systematically reads the great writers, be they ancient or modern, whom the consent of ages has marked out as classics: typical, immortal, peculiar teachers of our race? Alas! the "Paradise Lost" is lost again to us beneath an inundation of graceful academic verse, sugary stanzas of lady-like prettiness, and ceaseless explanations in more or less readable prose of what John Milton meant or did not mean, or what he saw or did not see, who married his great-aunt, and why Adam or Satan is like that, or unlike the other. We read a perfect library about the "Paradise Lost," but the "Paradise Lost" itself we do not read.

I am not presumptuous enough to assert that the larger part of modern literature is not worth reading in itself, that the prose is not readable, entertaining, one may say highly instructive. Nor do I pretend that the verses which we read so zealously in place of Milton's are not good verses. On the contrary, I think them sweetly conceived, as musical and as graceful as the verse of any age in our history. A great deal of our modern literature is such that it is exceedingly difficult to resist it, and it is undeniable that it gives us real information. It seems perhaps unreasonable to many to assert that a decent readable book which gives us actual instruction can be otherwise than a useful companion and a solid gain. Possibly many people are ready to cry out upon me as an obscurantist for venturing to doubt a genial confidence in all literature simply as such. But the question which weighs upon me with such really crushing urgency is this: What are the books that in our little remnant of reading time it is most vital for us to know? For the true use of books is of such sacred value to us that to be simply entertained is to cease to be taught, elevated, inspired by books; merely to gather information of a chance kind is to close the mind to knowledge of the urgent kind.

Every book that we take up without a purpose is an opportunity lost of taking up a book with a purpose—every bit of stray information which we cram into our heads without any sense of its importance, is for the most part a bit of the most useful information driven out of our heads and choked off from our minds.

It is so certain that information, *i. e.*, the knowledge, the stored thoughts and observations of mankind, is now grown to proportions so utterly incalculable and prodigious, that even the learned whose lives are given to study can but pick up some crumbs that fall from the table of truth. They delve and tend but a plot in that vast and teeming kingdom, whilst those whom active life leaves with but a few cramped hours of study can hardly come to know the very vastness of the field before them, or how infinitesimally small is the corner they can traverse at the best. We know all is not of equal value. We know that books differ in value as much as diamonds differ from the sand on the seashore, as much as our living friend differs from a dead rat. We know that much in the myriad-peopled world of books—very much in all kinds—is trivial, enervating, inane, even noxious. And thus, where we have infinite opportunities of wasting our efforts to no end, of fatiguing our minds without enriching them, of clogging the spirit without satisfying it, there, I cannot but think, the very infinity of opportunities is robbing us of the actual power of using them. And thus I come often, in my less hopeful moods, to watch the remorseless cataract of daily literature which thunders over the remnants of the past, as if it were a fresh impediment to the men of our day in the way of systematic knowledge and consistent powers of thought, as if it were destined one day to overwhelm the great inheritance of mankind in prose and verse.

I remember, when I was a very young man at college, that a youth, in no spirit of paradox, but out of plenary conviction, undertook to maintain before a body of serious students, the astounding proposition that the invention of printing had been one of the greatest misfortunes that had ever befallen mankind. He argued that exclusive reliance on printed matter had destroyed the higher method of oral teaching, the dissemination of thought by the spoken word to the attentive ear. He insisted that the formation of a vast literary class looking to the making of books as a means of making money rather than as a social duty, had multiplied books for the sake of the writers rather than for the sake of the readers; that the reliance on books as a cheap and common resource had done much to weaken the powers of memory; that it destroyed the craving for a general culture of taste, and the need of artistic expression in all the surroundings of life. And he argued lastly that the sudden multiplication of all kinds of printed matter had been fatal to the orderly arrangement of thought, and had hindered a system of knowledge and a scheme of education.

I am far from sharing this immature view. Of course I hold the invention of printing to have been one of the most momentous facts in the whole history of man. Without it universal social progress, true democratic enlightenment, and the education of the people would have been impossible, or very slow, even if the cultured few, as is likely, could have advanced the knowledge of mankind without it. We place Gutemberg amonst the small list of the unique and special benefactors of mankind, in the sacred choir of those whose work transformed the conditions of life, whose work, once done, could never be repeated. And no doubt the things which our ardent friend regarded as so fatal a disturbance of society were all inevitable and necessary, part of the great revolution of mind through which men grew out of the mediæval incompleteness to a richer conception of life and of the world.

Yet there is a sense in which this boyish anathema against printing may become true to us by our own fault. We may create for ourselves these very evils. For the art of printing has not been a gift wholly unmixed with evils; it must be used wisely if it is to be a boon to man at all; it entails on us heavy responsibilities, resolution to use it with judgment and self-control, and the will to resist its temptations and its perils. Indeed, we may easily so act that we may make it a clog on the progress of the human mind, a real curse and not a boon. The power of flying at will through space would probably extingiush civilization and society, for it would release us from the wholesome bondage of place and rest. The power of hearing every word that had ever been uttered on this planet would annihilate thought, as the power of knowing all recorded facts by the process of turning a handle would annihilate true science. Our human faculties and our mental forces are not enlarged simply by multiplying our materials of knowledge and our facilities for communication. Telephones, microphones, pantoscopes, steam-presses, and ubiquity-engines in general may, after all, leave the poor human brain panting and throbbing under the strain of its appliances, no bigger and no stronger than the brains of the men who heard Moses speak, and saw Aristotle and Archimedes pondering over a few worn rolls of crabbed manuscript. Until some new Gutemberg or Watt can invent a machine for magnifying the human mind, every fresh apparatus for multiplying its work is a fresh strain on the mind, a new realm for it to order and to rule.

And so, I say it most confidently, the first intellectual task of our age is rightly to order and make serviceable the vast realm of printed material which four centuries have swept across our path. To organize our knowledge, to systematize our reading, to save, out of the relentless cataract of ink, the immortal thoughts of the greatest—this is a necessity, unless the productive ingenuity of man is to lead us at last to a measureless and pathless chaos. To know anything that turns up is, in the infinity of knowledge, to know nothing. To read the first book we come across, in the wilderness of books, is to learn nothing. To turn over the pages of ten thousand volumes is to be practically indifferent to all that is good.

But this warns me that I am entering on a subject which is far too big and solemn. It is plain that to organize our knowledge, even to systematize our reading, to make a working selection of books for general study, really implies a complete scheme of education. A scheme of education ultimately implies a system of philosophy, a view of man's duty and powers as a moral and social being—a religion. Before a problem so great as this, on which readers have such different ideas and wants, and differ so profoundly on the very premises from which we start, before such a problem as a general theory of education, I prefer to pause. I will keep silence even from good words. I have chosen my own part, and adopted my own teacher. But to ask men to adopt the education of Auguste Comte, is almost to ask them to adopt Positivism itself. Nor will I enlarge on the matter for thought, for foreboding, almost for despair, that is presented to us by the fact of our familiar literary ways and our recognized literary profession. That things infinitely trifling in themselves: men, events, societies, phenomena, in no way otherwise more valuable than the myriad other things which flit around us like the sparrows on the housetop, should be glorified, magnified, and perpetuated, set under a literary microscope and focussed in the blaze of a literary magic-lantern—not for what they are in themselves, but solely to amuse and excite the world by showing how it can be done—all this is to me so amazing, so heart-breaking, that I forbear now to treat it, as I cannot say all that I would.

The choice of books is really the choice of our education, of a moral and intellectual ideal, of the whole duty of man. But though I shrink from any so high a theme, a few words are needed to indicate my general point of view in the matter.

In the first place, when we speak about books, let us avoid the extravagance of expecting too much from books, the pedant's habit of extolling books as synonymous with education. Books are no more education than laws are virtue; and just as profligacy is easy within the strict limits of law, a boundless knowledge of books may be found with a narrow education. A man may be, as the poet saith, "deep vers'd in books, and shallow in himself." We need to know in order that we may feel rightly and act wisely. The thirst after truth itself may be pushed to a degree where indulgence enfeebles our sympathies and unnerves us in action. Of all men perhaps the book-lover needs most to be reminded that man's business here is to know for the sake of living; not to live for the sake of knowing. A healthy mode of reading would follow the lines of a sound education. And the first canon of a sound educations is to make it the instrument to perfect the whole nature and character. Its aims are comprehensive, not special; they regard life as a whole, not mental curiosity; they have to give us, not so much materials, as capacities. So that, however moderate and limited the opportunity for education, in its way it should be always more or less symmetrical and balanced, appealing equally in turn to the three grand intellectual elements—imagination, memory, reflection: and so having something to give us in poetry, in history, in science, and in philosophy.

And thus our reading will be sadly one-sided, however voluminous it be, if it entirely close to us any of the great types and ideals which the creative instinct of man has produced, if it shut out from us either the ancient world, or other European poetry, as important almost as our own. When our reading, however deep, runs wholly into "pockets," and exhausts itself in the literature of one age, one country, one type, then we may be sure that it is tending to narrow or deform our minds. And the more it leads us into curious byways and nurtures us into indifference for the beaten highways of the world, the sooner we shall end, if we be not specialists and students by profession, in ceasing to treat our books as the companions and solace of our lifetime, and in using them as the instruments of a refined sort of self-indulgence.

A wise education, and so judicious reading, should leave no great type of thought, no dominant phase of human nature, wholly a blank. Whether our reading be great or small, so far as it goes, it should be general. If our lives admit of but a short space for reading, all the more reason that, so far as may be, it should remind us of the vast expanse of human thought, and the wonderful variety of human nature.

To read, and yet so to read that we see nothing but a corner of literature, the loose fringe, or flats and wastes of letters, and by reading only deepen our natural belief that this island is the hub of the universe, and the nineteenth century the only age worth notice, all this is really to call in the aid of books to thicken and harden our untaught prejudices. Be it imagination, memory, or reflection that we address—that is, in poetry, history, science, or philosophy—our first duty is to aim at knowing something at least of the best, at getting some definite idea of the mighty realm whose outer rim we are permitted to approach.

But how are we to know the best; how are we to gain this definite idea of the vast world of letters? There are some who appear to suppose that the "best" are known only to experts in an esoteric way, who may reveal to inquirers what schoolboys and betting-men describe as "tips." There are no "tips" in literature; the "best" authors are never dark horses; we need no "crammers" and "coaches" to thrust us into the presence of the great writers of all time. "Crammers" will only lead us wrong. It is a thing far easier and more common than many imagine, to discover the best. It needs no research, no learning, and is only misguided by recondite information. The world has long ago closed the great assize of letters, and judged the first places everywhere. In such a matter the judgment of the world, guided and informed by a long succession of accomplished critics, is almost unerring. When some Zoilus finds blemishes in Homer, and prefers, it may be, the work of some Apollonius of his own discovering, we only laugh. There may be doubts about the third and the fourth rank; but the first and the second are hardly open to discussion.

The gates which lead to the Elysian fields may slowly wheel back on their adamantine hinges to admit now and then some new and chosen modern. But the company of the masters of those who know, and in especial degree of the great poets, is a roll long closed and complete, and they who are of it hold ever peaceful converse together. Hence we may find it a useful maxim that, if our reading be utterly closed to the great poems of the world, there is something amiss with our reading. If you find Milton, Dante, Calderon, Goethe, so much "Hebrew-Greek" to you; if your Homer and Virgil, your Molière and Scott, rest year after year undisturbed on their shelves beside your school trigonometry and your old college textbooks; if you have never opened the "Cid," the "Nibelungen," "Crusoe," and "Don Quixote," since you were a boy, and are wont to leave the Bible and the Imitation for some wet Sunday afternoon—know, friend, that your reading can do you little real good. Your mental digestion is ruined or sadly out of order.

No doubt, to thousands of intelligent educated men who call themselves readers, the reading through a Canto of "The Purgatorio," or a Book of the "Paradise Lost," is a task as irksome as it would be to decipher an ill-written manuscript in a language that is almost forgotten. But, although we are not to be always reading epics, and are chiefly in the mood for slighter things, to be absolutely unable to read Milton or Dante with enjoyment, is to be in a very bad way. Aristophanes, Theocritus, Boccaccio, Cervantes, Molière are often as light as the driven foam; but they are not light enough for the general reader. Their humor is too bright and lovely for the groundlings. They are, alas! "classics," somewhat apart from our everyday ways; they are not banal enough for us; and so for us they slumber "unknown in a long night," just because they are immortal poets, and are not scribblers of to-day.

When will men understand that the reading of great books is a faculty to be acquired, not a natural gift, at least not to those who are spoiled by our current education and habits of life? *Ceci tuera cela,* the last great poet might have said of the first circulating library. An insatiable appetite for new novels makes it as hard to read a masterpiece as it seems to a Parisian boulevardier to live in a quiet country. Until a man can truly enjoy a draft of clear water bubbling from a mountain side, his taste is in an unwholesome state.

And so he who finds the Heliconian spring insipid should look to the state of his nerves. Putting aside the iced air of the difficult mountain tops of epic, tragedy, or psalm, there are some simple pieces which may serve as an unerring test of a healthy or a vicious taste for imaginative work. If the "Cid," the "Vita Nuova," the "Canterbury Tales," Shakespeare's "Sonnets," and "Lycidas" pall on a man; if he care not for Malory's "Morte d'Arthur" and the "Red Cross Knight"; if he thinks "Crusoe" and the "Vicar" books for the young; if he thrill not with "The Ode to the West Wind," and "The Ode to a Grecian Urn"; if he have no stomach for "Christabel" or the lines written on "The Wye above Tintern Abbey," he should fall on his knees and pray for a cleanlier and quieter spirit.

The intellectual system of most of us in these days needs "to purge and to live cleanly." Only by a course of treatment shall we bring our minds to feel at peace with the grand pure works of the world. Something we ought all to know of the masterpieces of antiquity, and of the other nations of Europe. To understand a great national poet, such as Dante, Calderon, Corneille, or Goethe, is to know other types of human cilivization in ways which a library of histories does not sufficiently teach. The great masterpieces of the world are thus, quite apart from the charm and solace they give us, the master instruments of a solid education.

WILLIAM HAZLITT

THE LIVING POETS

[Lecture by William Hazlitt, essayist (born in Mitre Lane, Maidstone, England, April 10, 1778; died in London, September 18, 1830), delivered at the Surrey Institution in 1818: the last of his series of lectures upon "The English Poets." Hazlitt's criticism of contemporary men and manners was frank and fearless; and this lecture, treating as it did of many of his personal friends, created a sensation in the London literary world of his day.]

Ladies and Gentlemen:—Genius is the heir of fame; but the hard condition on which the bright reversion must be earned is the loss of life. Fame is the recompense not of the living, but of the dead. The temple of fame stands upon the grave: the flame that burns upon its altars is kindled from the ashes of great men. Fame itself is immortal, but it is not begot till the breath of genius is extinguished. For fame is not popularity, the shout of the multitude, the idle buzz of fashion, the venal puff, the soothing flattery of favor or of friendship; but it is the spirit of a man surviving himself in the minds and thoughts of other men, undying and imperishable. It is the power which the intellect exercises over the intellect, and the lasting homage which is paid to it as such, independently of time and circumstances, purified from partiality and evil-speaking. Fame is the sound which the stream of high thoughts, carried down to future ages, makes as it flows: deep, distant, murmuring evermore like the waters of the mighty ocean. He who has ears truly touched to this music, is in a manner deaf to the voice of popularity. The love of fame differs from mere vanity in this, that the one is immediate and personal, the other ideal and abstracted. It is not the direct and gross homage paid to himself that the lover of true fame seeks or is proud of, but the indirect and pure homage paid to the eternal forms of truth and beauty as they are reflected in his mind that gives him confidence and hope. The love of nature is the first thing in the mind of the true poet: the admiration of himself, the last. A man of genius cannot well be a coxcomb; for his mind is too full of other things to be much occupied with his own person. He who is conscious of great powers in himself, has also a high standard of excellence with which to compare his efforts: he appeals also to a test and judge of merit, which is the highest, but which is too remote, grave, and impartial, to flatter his self-love extravagantly, or puff him up with intolerable and vain conceit.

This, indeed, is one test of genius and of real greatness of mind, whether a man can wait patiently and calmly for the award of posterity, satisfied with the unwearied exercise of his faculties, retired within the sanctuary of his own thoughts; or whether he is eager to forestall his own immortality, and mortgage it for a newspaper puff. He who thinks much of himself, will be in danger of being forgotten by the rest of the world: he who is always trying to lay violent hands on reputation, will not secure the best and most lasting. If the restless candidate for praise takes no pleasure, no sincere and heartfelt delight, in his works, but as they are admired and applauded by others, what should others see in them to admire or applaud? They cannot be expected to admire them because they are his, but for the truth and nature contained in them, which must first be inwardly felt and copied with severe delight, from the love of truth and nature, before it can ever appear there. Was Raphael, think you, when he painted his pictures of the Virgin and Child in all their inconceivable truth and beauty of expression, thinking most of his subject or of himself? Do you suppose that Titian, when he painted a landscape, was pluming himself on being thought the finest colorist in the world, or making himself so by looking at nature? Do you imagine that Shakespeare, when he wrote "Lear" or "Othello," was thinking of anything but "Lear" and "Othello"? Or that Mr. Kean, when he plays these characters, is thinking of the audience? No: he who would be great in the eyes of others, must first learn to be nothing in his own. The love of fame, as it enters at times into his mind, is only another name for the love of excellence; or it is the ambition to attain the highest excellence, sanctioned by the highest authority,—that of time.

Those minds, then, which are the most entitled to expect it, can best put up with the postponement of their claims to lasting fame. They can afford to wait. They are not afraid that truth and nature will ever wear out, will lose their gloss with novelty or their effect with fashion. If their works have the seeds of immortality in them, they will live; if they have not, they care little about them as theirs. They do not complain of the start which others have got of them in the race of everlasting renown, or of the impossibility of attaining the honors which time alone can give, during the term of their natural lives. They know that no applause, however loud and violent, can anticipate or overrule the judgment of posterity; that the opinion of no one individual, nor of any one generation, can have the weight, the authority (to say nothing of the force of sympathy and prejudice), which must belong to that of successive generations. The brightest living reputation cannot be equally imposing to the imagination, with that which is covered and rendered venerable with the hoar of innumerable ages. No modern production can have the same atmosphere of sentiment around it as the remains of classical antiquity. But then our moderns may console themselves with the reflection, that they will be old in their turn, and will either be remembered with still increasing honors, or quite forgotten!

I would speak of the living poets as I have spoken of the dead (for I think highly of many of them); but I cannot speak of them with the same reverence, because I do not feel it; with the same confidence, because I cannot have the same authority to sanction my opinion. I cannot be absolutely certain that anybody, twenty years hence, will think anything about any of them; but we may be pretty sure that Milton and Shakespeare will be remembered twenty years hence. We are, therefore, not without excuse if we husband our enthusiasm a little, and do not prematurely lay out our whole stock in untried ventures, and what may turn out to be false bottoms. I have myself outlived one generation of favorite poets—the Darwins, the Hayleys, the Sewards. Who reads them now? If, however, I have not the verdict of posterity to bear me out in bestowing the most unqualified praises on their immediate successors, it is also to be remembered that neither does it warrant me in condemning them. Indeed, it was not my wish to go into this ungrateful part of the subject; but something of the sort is expected from me, and I must run the gantlet as well as I can.

Another circumstance that adds to the difficulty of doing justice to all parties is, that I happen to have a personal acquaintance with some of these jealous votaries of the Muses; and that is not the likeliest way to imbibe a high opinion of the rest. Poets do not praise one another in the language of hyperbole. I am afraid, therefore, that I labor under a degree of prejudice against some of the most popular poets of the day, from an early habit of deference to the critical opinions of some of the least popular. I cannot say that I ever learnt much about Shakespeare or Milton, Spenser or Chaucer, from these professed guides; for I never heard them say much about them. They were always talking of themselves and one another. Nor am I certain that this sort of personal intercourse with living authors, while it takes away all real relish or freedom of opinion with regard to their contemporaries, greatly enhances our respect for themselves. Poets are not ideal beings; but have their prose-sides, like the commonest of the people. We often hear persons say, What they would have given to have seen Shakespeare! For my part, I would have given a great deal not to have seen him; at least, if he was at all like anybody else that I have ever seen. But why should he be? for his works are not! This is, doubtless, one great advantage which the dead have over the living. It is always fortunate for ourselves and others when we are prevented from exchanging admiration for knowledge. The splendid vision that in youth haunts our idea of the poetical character, fades upon acquaintance into the light of common day; as the azure tints that deck the mountain's brow are lost on a nearer approach to them. It is well, according to the moral of one of the Lyrical Ballads, "to leave Yarrow unvisited." But to leave this "face-making," and begin.

I am a great admirer of the female writers of the present day; they appear to me like so many modern Muses. I could be in love with Mrs. Inchbald, romantic with Mrs. Radcliffe, and sarcastic with Madame D'Arblay: but they are novel-writers, and, like Audrey, may "thank the Gods for not having made them poetical." Did any persons here ever read "Mrs. Leicester's School"? If they have not, I wish they would; there will be just time before the next three volumes of the "Tales of My Landlord" come out. That is not a school of affectation, but of humanity. No one can think too highly of the work, or highly enough of the author.

The first poetess I can recollect is Mrs. Barbauld, with whose works I became acquainted before those of any other author, male or female, when I was learning to spell words of one syllable in her story-books for children. I became acquainted with her poetical works long after in "Enfield's Speaker," and remember being much divided in my opinion at that time between her "Ode to Spring" and Collin's "Ode to Evening." I wish I could repay my childish debt of gratitude in terms of appropriate praise. She is a very pretty poetess; and, to my fancy, strews the flowers of poetry most agreeably round the borders of religious controversy. She is a neat and pointed prose writer. Her "Thoughts On the Inconsistency of Human Expectations," is one of the most ingenious and sensible essays in the language. There is the same idea in one of "Barrows Sermons."

Mrs. Hannah More is another celebrated modern poetess, and I believe still living. She has written a great deal which I have never read.

Miss Baillie must make up this trio of female poets. Her tragedies and comedies, one of each to illustrate each of the passions separately from the rest, are heresies in the dramatic art. She is a Unitarian in poetry. With her the passions are, like the French Republic, one and indivisible: they are not so in nature, or in Shakespeare. Mr. Southey has, I believe, somewhere expressed an opinion, that the "Basil" of Miss Baillie is superior to "Romeo and Juliet." I shall not stay to contradict him. On the other hand, I prefer her "De Montfort," which was condemned on the stage, to some later tragedies, which have been more fortunate,—to the "Remorse," "Bertram," and, lastly, "Fazio." There is in the chief character of that play a nerve, a continued unity of interest, a setness of purpose and precision of outline which John Kemble alone was capable of giving; and there is all the grace which women have in writing. In saying that "De Montfort" was a character which just suited Mr. Kemble, I mean to pay a compliment to both. He was not "a man of no mark or likelihood"; and what he could be supposed to do particularly well, must have a meaning in it. As to the other tragedies just mentioned, there is no reason why any common actor should not "make mouths in them at the invisible event,"—one as well as another. Having thus expressed my sense of the merits of this authoress, I must add, that her comedy of the "Election," performed last summer (1817) at the Lyceum with indifferent success, appears to me the perfection of baby-house theatricals. Everything in it has such a do-me-good air—is so insipid and amiable. Virtue seems such a pretty playing at make-believe, and vice is such a naughty word. It is a theory of some French author, that little girls ought not to be suffered to have dolls to play with, to call them "pretty dears," to admire their black eyes and cherry cheeks, to lament and bewail over them if they fall down and hurt their faces, to praise them when they are good, and scold them when they are naughty. It is a school of affectation: Miss Baillie has profited of it. She treats her grown men and women as little girls treat their dolls, makes moral puppets of them, pulls the wires, and they talk virtue and act vice, according to their cue and the title prefixed to each comedy or tragedy, not from any real passions of their own, or love either of virtue or vice.

The transition from these to Mr. Rogers's "Pleasures of Memory" is not far: he is a very lady-like poet. He is an elegant, but feeble writer. He wraps up obvious thoughts in a glittering cover of fine words, is full of enigmas with no meaning to them, is studiously inverted and scrupulously far-fetched; and his verses are poetry, chiefly because no particle, line, or syllable of them reads like prose. He differs from Milton in this respect, who is accused of having inserted a number of prosiac lines in "Paradise Lost." This kind of poetry, which is a more minute and inoffensive species of the Della Cruscan, is like a game of asking what one's thoughts are like. It is a tortuous, tottering, wriggling, fidgety translation of everything from the vulgar tongue, into all the tantalizing, teasing, tripping, lisping *mimminee-pimminee* of the highest brilliancy and fashion of poetical diction. You have nothing like truth of nature or simplicity of expression. The fastidious and languid reader is never shocked by meeting, from the rarest chance in the world, with a single homely phrase or intelligible idea. You cannot see the thought for the ambiguity of the language, the figure for the finery, the picture for the varnish. The whole is refined, and frittered away into an appearance of the most evanescent brilliancy and tremulous imbecility. There is no other fault to be found with the "Pleasures of Memory" than a want of taste and genius. The sentiments are amiable, and the notes at the end highly interesting, particularly the one relating to the "Countess's Pillar" (as it is called) between Appleby and Penrith, erected (as the inscription tells the thoughtful traveler) by Anne, Countess of Pembroke, in the year 1648, in memory of her last parting with her good and pious mother in the same place in the year 1616—

> "To shew that power of love, how great
> Beyond all human estimate."

This story is also told in the poem, but with so many artful innuendoes and tinsel words, that it is hardly intelligible; and still less does it reach the heart.

Campbell's "Pleasures of Hope" is of the same school: in which a painful attention is paid to the expression in proportion as there is little to express, and the decomposition of prose is substituted for the composition of poetry. How much the sense and keeping in the ideas are sacrificed to a jingle of words and epigrammatic turn of expression, may be seen in such lines as the following:

One of the characters, an old invalid, wishes to end his days under

> " Some hamlet shade, to yield his sickly form
> Health in the breeze, and shelter in the storm."

Now the antithesis here totally fails: for it is the breeze, and not the tree or, as it is quaintly expressed, " hamlet shade " that affords health, though it is the tree that affords shelter in or from the storm. Instances of the same sort of *curiosa infelicitas* are not rare in this author. His verses on the " Battle of Hohenlinden " have considerable spirit and animation. His " Gertrude of Wyoming " is his principal performance. It is a kind of historical paraphrase of Mr. Wordsworth's poem of " Ruth." It shows little power, or power enervated by extreme fastidiousness. It is

> " —— Of outward show
> Elaborate: of inward less exact."

There are painters who trust more to the setting of their pictures than to the truth of the likeness. Mr. Campbell always seems to me to be thinking how his poetry will look when it comes to be hot-pressed on superfine wove paper, to have a disproportionate eye to points and commas, and dread of errors of the press. He is so afraid of doing wrong, of making the smallest mistake, that he does little or nothing. Lest he should wander irretrievably from the right path, he stands still. He writes according to established etiquette. He offers the Muses no violence. If he lights upon a good thought, he immediately drops it for fear of spoiling a good thing. When he launches a sentiment that you think will float him triumphantly for once to the bottom of the stanza, he stops short at the end of the first or second line, and stands shivering on the brink of beauty, afraid to trust himself to the fathomless abyss. *Tutus nimium, timidusque procellæ.* His very circumspection betrays him. The poet, as well as the woman, that deliberates is undone. He is much like a man whose heart fails him just as he is going up in a balloon, and who breaks his neck by flinging himself out of it when it is too late. Mr. Campbell too often maims and mangles his ideas before they are full formed, to fit them to the Procrustes' bed of criticism, or strangles his intellectual offspring in the birth, lest they should come to an untimely end in the "Edinburgh Review." He plays the hypercritic on himself, and starves his genius to death from a needless apprehension of a plethora. No writer who thinks habitually of the critics, either to tremble at their censures or set them at defiance, can write well. It is the business of reviewers to watch poets, not of poets to watch reviewers. There is one admirable simile in this poem of the European child brought by the sooty Indian in his hand, "like morning brought by night." The love scenes in "Gertrude of Wyoming" breathe a balmy voluptuousness of sentiment; but they are generally broken off in the middle: they are like the scent of a bank of violets, faint and rich, which the gale suddenly conveys in a different direction. Mr. Campbell is careful of his own reputation, and economical of the pleasure of his readers. He treats them as the fox in the fable treated his guest, the stork; or, to use his own expression, his fine things are

> "Like angels' visits, few, and far between."

There is another fault in this poem, which is the mechanical structure of the fable. The most striking events occur in the shape of antitheses. The story is cut into the form of a parallelogram. There is the same systematic alteration of good and evil, of violence and repose, that there is of light and shade in a picture. The Indian, who is the chief agent in the interest of the poem, vanishes and returns after long intervals, like the periodical revolutions of the planets. He unexpectedly appears just in the nick of time, after years of absence, and without any known reason but the convenience of the author and the astonishment of the reader: as if nature were a machine constructed on a principle of complete contrast, to produce a theatrical effect. *Nec Deus intersit, nisi dignus vindice nodus.* Mr. Campbell's savage never appears but upon great occasions, and then his punctuality is preternatural and alarming. He is the most wonderful instance on record of poetical reliability. The most dreadful mischiefs happen at the most mortifying moments; and when your expectations are wound up to the highest pitch, you are sure to have them knocked on the head by a premeditated and remorseless stroke of the poet's pen. This is done so often for the convenience of the author, that in the end it ceases to be for the satisfaction of the reader.

Tom Moore is a poet of a quite different stamp. He is as heedless, gay, and prodigal of his poetical wealth, as the other is careful, reserved, and parsimonious. The genius of both is national. Mr. Moore's "Muse" is another Ariel, as light, as tricksy, as indefatigable, and as humane a spirit. His fancy is forever on the wing, flutters in the gale, glitters in the sun. Everything lives, moves, and sparkles in his poetry, while over all love waves his purple light. His thoughts are as restless, as many, and as bright as the insects that people the sun's beam. "So work the honey bees," extracting liquid sweets from opening buds; so the butterfly expands its wings to the idle air; so the thistle's silver down is wafted over summer seas. An airy voyager on life's stream, his mind inhales the fragrance of a thousand shores, and drinks of endless pleasures under halcyon skies. Wherever his footsteps tend over the enameled ground of fairy fiction—

> "Around him the bees in play flutter and cluster,
> And gaudy butterflies frolic around."

The fault of Mr. Moore is an exuberance of involuntary power. His faculty of production lessens the effect of, and hangs as a dead weight upon, what he produces. His levity at last oppresses. The infinite delight he takes in such an infinite number of things, creates indifference in minds less susceptible of pleasure than his own. He exhausts attention by being inexhaustible. His variety cloys; his rapidity dazzles and distracts the sight. The graceful ease with which he lends himself to every subject, the genial spirit with which he indulges in every sentiment, prevents him from giving their full force to the masses of things, from connecting them into a whole. He wants intensity, strength, and grandeur. His mind does not brood over the great and permanent; it glances over the surfaces, the first impressions of things, instead of grappling with the deep-rooted prejudices of the mind, its inveterate habits, and that "perilous stuff that weighs upon the heart." His pen, as it is rapid and fanciful, wants momentum and passion. It requires the same principle to make us thoroughly like poetry, that makes us like ourselves so well, the feeling of continued identity. The impressions of Mr. Moore's poetry are detached, desultory, and physical. Its gorgeous colors brighten and fade like the rainbow's. Its sweetness evaporates like the effluvia exhaled from beds of flowers! His gay, laughing style, which relates to the immediate pleasures of love or wine, is better than his sentimental and romantic vein. His Irish melodies are not free from affectation and a certain sickliness of pretension. His serious descriptions are apt to run into flowery tenderness. His pathos sometimes melts into a mawkish sensibility, or crystallizes into all the prettinesses of allegorical language, and glittering hardness of external imagery. But he has wit at will, and of the first quality. His satirical and burlesque poetry is his best: it is first-rate. His "Two-penny Post-Bag" is a perfect "nest of spicery," where the Cayenne is not spared. The politician there sharpens the poet's pen. In this, too, our bard resembles the bee: he has its honey and its sting.

Mr. Moore ought not to have written "Lalla Rookh," even for three thousand guineas. His fame is worth more than that. He should have minded the advice of Fadladeen. It is not, however, a failure, so much as an evasion and a consequent disappointment of public expectation. He should have left it to others to break conventions with nations, and faith with the world. He should, at any rate, have kept his with the public. "Lalla Rookh" is not what people wanted to see whether Mr. Moore could do; namely, whether he could write a long epic poem. It is four short tales. The interest, however, is often high-wrought and tragic, but the execution still turns to the effeminate and voluptuous side. Fortitude of mind is the first requisite of a tragic or epic writer. Happiness of nature and felicity of genius are the preëminent characteristics of the bard of Erin. If he is not perfectly contented with what he is, all the world beside is. He had no temptation to risk anything in adding to the love and admiration of his age, and more than one country:—

> "Therefore to be possessed with double pomp,
> To guard a title that was rich before,
> To gild refined gold, to paint the lily,
> To throw a perfume on the violet,
> To smooth the ice, or add another hue
> Unto the rainbow, or with taper-light
> To seek the beauteous eye of heav'n to garnish,
> Is wasteful and ridiculous excess."

The same might be said of Mr. Moore's seeking to bind an epic crown, or the shadow of one, round his other laurels.

If Mr. Moore has not suffered enough personally, Lord Byron (judging from the tone of his writings) might be thought to have suffered too much to be a truly great poet. If Mr. Moore lays himself too open to all the various impulses of things, the outward shows of earth and sky, to every breath that blows, to every stray sentiment that crosses his fancy—Lord Byron shuts himself up too much in the impenetrable gloom of his own thoughts, and buries the natural light of things in "nook monastic." The "Giaour," the "Corsair," "Childe Harold," are all the same person, and they are apparently all himself. The everlasting repetition of one subject, the same dark ground of fiction, with the darker colors of the poet's mind spread over it, the unceasing accumulation of horrors on horror's head, steels the mind against the sense of pain, as inevitably as the unwearied Siren sounds and luxurious monotony of Mr. Moore's poetry makes it inaccessable to pleasure. Lord Byron's poetry is as morbid as Mr. Moore's is careless and dissipated. He has more depth of passion, more force and impetuosity, but the passion is always of the same unaccountable character, at once violent and sullen, fierce and gloomy. It is not the passion of a mind struggling with misfortune, or the hopelessness of its desires, but of a mind preying upon itself, and disgusted with, or indifferent to, all other things. There is nothing less poetical than this sort of unaccommodating selfishness. There is nothing more repulsive than this sort of ideal absorption of all the interests of others, of the good and ills of life, in the ruling passion and moody abstraction of a single mind, as if it would make itself the centre of the universe, and there was nothing worth cherishing but its intellectual diseases. It is like a cancer eating into the heart of poetry. But still there is power; and power rivets attention and forces admiration. "He hath a demon": and that is the next thing to being full of the God. His brow collects the scattered gloom: his eye flashes livid fire that withers and consumes. But still we watch the progress of the scathing bolt with interest, and mark the ruin it leaves behind with awe. Within the contracted range of his imagination, he has great unity and truth of keeping. He chooses elements and agents congenial to his mind, the dark and glittering ocean, the frail bark hurrying before the storm, pirates and men that "house on the wild sea with wild usages." He gives the tumultuous eagerness of action and the fixed despair of thought. In vigor of style and force of conception, he in one sense surpasses every writer of the present day. His indignant apothegms are like oracles of misanthropy. He who wishes for a "curse to kill with," may find it in Lord Byron's writings. Yet he has beauty lurking underneath his strength, tenderness sometimes joined with the frenzy of despair. A flash of golden light sometimes follows from a stroke of his pencil, like a falling meteor. The flowers that adorn his poetry bloom over charnel-houses and the grave!

There is one subject on which Lord Byron is fond of writing on which I wish he would not write—Bonaparte. Not that I quarrel with his writing for him, or against him, but with his writing both for him and against him. What right has he to do this? Bonaparte's character, be it what else it may, does not change every hour according to his Lordship's varying humor. He is not a pipe for fortune's finger, or for his Lordship's Muse, to play what stop she pleases on. Why should Lord Byron now laud him to the skies in the hour of his success, and then peevishly wreak his disappointment on the God of his idolatry? The man he writes of does not rise or fall with circumstances, but looks on tempests and is never shaken." Besides, he is a subject for history, and not for poetry:—

> "Great princes' favourites their fair leaves spread,
> But as the marigold at the sun's eye,
> And in themselves their pride lies buried;
> For at a frown they in their glory die.
> The painful warrior, famoused for fight,
> After a thousand victories once foil'd,
> Is from the book of honour razed quite,
> And all the rest forgot for which he toil'd."

If Lord Byron will write anything more on this hazardous theme, let him take these lines of Shakespeare for his guide, and finish them in the spirit of the original: they will then be worthy of the subject.

Walter Scott is the most popular of all the poets of the present day, and deservedly so. He describes that which is most easily and generally understood with more vivacity and effect than anybody else. He has no excellences, either of a lofty or recondite kind, which lie beyond the reach of the most ordinary capacity to find out; but he has all the good qualities which all the world agree to understand. His style is clear, flowing, and transparent: his sentiments, of which his style is an easy and natural medium, are common to him with his readers. He has none of Mr. Wordsworth's idiosyncracy. He differs from his readers only in a greater range of knowledge and facility of expression. His poetry belongs to the class of *improvisatore* poetry. It has neither depth, height, nor breadth in it; neither uncommon strength, nor uncommon refinement of thought, sentiment, or language. It has no originality. But if this author has no research, no moving power in his own breast, he relies with the greater safety and success on the force of his subject. He selects a story such as is sure to please, full of incidents, characters, peculiar manners, costume, and scenery: and he tells it in a way that can offend no one. He never wearies or disappoints you. He is communicative and garrulous; but he is not his own hero. He never obtrudes himself on your notice to prevent your seeing the subject. What passes in the poem, passes much as it would have done in reality. The author has little or nothing to do with it.

Mr. Scott has great intuitive power of fancy, great vividness of pencil in placing external objects and events befor the eye. The force of his mind is picturesque, rather than moral. He gives more of the features of nature than the soul of passion. He conveys the distinct outlines and visible changes in outward subjects, rather than "their moral consequences." He is very inferior to Lord Byron in intense passion, to Moore in delightful fancy, to Mr. Wordsworth in profound sentiment; but he has more picturesque power than any of them; that is, he places the objects themselves, about which they might feel and think, in a much more striking point of view, with greater variety of dress and attitude, and with more local truth of coloring.

His imagery is Gothic and grotesque. The manners and actions have the interest and curiosity belonging to a wild country and a distant period of time. Few descriptions have a more complete reality, a more striking appearance of life and motion, than that of the warriors in the "Lady of the Lake," who start up at the command of Rhoderic Dhu from their concealment under the fern, and disappear again in an instant. The "Lay of the Last Minstrel" and "Marmion" are the first, and perhaps the best of his works. The Goblin Page in the first of these is a very interesting and inscrutable little personage. In reading these poems, I confess I am a little disconcerted, in turning over the page, to find Mr. Westall's pictures, which always seem facsimiles of the persons represented, with ancient costume and a theatrical air. This may be a compliment to Mr. Westall, but it is not one to Walter Scott. The truth is, there is a modern air in the midst of the antiquarian research of Mr. Scott's poetry. It is history or tradition in masquerade. Not only the crust of old words and images is worn off with time,—the substance is grown comparatively light and worthless. The forms are old and uncouth; but the spirit is effeminate and frivolous. This is a deduction from the praise I have given to his pencil for extreme fidelity, though it has been no obstacle to its drawing-room success. He has just hit the town between the romantic and the fashionable, and between the two secured all classes of readers on his side. In a word, I conceive that he is to the great poet what an excellent mimic is to a great actor. There is no determinate impression left on the mind by reading his poetry. It has no results. The reader rises up from the perusal with new images and associations, but he remains the same man that he was before. A great mind is one that molds the minds of others. Mr. Scott has put the Border Minstrelsy and scattered traditions of the country into easy, animated verse. But the Notes to his poems are just as entertaining as the poems themselves, and his poems are only entertaining.

Mr. Wordsworth is the most original poet now living. He is the reverse of Walter Scott in his defects and excellences. He has nearly all that the other wants, and wants all that the other possesses. His poetry is not external, but internal; it does not depend upon tradition, or story, or old song; he furnishes it from his own mind, and is his own subject. He is the poet of mere sentiment. Of many of the "Lyrical Ballads," it is not possible to speak in terms of too high praise, such as "Hart-leap Well," the "Banks of the Wye," "Poor Susan," parts of the "Leech-gatherer," the "Lines to a Cuckoo," "To a Daisy," "The Complaint," several of the "Sonnets," and a hundred others of inconceivable beauty, or perfect originality and pathos. They open a finer and deeper vein of thought and feeling than any poet in modern times has done, or attempted. He has produced a deeper impression, and on a smaller circle, than any other of his contemporaries. His powers have been mistaken by the age, nor does he exactly understand them himself. He cannot form a whole. He has not the constructive faculty. He can give only the fine tones of thought, drawn from his mind by accident, or nature, like the sounds drawn from the Æolian harp by the wandering gale. He is totally deficient in all the machinery of poetry. His "Excursion," taken as a whole, notwithstanding the noble materials thrown away in it, is a proof of this. The line labors, the sentiment moves slow; but the poem stands stock-still. The reader makes no way from the first line to the last. It is more than anything in the world like Robinson Crusoe's boat, which would have been an excellent good boat, and would have carried him to the other side of the globe, but that he could not get it out of the sand where it stuck fast. I did what little I could to help launch it at the time, but it would not do. I am not, however, one of those who laugh at the attempts or failures of men of genius. It is not my way to cry, "Long life to the conqueror!" Success and desert are not with me synonymous terms; and the less Mr. Wordsworth's general merits have been understood, the more necessary is it to insist upon them. This is not the place to repeat what I have already said on the subject. The reader may turn to it in the "Round Table." I do not think, however, there is anything in the larger poem equal to many of the detached pieces in the "Lyrical Ballads."

Mr. Wordsworth is at the head of that which has been denominated the Lake school of poetry; a school which, with all my respect for it, I do not think sacred from criticism or exempt from faults, of some of which faults I shall speak with becoming frankness; for I do not see that the liberty of the press ought to be shackled, or freedom of speech curtailed, to screen either its revolutionary or renegade extravagances. This school of poetry had its origin in the French Revolution, or rather in those sentiments and opinions which produced that revolution; and which sentiments and opinions were directly imported into this country in translations from the German about that period. Our poetical literature had, towards the close of the last century, degenerated into the most trite, insipid and mechanical of all things, in the hands of the followers of Pope and the old French school of poetry. It wanted something to stir it up, and it found that something in the principles and events of the French Revolution. From the impulse it thus received, it rose at once from the most servile imitation and tamest commonplace, to the utmost pitch of singularity and paradox. The change in the belles-lettres was as complete, and to many persons as startling, as the change in politics, with which it went hand in hand. There was a mighty ferment in the heads of statesmen and poets, kings and people. According to the prevailing notions, all was to be natural and new. Nothing that was established was to be tolerated. All the commonplace figures of poetry, tropes, allegories, personifications, with the whole heathen mythology, were instantly discarded; a classical allusion was considered as a piece of antiquated foppery; capital letters were no more allowed in print, than letters-patent of nobility were permitted in real life; kings and queens were dethroned from their rank and station in legitimate tragedy or epic poetry, as they were decapitated elsewhere; rhyme was looked upon as a relic of the feudal system, and regular metre was abolished along with regular government. Authority and fashion, elegance or arrangement, were hooted out of countenance as pedantry and prejudice. Every one did that which was good in his own eyes. The object was to reduce all things to an absolute level; and a singularly affected and outrageous simplicity prevailed in dress and manners, in style and sentiment. A striking effect produced where it was least expected, something new and original, no matter whether good, bad, or indifferent, whether mean or lofty, extravagant or childish, was all that was aimed at, or considered as compatible with sound philosophy and an age of reason. The licentiousness grew extreme: "Coryate's Crudities" were nothing to it. The world was to be turned topsy-turvy; and poetry, by the good will of Adam-wits, was to share its fate and begin *de novo.*

It was a time of promise, a renewal of the world and of letters; and the Deucalions, who were paid to perform this feat of regeneration, were the present poet-laureate and the two authors of "Lyrical Ballads." The Germans who made heroes of robbers, and honest women of cast-off mistresses, had already exhausted the extravagant and marvelous in sentiment and situation; our native writers adopted a wonderful simplicity of style and matter. The paradox they set out with was, that all things are by nature equally fit subjects for poetry; or that if there is any preference to be given, those that are the meanest and most unpromising are the best, as they leave the greatest scope for the unbounded stores of thought and fancy in the writer's own mind. Poetry had with them "neither buttress nor coign of vantage to make its pendant bed and procreant cradle." It was not "born so high: its aiery buildeth in the cedar's top, and dallies with the wind, and scorns the sun." It grew like a mushroom out of the ground, or was hidden in it like a truffle, which it required a particular sagacity and industry to find out and dig up.

They founded the new school on a principle of sheer humanity, on pure nature void of art.

It could not be said of these sweeping reformers and dictators in the republic of letters, that "in their train walked crowns and crownets; that realms and islands, like plates, dropt from their pockets": but they were surrounded, in company with the Muses, by a mixed rabble of idle apprentices and Botany Bay convicts, female vagrants, gypsies, meek daughters in the family of Christ, of idiot boys and mad mothers, and after them "owls and night-ravens flew." They scorned "degrees, priority, and place, insisture, course, proportion, season, form, office, and custom in all line of order": the distinctions of birth, the vicissitudes of fortune, did not enter into their abstracted, lofty, and leveling calculation of human nature. He who was more than man, with them was none. They claimed kindred only with the commonest of the people: peasants, peddlers, and village barbers were their oracles and bosom friends.

Their poetry, in the extreme to which it professedly tended and was in effect carried, levels all distinctions of nature and society; has no "figures nor no fantasies" which the prejudices of superstition or the customs of the world draw in the brains of men; "no trivial fond records" of all that has existed in the history of past ages; it has no adventitious pride, pomp, or circumstances, to set it off: "the marshal's truncheon, nor the judge's robe": neither tradition, reverence, nor ceremony "that to great ones 'longs": it breaks in pieces the golden images of poetry, and defaces its armorial bearings, to melt them down in the mold of common humanity or of its own upstart self-sufficiency. They took the same method in their new-fangled "metre ballad-mongering" scheme which Rousseau did in his prose paradoxes, of exciting attention by reversing the established standards of opinion and estimation in the world. They were for bringing poetry back to its primitive simplicity and state of nature, as he was for bringing society back to the savage state: so that the only thing remarkable left in the world by this change would be the persons who had produced it.

A thorough adept in this school of poetry and philanthropy is jealous of all excellence but his own. He does not even like to share his reputation with his subject; for he would have it all proceed from his own power and originality of mind. Such a one is slow to admire anything that is admirable, feels no interest in what is most interesting to others, no grandeur in anything grand, no beauty in anything beautiful. He tolerates only what he himself creates; he sympathizes only with what can enter into no competition with him, with "the bare trees and mountains bare, and grass in the green field." He sees nothing but himself and the universe. He hates all greatness and all pretensions to it, whether well or ill-founded. His egotism is in some respects a madness; for he scorns even the admiration of himself, thinking it a presumption in any one to suppose that he has taste or sense enough to understand him. He hates all science and all art; he hates chemistry; he hates conchology; he hates Voltaire; he hates Sir Isaac Newton; he hates wisdom; he hates wit; he hates metaphysics, which he says are unintelligible, and yet he would be thought to understand them; he hates prose; he hates all poetry but his own; he hates the dialogues in Shakespeare; he hates music, dancing, and painting; he hates Rubens; he hates Rembrandt; he hates Raphael; he hates Titian; he hates Vandyke; he hates the antique; he hates the Apollo Belvidere; he hates the Venus of Medicis. This is the reason that so few people take an interest in his writings, because he takes an interest in nothing that others do!

The effect has been perceived as something odd; but the cause or principle has never been distinctly traced to its source before, as far as I know. The proofs are to be found everywhere: in Mr. Southey's "Botany Bay Eclogues," in his book of "Songs and Sonnets," his "Odes and Inscriptions," so well parodied in the "Anti-Jacobin Review," in his "Joan of Arc," and last, though not least, in his "Wat Tyler":—

"When Adam delved, and Eve span,
Where was then the gentleman?"

(or the poet laureate either, we may ask?)—in Mr. Coleridge's "Ode to an Ass's Foal," in his lines to Sarah, his "Religious Musings"; and in his and Mr. Wordsworth's "Lyrical Ballads," *passim.*

Of Mr. Southey's larger epics, I have but a faint recollection at this distance of time, but all that I remember of them is mechanical and extravagant, heavy and superficial. His affected, disjointed style is well imitated in the "Rejected Addresses." The difference between him and Sir Richard Blackmore seems to be, that the one is heavy and the other light, the one solemn and the other pragmatical, the one phlegmatic and the other flippant; and that there is no Gay in the present time to give a "Catalogue Raisonné" of the performances of the living undertaker of epics. "Kehama" is a loose sprawling figure, such as we see cut out of wood or paper, and pulled or jerked with wire or thread, to make sudden and surprising motions without meaning, grace, or nature in them. By far the best of his works are some of his shorter personal compositions, in which there is an ironical mixture of the quaint and serious, such as his lines on a picture of Gaspar Poussin, the fine tale of "Gualberto," his "Description of a Pig," and the "Holly-Tree," which is an affecting, beautiful, and modest retrospect on his own character. May the aspirations with which it concludes be fulfilled. But the little he has done of true and sterling excellence, is overloaded by the quantity of indifferent matter which he turns out every year, "prosing or versing," with equally mechanical and irresistible facility. His "Essays," or political and moral disquisitions are not so full of original matter as Montaigne's. They are second or third-rate compositions in that class.

It remains that I should say a few words of Mr. Coleridge; and there is no one who has a better right to say what he thinks of him than I have. "Is there here any dear friend of Cæsar? To him I say, that Brutus' love to Cæsar was no less than his." But no matter. His "Ancient Mariner" is his most remarkable performance, and the only one that I could point out to any one as giving an adequate idea of his great natural powers. It is high German, however, and in it he seems to "conceive of poetry but as a drunken dream, reckless, careless, and heedless of past, present, and to come." His tragedies (for he has written two) are not answerable to it; they are, except a few poetical passages, drawling sentiment and metaphysical jargon. He has no genuine dramatic talent. There is one fine passage in his "Christabel," that which contains the description of the quarrel between Sir Leoline and Sir Roland de Vaux of Tryermaine, who had been friends in youth:—

"Alas! they had been friends in youth,
But whispering tongues can poison truth;
And constancy lives in realms above;
And life is thorny; and youth is vain;
And to be wroth with one we love,
Doth work like madness in the brain;
And thus it chanc'd as I divine,
With Roland and Sir Leoline,
Each spake words of high disdain
And insult to his heart's best brother,
And parted ne'er to meet again!
But neither ever found another
To free the hollow heart from paining—
  They stood aloof, the scars remaining,
Like cliffs which had been rent asunder:
A dreary sea now floats between,
But neither heat, nor frost, nor thunder,
Shall wholly do away I ween
The marks of that which once hath been.
Sir Leoline a moment's space
Stood gazing on the damsel's face;
And the youthful lord of Tryermaine
Came back upon his heart again."

It might seem insidious if I were to praise his ode, entitled "Fire, Famine, and Slaughter," as an effusion of high poetical enthusiasm and strong political feeling. His "Sonnet to Schiller" conveys a fine compliment to the author of the "Robbers," and an equally fine idea of the state of youthful enthusiasm in which he composed it:—

"Schiller! that hour I would have wish'd to die,
  If through the shudd'ring midnight I had sent
  From the dark dungeon of the tower time-rent,
That fearful voice, a famish'd father's cry—

That in no after moment aught less vast
  Might stamp me mortal! A triumphant shout
  Black Horror scream'd, and all her goblin rout,
From the more with'ring scene diminish'd pass'd.

Ah! Bard tremendous in sublimity!
  Could I behold thee in thy loftier mood,
Wand'ring at eve, with finely frenzied eye,
  Beneath some vast old tempest-swinging wood!
  Awhile, with mute awe gazing, I would brood,
Then weep aloud in a wild ecstasy!"

His "*Conciones ad Populum,*" "Watchman," etc., are dreary trash. Of his "Friend" I have spoken the truth elsewhere. But I may say of him here, that he is the only person I ever knew who answered to the idea of a man of genius. He is the only person from whom I ever learnt anything. There is only one thing he could learn from me in return, but that he has not. He was the first poet I ever knew. His genius at that time [1798] had angelic wings, and fed on manna. He talked on forever; and you wished him to talk on forever. His thoughts did not seem to come with labor and effort, but as if borne on the gusts of genius, and as if the wings of his imagination lifted him from off his feet. His voice rolled on the ear like the pealing organ, and its sound alone was the music of thought. His mind was clothed with wings; and raised on them, he lifted philosophy to heaven. In his descriptions, you then saw the progress of human happiness and liberty in bright and never-ending succession, like the steps of Jacob's Ladder, with airy shapes ascending and descending, and with the voice of God at the top of the ladder. And shall I, who heard him then, listen to him now? Not I! . . . That spell is broken; that time is gone forever; that voice is heard no more: but still the recollection comes rushing by with thoughts of long-past years, and rings in my ears with never-dying sound:—

"What though the radiance which was once so bright
Be now forever taken from my sight—
Though nothing can bring back the hour
Of glory in the grass, of splendor in the flow'r?
I do not grieve, but rather find
Strength in what remains behind;
In the primal sympathy,
Which having been, must ever be;
In the soothing thoughts that spring
Out of human suffering;
In years that bring the philosophic mind!"

I have thus gone through the task I intended, and have come at last to the level ground. I have felt my subject gradually sinking from under me as I advanced, and have been afraid of ending in nothing. The interest has unavoidably decreased at almost every successive step of the progress, like a play that has its catastrophe in the first or second act. This, however, I could not help. I have done as well as I could.

THOMAS W. HIGGINSON

LITERATURE IN A REPUBLIC

[Lecture by T. W. Higginson, author, lecturer, advocate of political and social reforms (born in Cambridge, Mass., December 22, 1823; ——), delivered first in 1892.]

Ladies and Gentlemen:—In a Nation like ours, where literature came somewhat late into the field among the great forces of humanity, literature has, and is destined to have, a power such as it hardly can possess in any nation not republican in form. The expression of this love of literature may sometimes be crude. In reading the other day the report of that most delightful tribute made by one literary man to another, the address of Mr. Curtis on his friend, the late Mr. Lowell, I could not but go back in memory to a tradition there used to be thirty years ago, when George William Curtis, to the great credit of the citizens of New York, was selected as a delegate to the New York Constitutional Convention. And while there he happened one day to be waiting in one of the parlors in one of the alcoves with some of his fellow-members of the convention, and fell upon that subject which is more universally interesting to human beings than all others together—namely, themselves and their fellow-members. He listened to them, an unconscious, or rather, an unintentional auditor in that somewhat rather awkward confidential intercourse which we sometimes derive as to the family affairs of those who occupy the next room. The members of the convention were discussed, and at last, with painful interest, he found that the conversation was coming around to him.

"There is Curtis," said one of them; "he is an intelligent man."

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"Yes," said the other somewhat reluctantly, "an intelligent man."

Said the first one: "Curtis is a very intelligent man."

"Yes, yes," said the other man, "you may call him a very intelligent man for a literary man." [Laughter.]

We did not use to hear it said that Abraham Lincoln was a very intelligent man for a rail-splitter, or that General Grant was a very intelligent man for a tanner. The literary man is also a man and a brother, and why should it be surprising that he, like other American citizens in humble avocations, should sometimes exhibit intelligence also?

I sometimes think, therefore, that with all the real sympathy with and often enthusiasm for literature in America, it is not always quite a complimentary enthusiasm. It is a little too much like the enthusiasm that the Agricultural Society shows for what they call the Ladies' Department at the annual exhibition. They set apart for it the nicest room in the whole building. They devote their best accommodations to the little dogs in worsted and the little cats in canvas and fine cane frames, but after all, you will find the farmers themselves outside, among the two-year-olds and the mowing-machines. I might go further and compare the condition of literature to those old-fashioned toll-bridges you still find in Vermont, where everybody who is anybody pays to go over, but ministers and women were accustomed to cross without paying toll.

Now, it is not at all strange when you look at the origin of this country that there should be some divided feeling. This Nation was not born like Greece, with the ideal State always to the front. It was born like Rome, where statesmanship came first, and, as we know of Rome, all poetry, all literature, was for a time regarded with distrust.

In the early days of this Republic, literature could not be expected to have a footing; the conditions were too stern and the imagination too serious to give place to literature at first. The men who settled this Nation were, to an unusual extent, to an extent, for instance, unequalled in the older British colonies, men of education, college-bred men, men that brought with them books and libraries. John Harvard, who was not a college-bred man of the Church of England, but of what was then a less trained body, representing the dissenting clergy of England—John Harvard, in the library which he bequeathed to Harvard College, and of which only one book now remains, gave books that represented then not only the theology but the literature of the human race—Homer and Herodotus, Hesiod and Juvenal and Æschylus. It was a race of cultivated men who settled New England, and, though to a less degree, Virginia. But the contact of actual life in the Colonies was unfavorable, if not to the substance, at least to the graces, of literature. The explanation was that everything was concentrated on the training of clergymen of profound theology. All was secondary to that.

It was an exceptional class of clergymen who founded especially the Puritan commonwealths, and all the commonwealths then were more or less Puritan in America. It was not, therefore, that these men did not appreciate literature. They appreciated theirs. The difficulty is for us to appreciate it as much as they. The impression that often exists that the Puritan clergymen set themselves against literature and science is quite wrong. The clergymen were the educated class of the people, and all there was of literature and science belonged to them, and they filled all the functions of the State, and therefore had the knowledge useful to the State.

Professor Goodale, of Harvard, has lately shown that the first introduction of the natural sciences at Harvard came, not from the love of science, but because the clergyman of that period, being also the physician of his parish, needed to know how to do something for their bodies as well as their souls; and he studied his chemistry and got a rather formidable materia medica, to correspond with his rather formidable theology. Everything concentrated itself on the training of the clergy. The clergy were the lawyers and were the militia officers. The clergyman who became a judge opened his court with prayer. The clergyman who would become a militia captain opened his spring training with prayer. It was all a part of the same thing. And when we say that those men did not love literature, we say, only, that we do not love the literature they produced.

If you read, for instance, that most entertaining book of the second generation of the Puritans, that American Pepy's diary, the narrative, the journals and letter-books of Judge Samuel Sewall, you will find that he not only did not ignore poetry but that he wrote it on every imaginable occasion. If there was a law-suit going on in the court, he always would pass around little copies of verses. If there was a funeral it was always celebrated in song.

On one occasion Samuel Sewall, noticing a remarkable circumstance at a funeral, recorded it in this couplet—it was the funeral of Mrs. Mary Coney:—

> "Two Johns, two Sams, and one good Tom,
> Bore prudent Mary to the tomb."

That was literature a little before the year 1800. You can see that such poetry must have added new terrors to death, litigation, and courtship. [Laughter and applause.] In the days of the early Republic President John Adams rejoiced that there were no artists in America, and never likely to be, because it seemed clear to the men of those times that art and literature belonged to the degradation of the Government. In the year 1808 Fisher Ames, who was the first person to pronounce an address on American literature, devoted the whole address to saying that the subject of his address never by any possibility could exist, at least while America retained its freedom. "The time will come," he said, "when our liberties have been overthrown, and when our future emperor shall have killed off all his rivals and surrounded himself with a voluptuous court—when he will have art and literature to amuse his leisure." Ten years after that time, the liberties of America being still intact, American literature was born. [Applause.]

"The North American Review" was established in 1815; Bryant's "Thanatopsis" was published in 1817; Cooper's "Spy" in 1825; and when the good-natured Monroe, after a Presidency that was called "the era of good feeling," went out of office, although Whittier was still a boy on his father's farm, and Longfellow and Hawthorne were still undergraduates at Bowdoin College, and Emerson was still a country school-teacher, American literature was born. The thing was settled. The voluptuous court that Fisher Ames apprehended has never come in. I have seen a variety of criticism upon the present estimable and respectable Administration at Washington, but never in the most ardent opposition newspaper have I seen it denounced as voluptuous.

Literature in America, therefore, may fairly be considered as a thing which belongs to the future, and which is one of the careers which young people can boldly enter upon, and one which has won its place among the great moving activities of the country. And there are certain advantages which literature enjoys in a republican country, and especially in a country like this, which no other form of government or type of society can rival. I am constantly struck with this, as between American and English authors, for instance. There is a certain professional self-respect possible in a community like ours for the literary class which hardly exists in a country where there is a special aristocracy, and where, by its very nature, literature takes an humble part in the social demarcation. Fancy a man like Anthony Trollope, for instance, after his long and brilliant career of letters, writing his autobiography and giving a considerable space to the question as to the manner in which the literary man ought to treat his social superiors. I have never yet encountered a literary man in America who felt for an instant that he had such a thing as a social superior. The humblest little Gallagher on the smallest country newspaper, who talks about "me and the editors," recognizes, perhaps, that there is a class in the community who might fancy themselves his superiors, but as it takes two to make a quarrel, it takes two to make a superior. [Applause.]

As Mr. Howells well said, "The peculiarity of all that calls itself aristocracy in America is that, although it may look down, other people don't look up." There is the difference. It is a curious fact that the great source and organizer and recognized definer of all that claims to be an artificial aristocracy in America should remain unheard of and unknown in the world—he and his favorite phrase, the Four Hundred, alike—until he stepped into the ranks of authorship and became a comic writer. [Applause.]

I maintain there is a distinct character to American literature. There was a time when the mere existence of a highly organized and hereditary aristocracy was sufficient to crush the most famous among men in literature. Think, for instance, what the conditions of a monarchy did to crush the greatest purely intellectual power of his age, Voltaire. When Voltaire was in Paris, a young man of twenty-one, the most brilliant person of his time, he was sought everywhere for his companionship, his wit, his brilliancy. On one occasion, at the table of a duke, he met a man of some hereditary note, but none otherwise, Chevalier Rohan-Chabot. They had a little discussion and Voltaire was too strong for the Chevalier in his arguments, who turned brutally upon him and said: "Who is this young man who dares to talk so loudly to me?" "It is a young man," said Voltaire, "who, if he did not inherit any distinguished name, at least does some honor to the name he bears." The Chevalier said nothing. He probably had nothing to say, but there was something he could do, and the next time he had Voltaire down at that duke's table that nobleman had his servants ready in the hall to take Voltaire and drag him from the table, beat him with rods from the hall and eject him from the front door. For what? For getting the better of a nobleman in an argument! And the duke, his entertainer, who ought to have laid down his life in the protection of the humblest guest, looked on and laughed, thought it was a good joke, served him right, what business had he to speak disrespectfully to one of superior rank?

Voltaire, the moment he left that house, went straight to his lodgings; he sent for the best fencing-master in Paris, and for a fortnight took fencing lessons—a thing he had never done before—and sent a challenge to Chevalier Rohan-Chabot. The answer to that challenge was an order from the King to commit Voltaire to prison, but with a notice that he might escape if he would go to England and remain for six months; and the biographers of Voltaire believe, justly, that a large part of the bitterness, and the serious, malignant hostility to so much that was good, which characterized his life, was due to that terrible early contest with the established powers of society.

You may say that is an old story; nothing of the kind can happen now. But to a sensitive person, and authors are sometimes found to be sensitive, to a sensitive person there may be social slights which cut like rods or imprison like the Bastile.

Many years ago a young American girl, whom I knew, found herself in London as the guest of a relative, who was the wife of an Ambassador to England from a continental State, and a person of great social standing and influence. This young lady, only seventeen years of age, was, in a way, to enter upon easy terms the most exclusive society. You can imagine how she enjoyed it. What American girl would not like to go to England at seventeen and find herself among the honored, dining with lords and ladies, with princes and princesses, observing all these royal and noble creatures close at hand, and even at feeding times, which is always the most interesting period in any menagerie.

This young girl enjoyed it enormously. At the first of these entertainments to which she went, she found herself shrinking into a humble corner, looking around her to try to decide who were the most distinguished or the most high-born of those she saw. Most of them looked to her rather commonplace, very much like other well-bred gentlemen and ladies. But her eye fell on one very distinguished-looking old man in the opposite corner, who seemed to her a person who might be worthy of any social position; not handsome, rather ugly than otherwise, but keenly intellectual, and in every way distinguished. She resolved to fix her eye upon him and find out who he was.

After a while the summons was given to the dinner-table—they were summoned to the dining-hall in that complicated and elaborate order of precedence which you will find at the end of the English books on etiquette. It is a very complicated order of precedence, and this young girl saw every stripling lordship, and every young damsel, the scion of an honorable house, pass her by, and she watched from her corner. Still they went, two and two, and two and two, like Noah's more ancient families on a similar occasion. And still she watched for her distinguished-looking old man in the opposite corner, until the last of all, at the very end of that brilliant procession, walked the only two untitled plebeians in the room, that young American girl, and that fine-looking old man, who turned out to be Samuel Rogers, the distinguished poet of those days, and the recognized head of literary society in London.

My young friend said that she got two things at that entertainment—she got the most delightful companion she ever had at a dinner-party, and she got a lesson in the utter shallowness and folly of mere hereditary rank that would last a lifetime. Samuel Rogers's poems are not read so much now as formerly, but at that time the highest literary honor a man could have was to dine with Rogers. He was one of the richest bankers in London, and was probably or possibly the only person in the room who had won for himself a reputation outside of his own little island; but he was next to nobody in that company, and the little American girl was the nobody. [Laughter.]

Whatever may be said of the evils or the follies of the aristocracy of wealth in this country, it may at least be said of it that it knows its own place better than that. I can easily conceive of circles of wealth where Longfellow and Emerson might not be invited as guests, and where the hosts might never have heard of them. I remember just after the fall of the Tweed dynasty having pointed out to me a New York alderman who had been conspicuously identified with it, and who took a friend to drive through the Park. As they passed the statue of Alexander von Humboldt, the alderman said to his friend: "There is the statue of Dr. Helmbold, though why they should have put it there I do not know. He was nothing but an apothecary, any way." [Laughter.] I do not undertake to claim that that man would have invited Emerson or Longfellow to an entertainment, but if that man had ever heard of me or did invite me, it would not be to put me at the wrong end of the dinner-table. That is what I mean in saying of the literary life in America—it gives or permits a man a certain self-respect.

Then, again, we have another great advantage in literature in a republic, and especially in this republic, in the greater variety of intercourse which prevails among all sorts and conditions of people. Some years ago at Chautauqua a distinguished English clergyman was astonished when he went there to find people of all denominations mingling with perfect freedom, whereas, he said: "In England the mere presence of one-half of those people would drive the other half out of the room." That is as striking in all circles in England to an American as he indicated. It is just as striking in circles of reformers and freethinkers in England as in any other circle. English society is not merely divided by the successive strata of social distinction, but also by infinite collateral, infinite cross ramifications of distinction.

Moncure D. Conway, who lived so long in England and always liked it, said: "People talk about London literary magazines. There is no such thing as a literary magazine in London. The things they call magazines are a series of circular letters, each of them addressed by a certain set of people to a few gentlemen who belong to the same clubs with themselves, and agree in their general opinions." No magazines, but circular letters. That is why our magazines displace them so easily.

The breadth of American discussion is always a source of astonishment to the people of older nations, and it is a point of immense value. The whole world is wiser than any man in the world, even if the man is an author. That literature is the strongest, therefore, which reaches the widest basis for discussion. And still again, in America this advantage reaches, as I maintain, to the very language of literature and to the language ultimately of the community at large. We get a vast deal of criticism, of course, upon American slang, from visitors, who, when left to themselves, acquire slang enough to take the most experienced American's breath away. [Applause.] We are constantly confronted in society in London with American phrases such as we never heard of in America. A very accomplished lady said to me once: "It seems to me very strange that you Americans who seem so kindly, should always address every man you meet as 'stranger,' whereas in England men always greet each other as 'my friend.'" I could scarcely convince this lady that it had been many years since I had been addressed as "stranger." She said: "I thought you began every sentence with 'Well, stranger, I guess.'" I admit frankly that we have any number of Americanisms, any number of obsolete phrases still preserved among us; but what I believe is this: that the English language like all other languages is in constant process of development. Slang is only good English. I solemnly believe that this development goes on best in a democratic community. And why? What is the root of all language? Actual life—the life of every day. Where do the strong words come from? From the life of every day. The literary man does not make them. If he is not true to everything else he is a little afraid of a new word. The dictionary makers do not make them. Their office is to record and define the language of other people.

The people themselves are the source of strong language; and Emerson himself, the most refined of scholars, points out that if you want a vigorous vocabulary you must not go to the clubs and universities, but you must go to the men around the anvil, the shoemakers on their benches, and the gossips in the village shops. They make the words, they make them strongly—their words go like bullets to the mark. Once in my native town in my youth, when we had put in a highly educated college graduate for Mayor, there occurred a large fire in the outskirts of the town. At the ringing of the bells the Mayor took his gold-headed cane and walked in the direction of the fire. People were running across his way and were busy in their efforts to put out the flames. There was one man running with a fire-bucket in his hands, and as the Mayor stood resting with his hands upon his cane he accosted the man and said: "Can you inform me as to the probable origin of this alarming conflagration?" "Sot, I guess," replied the man, and ran on with his fire-bucket. That is where language comes from; that is the vigor of language. [Applause.]

Some of you can recall the time, a great many years ago, when, as we had done the Indians a good deal of injury, it seemed as if something ought to be adopted by way of return, the men took up the fashion of wearing blankets around their shoulders. I was then young and ardent, and bought a blanket. I went out and walked down the street of the rural city where I lived, and as I approached a building where the rat-tat-tat of the carpenters' hammers were very busy on the roof, I noticed that it diminished gradually, and then ceased altogether. I was conscious of attracting attention. That did not surprise me. At certain periods of youth it does not seem strange that all business should stop to look at a new garment; and presently a voice "fell like a morning star," as Longfellow expresses it, to this effect: "H'm—horse-blankets is riz." All the persuasion of the fairest lips could not have induced me that day to lay aside that blanket. But it never occurred again, and it passed out of use, except as a lap-robe in traveling in the railway-car or the carriage.

But this is what I mean by vigor of language. Yet this tendency, if left to itself in the uneducated people, would simply separate that people, and make of them a class with a wholly different dialect. When it belongs to a people among whom education is universal, or becoming universal, it keeps the language in its vigor; keeps it from decaying; keeps it alive. You need the education. Without the education, the vigor remains, but the language grows narrower and narrower, for want of education. We see this much more in the Southern blacks, for instance. A very few words do for their vocabulary, but these few retain their vigor. Once in a negro regiment during the war I was talking with a stately, jet-black Nubian woman, characterized by that majesty of bearing which results from the carrying of baskets on their heads, about a child in whom she was interested, and whom some other person had inveigled away from her. She described to me the relations she bore to the child, and said: "I take she when she am dat high, and now if him wants to leave we let her go." It was not perfect grammar, but the thought was there. And as I believe the best language in the world is destined to be produced among the democratic races. All classes share something of the vigor which is the root of language, and all share something of the culture, without which, language retaining its vigor becomes dry and narrow and disappointing. [Applause.]

But perhaps I ought to speak distinctively as I go on, about literature as a profession, desirable or undesirable, for the young. I see here, possibly, before me, many young men or maidens who are penetrating that question. I find myself sometimes in a minority with literary men who do not ask for advice on that question, but carry out "Punch's" advice to young men about to marry, and say "don't."

Literature as a profession has an advantage in this country. The disadvantage you are constantly told just now in the newspapers in the discussion growing out of the copyright discussion, is that literature is not paid well; that a man cannot make his living out of it; that a man is tempted into other occupations, or to combine other occupations, because he cannot live by literature. There is no doubt in my mind that the thing can be done.

The criticism comes, perhaps, from those who either have not done it or have not been willing to do it, or have not been satisfied to the extent to which they can do it. When a patient dies, everybody in the house is convinced that if they had brought in the other doctor instead of that one, he would have been cured. When a man does not make a living at literature you cannot convince that man that he wouldn't, if he had only had the wisdom in early life to become a dentist, or a civil engineer, have been a howling success.

People are not easily convinced that they have made a mistake. It is much easier to convince them that the whole community is making a mistake in not appreciating them. There is no doubt that the maximum rewards, pecuniarily, in this country are withheld from literature; they are withheld from law, they are withheld from medicine. It is not necessary to say that they are withheld from the pulpit: that requires no argument.

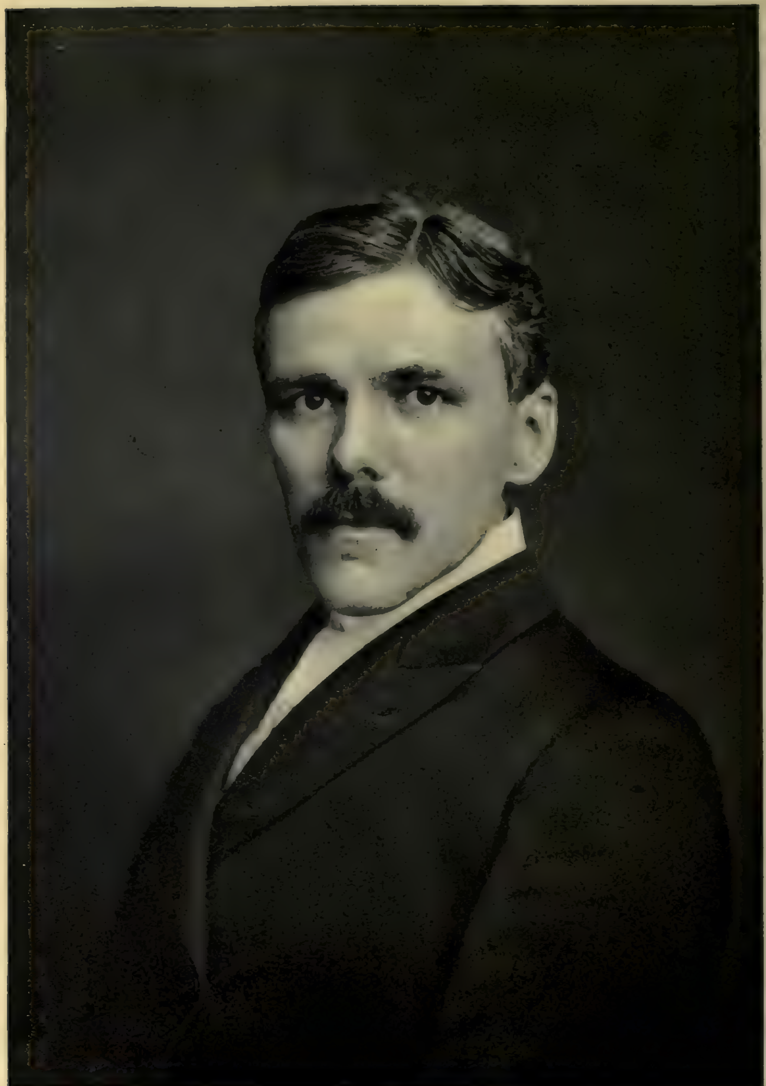
If you wish your son or daughter to go in for the immense prizes, do not make him a literary man, or her a literary woman, of course, but do not make them lawyers, do not make them doctors, do not make them anything of what we call the educated professions. Fling them in among the bulls and bears of the Stock Exchange, and if they come out alive, which they probably will not, they may come out with millions to their credit in the bank, but think of the risk that is involved. I do not speak of it morally; we will let that go for the moment; but the risk on the other side. The comparative safety of the literary man's life is one of its great advantages. He is safer than the lawyer, he is safer than the physician, he is so much safer than the great capitalist of Wall Street, that there is not a moment's comparison to be made.

Once when I was living at Newport I lived next door to a man who received a salary of $30,000 a year for doing nothing. He could do anything he wished except to use the family name in the manufacture of tobacco. He was given this immense salary to keep out of the business, the money being given him by his elder brother. I know of many young men who would take that contract with perfect security of fulfilling it. The brother of the man I have just spoken of made, it is said, $700,000 a year out of his monopoly. There is the standard. I do not pretend that I know many literary men who make $700,000 a year by literature. [Laughter.] If that is what you aim at you had better inquire at some other establishment. You will not find it there. No professional man makes that. The lawyer who makes $100,000 a year is not to be found, I am told, in New York. The lawyer who makes $50,000 a year, the physician who makes $50,000 a year is rarely to be found anywhere. I have heard of one clergyman who was said to have an income of $20,000 a year, and believing it somewhat incredible, I took the liberty to write to him on the subject—an eminent clergyman of New York—and he wrote to me that it was all nonsense, and he could not imagine where the report came from.

There have been authors in America who for several years in succession made $20,000 a year. I doubt if there was ever in America an author who made more than $10,000 a year for several years in succession—ten years we will say. The number of authors in America who make $5,000 a year by their pen is said to be no greater than you can count on the fingers of both hands, although I observe myself, especially when international copyright is under discussion, a singular humility about my brother authors as to announcing their receipts, and they are all so anxious to plead poverty that you can hardly find one here and there, like Mr. Cable or Mr. Clemens, who is willing to admit that on the whole he earns an honest living.

But taking $5,000 a year as a respectable standard for a reasonably successful man, and it certainly is a reasonable standard, because it is the standard upon which we pay our members of Congress, and, inasmuch as they fix their own rate of pay, or at least for ensuing years, if they do not know how much they are worth, who should? As we pay our judges that amount, except in the larger cities, why should we have such profound pity for the literary man, to whom, if he is tolerably successful and willing to work as hard as men would work in those other professions, an income of $5,000 a year is as practicable as it is for them? [Applause.]

It is my hope that, if there is one who is led into pleasant paths of literature through any words I have said to-night, it is my hope that it will be in this spirit of self-respect and of true nationality. I am glad to express the belief that literature, as a profession in America, has an end that may worthily command the attention of the young and the ambitious, and if it exists at all it is surely one of the highest forms of human activity. Without a great literature no nation is permanently great. Without literature history has no lasting heroism, beauty no chronicle, emotion no echo, and without it all the vast achievements and sacrifices of our great civil strife, all the coming achievements and glories of our great Exposition, will have nothing to secure for us a permanent place. [Applause.]



NEWELL DWIGHT HILLIS

Photogravure after a photograph from life

NEWELL DWIGHT HILLIS

JOHN RUSKIN

[Lecture by Newell Dwight Hillis, pastor of Plymouth Church, Brooklyn, since 1899, previously of the Central (Independent) Church, Chicago (born in Magnolia, Iowa, September 2, 1858; ——), delivered in various parts of the country, as a Sunday evening sermon-lecture. The particular theme of the discourse is indicated by its formal title: "John Ruskin's Seven Lamps of Architecture as Interpreters of the Seven Laws of Life: a Study of the Principles of Character-Building."]

Ladies and Gentlemen:—Among the heroic souls who have sought to recover the lost paradise and recapture the glory of an undefiled and blessed world stands John Ruskin, oft an apostle of gentle words that heal like medicines, and sometimes a prophet of Elijah-like sternness and grandeur, consuming man's sins with words of flame. "There is nothing going on among us," wrote Carlyle to Emerson, "as notable as those fierce lightning bolts Ruskin is copiously and desperately pouring into the black world of anarchy around him. No other man has in him the divine rage against iniquity, falsity, and baseness that Ruskin has, and every man ought to have."

Full fifty years have passed since this glorious youth entered the arena, his face glowing with hope, the heroic flame of the martyrs burning within his breast, his message a plea for a return to the simplicities of virtue. During all these years he has been pouring forth prose of a purity and beauty that have never been surpassed. Over against the brocaded pages of Gibbon and the pomposity of Dr. Johnson's style stands Ruskin's prose, every page embodied simplicity, every sentence clear as a cube of

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solid sunshine. Effects that Keats produced only through the music and magic of verse, John Ruskin has easily achieved through the plainness of prose. What Leigh Hunt said of Shelley we may say of Ruskin—he needs only the green sod beneath his feet to make him a kind of human lark, pouring forth songs of unearthly sweetness.

But if the critics vote him by acclamation the first prose writer of the century, it must be remembered that his fame does not rest upon his skill as a literary artist. An apostle of beauty and truth, indeed, Ruskin is primarily an apostle of righteousness. Unlike Burns and Byron, Shelley and Goethe, no passion ever poisoned his purposes, and no vice ever disturbed the working of his genius. What he taught in theory he first was in character and did in practice. Rich with great wealth, inherited and acquired, he refused interest upon his loans, and having begun with giving away his income, he ended by giving away much of his capital. Unlike that rich young man who went away from Christ sorrowful, John Ruskin gladly forsook all possessions to follow Jesus. The child of leisure, he chose to earn to-morrow's bread by to-day's labor and toil.

Going every whither seeking for pictures and marbles that represented ideal beauty, he used these art treasures not so much for enriching his own life, and happiness, as for diffusing the beautiful and furnishing models to laborers who worked in iron, steel, and stone. If other rich men have given money to found workingmen's clubs, Ruskin gave himself also, and lent the toilers independence and self-reliance. It is said that through his favorite pupil, Arnold Toynbee, he developed the germ of the social settlements. But his fame rests neither upon his work as an art critic, nor his skill as a prose author, nor his work as a social reformer; it rests rather upon his unceasing emphasis of individual worth as the secret of happiness and progress. If Mazzini preached the gospel of social rights, and Carlyle the gospel of honest work and Matthew Arnold the gospel of culture, and Emerson the gospel of insanity and optimism, John Ruskin's message, repeated in a thousand forms, is one message—never altered and never retreated from—goodness is more than gold, and character outweighs intellect. Because he stood for fine, high heroic regimen, he conquered confidence, and has his place among the immortals.

If we search out the fascination of Ruskin's later works, we shall find the secret in their intense humanity. Loving nature, Ruskin's earliest, latest, deepest enthusiasm was for man. With eager and passionate delight, in "Modern Painters" he sets forth the claim of rock and wave, of herb and shrub, upon man's higher life. But the white clouds, the perfumed winds, the valleys covered with tended corn and cattle, the mountains robed in pine as with the garments of God, seemed as nothing compared to man, who goes weeping, laughing, loving through his pathetic career. One morning, crossing the field toward Matterhorn, he met a suffering peasant, and in that hour the mountain became as nothing in the presence of his brother man. In all his later books, therefore, he is a light-bearer, seeking to guide men into happiness and virtue. He reminds the weary king and tormented slave alike that the secrets of happiness are in "drawing hard breath over chisel, or spade, or plow, in watching the corn grow and the blossom set, and, after toil, in reading, thinking, in hoping and praying." Would any man be strong, let him work; or wise, let him observe and think; or happy, let him help; or influential, let him sacrifice and serve. Does some youth deny beauty to the eye, books to the mind, and friendship to the heart, that he may gather gold and daily eat stalled ox in a palace? Such a one is a prince who hath voluntarily entered a dungeon to spend his time gathering the rotting straw from the damp stones to twist it into a filthy wreath for his forehead. Does some Samson of industry use his superior wisdom to gather into his hands all the lines of some branch of trade while others starve? He is like unto a wrecker, who lures some good ship upon the rocks that he may clothe himself with garments and possess purses unwrapped from the bodies of brave men slain by deceit. Wealth, he asserts, is like any other natural power in nature—divine if divinely used. In the hands of a miserly man wealth is clogged by selfishness and becomes like rivers that "overwhelm the plains, poisoning the winds, their breath pestilence, their work famine," while honest and benevolent wealth is like those rivers that pass softly from field to field, moistening the soil, purifying the air, giving food to man and beast, bearing up fleets of war and peace.

For John Ruskin the modern Pharisee was the man who prayed, "God, I thank thee that I am not as other men are; I feast seven days a week, while I have made other men fast." And against every form of selfishness and injustice he toiled, ever seeking to overthrow the kingdoms of Mammon and Belial, laboring to make his land a "land of royal thrones for kings, a sceptered isle for all the world, a realm of light, a center of peace, a mistress of arts, a faithful guardian of great memories, in the midst of irreverence and ephemeral visions." But from the first volume of "Modern Painters" to the last pages of the "Præterita" his own message is, Doing is better than seeming, giving is better than getting, and stooping to serve better than climbing toward the throne to wear an outer crown and scepter.

Over against these books dealing with man's ambitions, strifes, defeats and sins stands Ruskin's "Lamps of Architecture," a book written at an hour when the sense of life's sins, sorrows, and wrongs swept through his heart with the might of a destroying storm. In that hour when the pen dropped from his hands and hope departed from his heart, one problem distracted his mind by day and disturbed his sleep by night—"Why is the fruit shaken to the earth before its ripeness, the glowing life and the goodly purpose dissolved away in sudden death, the words half spoken chilled upon the lips touched into clay forever, the whole majesty of humanity raised to its fulness, with every gift and power necessary for a given purpose at a given moment centered in one man, and all this perfected blessing permitted to be refused, perverted, crushed, and cast aside by those who need it most—the city which is not set upon a hill, the candle that giveth light to none enthroned in the candlestick"? The world's ingratitude to its best men rested like a black cloud upon his spirit. In that hour when the iron entered his soul and ingratitude blighted the blossoms of the heart, Ruskin turned from the baseness of man to the white statue that lifts no mailed hand to strike, and exchanged the coarse curses of the market-place for the sacred silence of the cathedral. He knew that if wholesome labor wearies at first, afterward it lends pleasure; that if the frosty air now chills the peasant's cheek, afterward it will make his blood the warmer. But he also knew that "labor may be carried to a point of utter exhaustion from which there is no recovery; that cold passing to a certain point will cause the arm to molder in its socket," and that heart-sickness through ingratitude may cause the soul to lose its life forever.

Leaving behind the tumult of the street and the din of the market-place, he entered the cathedral, hoping in its silence and peace to find healing of life's hurts. Standing beneath the vast dome, in vision hour he saw Von Rile or Angelo, stretching out hands upon the stones of the field and rearing them into some awful pile with vast springing arches and intrepid pinnacles that go leaping toward Him whose home is above the clouds and beyond them. He saw walls all glorious with lustrous beauty, and knew that artists had taken the flower-girls from the streets and turned them into angels for the ceiling; had taken the shrunken beggar, hobbling homeward, and made him to reappear upon the canvas as an Apollo of beauty. He saw chapels once the scene of rubbish, plaster, and litter become chapels of peace, glowing with angels and prophets and sibyls.

One day, crossing the square of Venice, he saw St. Mark's rising like a vision out of the ground, its front one vast forest of clustered pillars of white and gold and rose, upon which rested domes glorious enough to have been let down from heaven; a pile made partly of mother-of pearl, partly of opal, partly of marble, every tower surmounted by a golden cross flinging wide its arms to uplift the world, every niche holding some angel upon whose lips trembled words of mercy and healing. Lingering there, slowly the fever passed from his heart and the fret from his mind. Studying the laws by which foundations were made firm, by which towers were made secure and domes perfect, he completed a volume in which he forgot man, and remembered only the problems of stone and steel and wood; and yet as we analyze these chapters we find that these seven lamps of architecture are in reality the seven laws of life and happiness. For the soul is a temple more majestic than any cathedral—a temple in which principles are foundation stones, and habits are columns and pillars, and facilities are master-builders, every thought driving a nail and every deed weakening or making strong some timber, every holy aspiration lending beauty to the ceiling, as every unclean thing lends defilement—the whole standing forth at last builded either of passions, worthless as wood, hay, and stubble, or builded of thoughts and purposes more precious than gold and flashing gems.

Lingering long in the cities of Italy, Ruskin found some temples in the full pride of their strength and the perfection of their beauty, having passed unharmed through the snows of a thousand winters and the storms of a thousand summers. But other temples he found that were mere shells of their former loveliness, bare skeletons of pierced walls, here a tower and there an arch. Studying these deserted temples through which the sea wind moaned and murmured, and the ruins that time was plowing into dust, he discovered that no robber's hand had wrought this ruin, that no fire had consumed the arch or overthrown the column. In Venice the roof of the great church had fallen because the architect had put lying stones in the foundation. In Verona the people had deserted the cathedral because the architect had built columns of plaster and painted them to look like veined marble, forgetting that time would soon expose the ugly, naked lie. One day, entering a church in a heavy rainstorm, he found buckets placed to catch the rain that was dripping from the priceless frescoes of Tintoretto because a builder had put lying tiles upon the roof. He saw ships cast upon the rocks because some smith had put a lying link in the anchor's cable. He saw the members of a household burning up with a fatal fever because the plumber had used lying lead in the drainage. He saw the captain deceiving himself about the leaks in his boat and taking sailors forth to a certain death.

And in that hour his whole soul revolted from "the patriotic lie of the historian, the provident lie of the politician, the zealous lie of the friend, and the careless lie of each man to himself." For if untruth is fatal to the permanency of buildings, much more is it fatal to excellence in the soul. For man the beginning of lies is ruin, and thereof death. Therefore, in John's vision of the city of God he saw there no sorcerer, no murderer, and no man "who loveth and maketh a lie." For life's deadliest enemy, and its most despicable one, is falseness. In the last analysis, untruth is inferiority and weakness. When the teacher lifts the rod, the child without other defense lifts up the lie as a shield against the blow. When the dying man asks his friends as to his condition, the strong man, conscious of his resources to make his friend victorious over death, speaks the instant truth, while the weak man, unwilling to confess his poverty of resource, tells this soft and glistening lie, "To-morrow you will be better."

In the realm of traffic, also, the wise merchant can afford to sell his goods for what they are, but the weak one feels that he must sell lying threads, lying foods, and lying drinks. But nature hates lies. She makes each law a detective. Sooner or later she runs down every falsehood. A tiny worm may pierce the heart of a young tree, and the bark may hide the secret gash. But as the days go on the rain will cut one fibre and the heat another, and when years have passed, some time when a soft zephyr goes sighing through the forest, the great tree will come crashing down. For at last nature will hunt out every hidden weakness. If the law of truth is the first law in temple-rearing and palace-building, truth is also the first law in happiness and character. When Christ pleads for the new heart, He urges man to break with him who is the father of lies and swear fidelity to Him who is the God of truth, whose ways are happiness, and whose paths are peace.

To that law of truth that firmly fixes foundations for cathedrals, Ruskin adds the law of obedience. In springing his wall the architect must plumb the stones in obedience to the law of gravity. In springing his arch he must brace it, obeying the laws of resistance. In lifting his tower he must relate it to the temple, obeying the law of proportion and symmetry; and he who disobeys one fundamental law will find great nature pulling his towers down over his head. For no architect builds as he pleases, but only as nature pleases, through laws of gravity, stone and steel. In the kingdom of the soul also obedience is strength and life, and disobedience is weakness and death. In the last analysis liberty is a phantom, a dream, a mere figment of the brain.

Society's greatest peril to-day is the demagogues who teach and the ignorant classes who believe that there is such a thing as liberty. The planets have no liberty; they follow their sun. The seas know no liberty; they follow the moon in tidal waves. When the river refuses to keep within its banks, it becomes a curse and a destruction. It is the stream that is restrained by its banks that turns mill-wheels for men. The clouds, too, have their beauty in that they are led forth in ranks, and columns, generaled by the night winds. And in proportion as things pass from littleness toward largeness they go toward obedience to law. Because the dead leaf obeys nothing, it flutters down from its bough, giving but tardy recognition to the law of gravity; while our great earth, covered with cities and civilization, is instantly responsive to gravity's law. Indeed, he who disobeys any law of nature flings himself athwart her wheels, to be crushed to powder. And if disobedience is destruction, obedience is liberty. Obeying the law of steam, man has an engine. Obeying the law of fire, he has warmth. Obeying the law of speech, he has eloquence. Obeying the law of sound thinking, he has leadership. Obeying the law of Christ, he has character. The stone obeys one law, gravity, and is without motion. The worm obeys two laws, and has movement. The bird obeys three laws, and can fly as well as stand or walk. And as man increases the number of laws he obeys, he increases in richness of nature, in wealth, in strength, and influence. Nature loves paradoxes, and this is her chiefest paradox—he who stoops to wear the yoke of law becomes the child of liberty, while he who will be free from God's law wears a ball and chain through all his years. Philosophy reached its highest fruition in Christ's principle, "Love is the fulfilment of the law."

Not less important are the laws of beauty and of sacrifice. When the marble, refusing to express an impure or wicked thought, has fulfilled the law of strength, suddenly it blossoms into the law of beauty. For beauty is no outer polish, no surface adornment. Workers in wood may veneer soft pine with thin mahogany, or hide the poverty of brick walls behind thin slabs of alabaster. But real beauty is an interior quality, striking outward and manifest upon the surface. When the sweet babe is healthy within, a soft bloom appears upon the cheek without. When ripeness enters the heart of the grape, a purple flush appears upon the surface of the cluster. Carry the rude speech of the forest child up to beauty, and it becomes the musical language of Xenophon. Carry the rude hut of a savage up to beauty, and it becomes a marble house. Carry the stumbling thought of a slave up to beauty, and it becomes the essay of Epictetus. But beauty obeys the law of sacrifice, and is very simple. The truly beautiful column stands forth a single marble shaft. The most perfect capitol has one adornment, an acanthus leaf. Is Antigone or Rosalind to dress for her marriage day? Let her wear one color—white—and one flower at her throat—a sweet-briar. Does some Burns or Bryant, standing in the field of blackberries, meditate a poem, let him prune away all high-sounding phrases, and instead of adorning one thought in ten glorious sentences, let him fill ten simple sentences with ten great thoughts. Ours is a world in which the sweetest song is the simplest.

And when the vestal virgin of beauty has adorned the temple without, it asks the artist to adorn his soul with thoughts, and worship, and aspirations. If the body lives in a marble house, the soul should revolt from building a mud hut. The law of divine beauty asks the youth to flee from unclean thoughts and vulgar purposes as from a bog or foul slough. It bids him flee from irreverence, vanity, and selfishness as man flees from some plague-smitten village or filthy garment. How sweet the voice of beauty that whispers, "Seek whatsoever things are lovely, whatsoever things are true, whatsoever things are virtuous, whatsoever things are of good report." Having doubled the beauty of his house, having doubled the wisdom of his book, man should also double the nobility and beauty of his life, making the soul within as glorious as a temple without.

When the palace or temple has been founded in strength and crowned with beauty, the law of remembrance comes in to bid men guard well their treasures.

This building that the fathers reared out of their thoughts, their gold, their aspirations and worship, is theirs, not ours. Rather it is ours only to guard and enjoy, not to destroy or alter. Our Independence Hall, England's great Abbey, Italy's St. Peter's, the Parthenon of Athens, these are not ours. They belong partly to the noble fathers who built them and partly to the generations that shall come after us. What we build we may cast down or change. But their illuminated missals and books are to be guarded in glass cases and handed forward; their immortal frescoes and statues are to be watched as we watch the crown jewels of kings; the doors of their temples are to be guarded as man once guarded the gates of the city. Profane, indeed, the destroying hands lifted upon some ancient marble, or picture, or bronze! Sacred forever the steps of that temple which passed the seven good emperors of Rome! Sacred that abbey where the parliaments of kings and churches oft did meet! Little wonder that men, worn and weary by life's fierce strife, make long pilgrimages to the Duomo in Florence, or the great square in Venice, or to that marble hall in Milan. Frederic Harrison thinks the Parthenon of Phidias is as sacred as the "Iliad" of Homer; Giotto's tower in Florence is as precious as the "Paradiso" of Dante; the Abbey of England is as immortal as the "Hamlet" of Shakespeare. No punishment can be too severe for him who lifts a vandal's hand to destroy these treasure-houses of great souls.

And then, like a sweet voice falling from the sky, come the words: "Ye are the temple of God. This house not made with hands is eternal in the heavens." He who asks men to guard dead statues and the decaying canvas will himself guard and keep in immortal remembrance the soul-temple of the dying statesman, and hero, and martyr. If Milton says that "a book is the precious life-blood of a master spirit embalmed and treasured up on purpose for a life beyond life," and affirms that we may as well "kill a man as kill a good book," then the divine voice whispers that the soul is the precious life-temple into which three-score years and ten have swept their thoughts, and dreams, and hopes, and prayers, and tears, and committed all this treasure into the hands of that God who never slumbers and never sleeps.

Slowly the soul's temple rises. Slowly reason and conscience make beautiful the halls of imagination, the galleries of memory, the chambers of affection. When success makes the colors so bright as to dazzle, trouble comes in to soften the tints. If adversity lends gloom to some room of memory, hope enters to lighten the dark lines. For character is a structure that rises under the direction of a divine Master Builder. Full often a divine form enters the earthly scene. Thoughts that are not man's enter his mind. Hopes that are not his, like angels, knock at his door to aid him in his work. Even death is no "Vandal." When the body hath done its work, death pulls the body down his scaffold to reveal to men a ceiling glorious with lustrous beauty. At the gateway of ancient Thebes watchmen stood to guard the wicked city. Upon the walls of bloody Babylon soldiers walked the long night through, ever keeping towers where tyranny dwelt. And if kings think that dead stones and breathless timbers are worthy of guarding, we may believe that God doth set keepers to guard the living city of man's soul. He gives us angels' charge over the fallen hero, the dying mother and the sleeping child. He will not forget His dead. Man's soul is God's living temple. It is not kept by earthly hands. It is eternal in the heavens.

JULIA WARD HOWE

Photogravure after a photograph from life

JULIA WARD HOWE

THE SALON IN AMERICA

[Lecture by Mrs. Julia Ward Howe, author, poet, public speaker (born in New York City, May 27, 1819; ———), written for a course of popular lectures arranged by the New England Woman's Club, Boston, Mass., and delivered before the Contemporary Club of Philadelphia, Penn., in March, 1893.]

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN:—The word "society" has reached the development of two opposite meanings. The generic term applies to the body politic en masse; the specific term is technically used to designate a very limited portion of that body. The use, nowadays, of the slang expression, "sassiety" is evidence that we need a word which we do not as yet possess. It is with this department of the human fellowship that I now propose to occupy myself, and especially with one of its achievements, considered by some a lost art—the salon.

This prelude of mine is somewhat after the manner of Polonius, but as Shakespeare must have had occasion to observe, the mind of age has ever a retrospective turn. Those of us who are used to philosophizing must always go back from a particular judgment to some governing principle which we have found, or think we have found in long experience. The question whether salons are possible in America leads my thoughts to other questions which appear to me to lie behind this one, and which primarily concern the well-being of civilized man.

The uses of society, in the sense of an assemblage for social intercourse, may be briefly stated as follows: First of all, such assemblages are needed in order to make people better friends. Secondly, they are needed to enlarge

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the individual mind by the interchange of thought and expression with other minds. Thirdly, they are needed for the utilization of certain sorts and degrees of talent which would not be available either for professional, business, or educational work, but which, appropriately combined and used, can forward the severe labors included under these heads by the instrumentality of sympathy, enjoyment, and good taste.

Any social custom or institution which can accomplish one or more of these ends, will be found of important use in the work of civilization; but here, as well as elsewhere, the ends which the human heart desires are defeated by the poverty of human judgment and the general ignorance concerning the relation of means to ends. Society, thus far, is a sort of lottery, in which there are few prizes and many blanks, and each of these blanks represents some good to which men and women are entitled, and which they should have, and could, if they only knew how to come at it. Thus, social intercourse is sometimes so ordered that it develops antagonism instead of harmony, and makes one set of people the enemies of another set, dividing not only circles, but friendships, and families.

This state of things defeats society's first object, which, in my view, is to make people better friends. Secondly, it will happen, and not seldom, that the frequent meeting together of a number of people, necessarily restricted, instead of enlarging the social horizon of the individual, will tend to narrow it more and more, so that sets and cliques will revolve around small centers of interest and refuse to extend their scope. In this way, end number two, the enlargement of the individual mind is lost sight of, and, end number three, the interchange of thought and experience does not have room to develop itself. People say what they think others want to hear; they profess experience which they have never had. Here, consequently, a sad blank is drawn, where we might well look for the greatest prize; and, end number four, the utilization of secondary or even tertiary talents is defeated by the application of a certain fashion varnish which effaces all features of individuality, and produces a wondrously dull surface, where we might have hoped for a brilliant variety of form and color.

These defects of administration being easily recognized, the great business of social organizations ought to be to guard against them in such wise that the short space and limited opportunity of individual life should have offered to it the possibility of a fair and generous investment, instead of the uncertain lottery of which I spoke just now.

One of the great needs of society in all times is that its guardians shall take care that rules or institutions devised for some good end shall not become so perverted, in the use made of them, as to bring about the result most opposed to that which they were intended to secure. This, I take it, is the true meaning of the saying that "the price of liberty is eternal vigilance," no provision to secure this being sure to avail without the constant direction of personal care to the object.

The institution of the salon might, in some periods of social history, greatly forward the substantial and good ends of human companionship. I can easily fancy that, in other times and under other circumstances, its influence might be detrimental to general humanity and good fellowship. We can, in imagination, follow the two processes which I have here in mind. The strong action of a commanding character, or of a commanding interest, may, in the first instance, draw together those who belong together. Fine spirits, communicative and receptive, will obey the fine electric force which seeks to combine them,—the great wits, and the people who can appreciate them; the poets, and their fit hearers; philosophers, statesmen, economists, and the men and women who will be able and eager to learn from the informal overflow of their wisdom and knowledge. Here we may have a glimpse of a true republic of intelligence. What should overthrow it? Why should it not last forever, and be handed down from one generation to another?

The salon is an insecure institution; first, because the exclusion of new material, of new men and new ideas, may so girdle such a society that its very perfection shall involve its death. Then, on account of the false ideas and artificial methods which self-limiting society tends to introduce, in time the genuine basis of association disappears from view; the great *name* is wanted for the reputation of the salon, not the great intelligence for its illumination. The moment that you put the name in place of the individual you introduce an element of insincerity and failure.

There is a sort of homage quite common in society, which amounts to such flattery as this: "Madam, I assure you that I consider you an eminently brilliant and successful sham. Will you tell me your secret, or shall I, a worker in the same line, tell you mine?" Again, the contradictory objects of our desired salon are its weakness. We wish it to exclude the general public, but we dreadfully desire that it shall be talked about and envied by the general public.

These two opposite aims—a severe restriction of membership, and a limited extension of reputation—are very likely to destroy the social equilibrium of any circle, coterie, or association. Such contradictions have deep roots. Even the general conduct of neighborhood evinces them. People are often concerned lest those who live near them should infringe upon the rights and reserves of their household. In large cities people sometimes boast, with glee, that they have no acquaintance with the families dwelling on either side of them. And yet, in some of those very cities, social intercourse is limited by regions, and one street of fine houses will ignore another, which is, to all appearances, as fine and as reputable. Under these circumstances some may naturally ask: "Who is my neighbor?" In the sense of the good Samaritan, mostly no one. [Applause.]

Dante has given us pictures of the ideal good and the ideal evil association. The company of his demons is distracted by incessant warfare. Weapons are hurled back and forth between them, curses and imprecations, while the solitary souls of great sinners abide in the torture of their own flame. As the great poet has introduced to us a number of his acquaintance in this infernal abode, we may suppose him to have given us his idea of much of the society of his own time. Such appeared to him that part of the World which, with the Flesh and the Devil, completes the trinity of evil. But, in his "Paradiso," what glimpses does he give us of the lofty spiritual communion which then, as now, redeemed humanity from its low discredit, its spite and malice! Resist as we may, the Christian order is prevailing, and will more and more prevail. At the two opposite poles of popular affection and learned persuasion, it did overcome the world, ages ago. In the intimate details of life, in the spirit of ordinary society, it will penetrate more and more. We may put its features out of sight and out of mind, but they are present in the world about us, and what we may build in ignorance or defiance of them will not stand. Modern society itself is one of the results of this world conquest which was crowned with thorns nearly two thousand years ago. In spite of the selfishness of all classes of men and women, this conquest puts the great goods of life within the reach of all. [Applause.]

I speak of Christianity here, because, as I see it, it stands in direct opposition to the natural desire of privileged classes and circles to keep the best things for their own advantage and enjoyment. "What, then!" will you say, "shall society become an agrarian mob?" By no means. Its great domain is everywhere crossed by boundaries. All of us have our proper limits, and should keep them, when we have once learned them.

But all of us have a share, too, in the good and glory of human destiny. The free course of intelligence and sympathy in our own commonwealth established here a social unity which is hard to find elsewhere. Do not let any of us go against this. Animal life itself begins with a cell, and slowly unfolds until it generates the great electric currents which impel the world of sentient beings. The social and political life of America has passed out of the cell state into the sweep of a wide and brilliant efficiency. Let us not try to imprison this truly cosmopolitan life in cells, going back to the instinctive selfhood of the barbaric state.

Nature starts from cells, but develops by centers. If we want to find the true secret of social discrimination let us seek it in the study of centers,—central attractions, each subordinated to the governing harmony of the universe but each working to keep together the social atoms that belong together. There was a time in which the stars in our beautiful heaven were supposed to be kept in their places by solid mechanical contrivances, the heaven itself being an immense body that revolved with the rest. The progress of science has taught us that the luminous orbs which surround us are not held by mechanical bonds, but that natural laws of attraction bind the atom to the globe, and the globe to its orbit. Even so is it with the social atoms which compose humanity. Each of them has his place, his right, his beauty; and each and all are governed by laws of belonging which are as delicate as the tracery of the frost, and as mighty as the frost itself. [Applause.]

The club is taking the place of the salon to-day, and not without reason. I mean by this the study, culture, and social clubs, not those modern fortresses in which a man rather takes refuge from society than really seeks or finds it. I have just said that mankind are governed by centers of natural attraction around which their lives come to revolve. In the course of human progress the higher centers exercise an ever-widening attraction, and the masses of mankind are brought more and more under their influence. Now, the affection of fraternal sympathy and good-will is as natural to man, though not so immediate in him, as are any of the selfish instincts. Objects of moral and intellectual worth call forth this sympathy in a high and ever-increasing degree, while objects in which self is paramount call forth just the opposite, and foster in one and all the selfish principle, which is always one of emulation, discord, and mutual distrust.

While a salon may be administered in a generous and disinterested manner, I should fear that it would often prove an arena in which the most selfish leadings of human nature would assert themselves. In the club, a sort of public spirit necessarily develops itself. Each of us would like to have his place there,—yes, and his appointed little time of shining,—but a worthy object, such as will hold together men and women on an intellectual basis, gradually wins for itself the place of command in the affections of those who follow it in company. Each of these will find that his unaided efforts are insufficient for the furthering and illustration of a great subject which all have greatly at heart.

I have been present at a forge on which the pure gold of thought has been hammered by thinkers into the rounded sphere of an almost perfect harmony. One and another and another gave his hit or his touch, and when the delightful hour was at an end, each of us carried the golden sphere away with him. The club which I have in mind at this moment had an unfashionable name, and was scarcely, if at all, recognized in the general society of Boston. It was called the Radical Club, and the really radical feature in it was the fact that the thoughts presented at its meetings had a root, and were, in that sense, radical. These thoughts, entertained by individuals of very various persuasions, often brought forth strong oppositions of opinion. Some of us used to wax warm in the defense of our own conviction; but our wrath was not the wrath of the peacock, enraged to see another peacock unfold its brilliant tail, but the concern of sincere thinkers that a subject worth discussing should not be presented in a partial and one-sided manner, to which end, each marked his point and said his say; and when our meeting was over, we had all had the great instruction of looking into the minds of those to whom truth was as dear as to ourselves, even if her aspect to them was not exactly what it was to us.

Here I have heard Wendell Phillips and Oliver Wendell Holmes; John Weiss and James Freeman Clarke; Athanase Coquerel, the noble French Protestant preacher; William Henry Channing, worthy nephew of his great uncle; Colonel Higginson, Dr. Bartol, and many others. Extravagant things were sometimes said, no doubt, and the equilibrium of ordinary persuasion was not infrequently disturbed for a time; but the satisfaction of those present when a sound basis of thought was vindicated and established is indeed pleasant in remembrance.

I feel tempted to introduce here one or two magic-lantern views of certain sittings of this renowned club, of which I cherish especial remembrance. Let me say, speaking in general terms, that, albeit the club was more critical than devout, its criticism was rarely other than serious and earnest. I remember that M. Coquerel's discourse there was upon "The Protestantism of Art," and that in it he combatted the generally received idea that the Church of Rome has always stood first in the patronage and inspiration of art. The great Dutch painters, Holbein, Rembrandt, and their fellows, were not Roman

Catholics. Michelangelo was Protestant in spirit; so was Dante. I cannot recall with much particularity the details of things heard so many years ago, but I remember the presence at this meeting of Charles Sumner, George Hillard, and Dr. Hedge. Mr. Sumner declined to take any part in the discussion which followed M. Coquerel's discourse. Colonel Higginson, who was often present at these meetings, maintained his view that Protestantism was simply the decline of the Christian religion. Mr. Hillard quoted St. James' definition of religion, pure and undefiled,—to visit the fatherless and widows in their affliction, and to keep himself unspotted from the world. Dr. Hedge, who was about to withdraw, paused for a moment to say: "The word 'religion' is not rightly translated there; it should mean"—I forget what. The doctor's tone and manner very much impressed a friend, who afterwards said to me: "Did he not go away 'like one who wraps the drapery of his couch about him'?"

Or it might be that John Weiss, he whom a lady writer once described as "four parts spirit and one part flesh," gave us his paper on "Prometheus," or one on "Music," or propounded his theory of how the world came into existence. Colonel Higginson would descant upon the Greek goddesses, as representing the feminine ideals of the Greek mythology, which he held to be superior to the Christian ideals of womanhood—dear Elizabeth Peabody and I meeting him in earnest opposition. David Wasson, powerful in verse and in prose, would speak against woman suffrage. When driven to the wall, he confessed that he did not believe in popular suffrage at all; and when forced to defend this position, he would instance the wicked and ill-governed city of New York as reason enough for his views. I remember his going away after such a discussion very abruptly, not at all in Dr. Hedge's grand style, but rather as if he shook the dust of our opinions from his feet; for no one of the radicals would countenance this doctrine, and though we freely confessed the sins of New York, we believed not a whit the less in the elective franchise, with amendments and extensions. [Applause.]

Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes, one day, if I remember rightly, gave a very succinct and clear statement of the early forms of Calvinistic doctrine as held in this country, and Wendell Phillips lent his eloquent speech to this and to other discussions.

When I think of it, I believe that I had a salon once upon a time. I did not call it so, nor even think of it as such; yet within it were gathered people who represented many and various aspects of life. They were real people, not lay figures distinguished by names and clothes. The earnest humanitarian interests of my husband brought to our home a number of persons interested in reform, education, and progress. It was my part to mix in with this graver element as much of social grace and geniality as I was able to gather about me. I was never afraid to bring together persons who rarely met elsewhere than at my house, confronting Theodore Parker with some archpriest of the old orthodoxy, or William Lloyd Garrison with a decade, perhaps, of Beacon Street dames. A friend said, on one of these occasions: " Our hostess delights in contrasts." I confess that I did; but I think that my greatest pleasure was in the lessons of human compatibility which I learned in this wise. I started, indeed, with the conviction that thought and character are the foremost values in society, and was not afraid nor ashamed to offer these to my guests, with or without the stamp of fashion and position. [Applause.] The result amply justified my belief.

Some periods in our own history are more favorable to such intercourse than others. The agony and enthusiasm of the Civil War, and the long period of ferment and disturbance which preceded and followed that great crisis— these social agitations penetrated the very fossils of the body politic. People were glad to meet together, glad to find strength and comfort among those who lived and walked by solid convictions. We cannot go back to that time; we would not, if we could; but it was a grand time to live and to work in.

I am sorry when I see people build palaces in America. We do not need them. Why snould we bury fortune and life in the dead state of rooms which are not lived in? Why should we double and triple for ourselves the dangers of insufficient drainage or defective sanitation? Let us have such houses as we need—comfortable, well-aired, well lighted, adorned with such art as we can appreciate, enlivened by such company as we can enjoy. Similarly, I believe that we should, individually, come much nearer to the real purpose of a salon by restricting the number of our guests and enlarging their variety.

If we are to have a salon, do not let us think too much about its appearance to the outside world—how it will be reported, and extolled, and envied. Mr. Emerson withdrew from the Boston Radical Club because newspaper reports of its meetings were allowed. We live too much in public to-day, and desire too much the seal of public notice. [Applause.]

There is not room in our short human life for both shams and realities. We can neither pursue nor possess both. I think of this now entirely with application to the theme under consideration. Let us not exercise sham hospitality to sham friends. Let the heart of our household be sincere; let our home affections expand to a wider human brotherhood and sisterhood. Let us be willing to take trouble to gather our friends together, and to offer them such entertainment as we can, remembering that the best entertainment is mutual. But do not let us offend ourselves or our friends with the glare of lights, the noise of numbers, in order that all may suffer a tedious and joyless being together, and part as those who have contributed to each other's *ennui*, all sincere and reasonable intercourse having been wanting in the general encounter.

We should not feel bound, either, to the literal imitation of any facts or features of European life which may not fit well upon our own. In many countries the currents of human life have become so deepened and strengthened by habit and custom as to render change very difficult, and growth almost impossible. In our own, on the contrary, life is fresh and fluent. Its boundaries should be elastic, capable even of indefinite expansion. [Applause.]

In the older countries of which I speak, political power and social recognition are supposed to emanate from some autocratic source, and the effort and ambition of all naturally look toward that source, and, knowing none other, feel a personal interest in maintaining its ascendency, the statu quo. In our own broad land, power and light have no such inevitable abiding-place, but may emanate from an endless variety of points and personalities.

The other mode of living may have much to recommend it for those to whom it is native and inherited, but it is not for us. And when we apologize for our needs and deficiencies, it should not be on the ground of our youth and inexperience. If the settlement of our country is recent, we have behind us all the experience of the human race, and are bound to represent its fuller and riper manhood.

Our seriousness is sometimes complained of, usually by people whose jests and pleasantries fail to amuse us. Let us not apologize for this, nor envy any nation its power of trifling and of persiflage. We have mighty problems to solve; great questions to answer. The fate of the world's future is concerned in what we shall do or leave undone. We are a people of workers, and we love work—shame on him who is ashamed of it! When we are found, on our own or other shores, idling our life away, careless of vital issues, ignorant of true principles, then may we apologize, then let us make haste to amend. [Applause.]

THOMAS HENRY HUXLEY

Photogravure after a photograph from life

THOMAS HENRY HUXLEY

ON A PIECE OF CHALK

[Lecture by Professor Thomas H. Huxley, scientist (born in Ealing, Middlesex, England, May 4, 1825; died in Eastbourne, England, June 29, 1895), delivered to the workingmen of Norwich, during the meeting of the British Association, in 1868. Mr. Leonard Huxley in his life of his father says: "His lecture 'On a Piece of Chalk,' together with two others delivered this year (1868), seem to me to mark the maturing of his style into that mastery of clear expression for which he deliberately labored, the saying exactly what he meant, neither too much nor too little, without confusion and without obscurity. Have something to say, and say it, was the Duke of Wellington's theory of style; Huxley's was to say that which has to be said in such language that you can stand cross-examination on each word. Be clear, though you may be convicted of error. If you are clearly wrong, you will run up against a fact some time and get set right. If you shuffle with your subject and study chiefly to use language which will give a loophole of escape either way, there is no hope for you. This was the secret of his lucidity."]

If a well were sunk at our feet in the midst of the city of Norwich, the diggers would very soon find themselves at work in that white substance almost too soft to be called rock, with which we are all familiar as "chalk."

Not only here, but over the whole county of Norfolk, the well-sinker might carry his shaft down many hundred feet without coming to the end of the chalk; and, on the seacoast, where the waves have pared away the face of the land which breasts them, the scarped faces of the high cliffs are often wholly formed of the same material.

Northward, the chalk may be followed as far as Yorkshire; on the south coast it appears abruptly in the picturesque western bays of Dorset, and breaks into the Needles of the Isle of Wight; while on the shores of Kent it supplies that long line of white cliffs to which England owes her name of Albion.

Were the thin soil which covers it all washed away, a curved band of white chalk, here broader, and there narrower, might be followed diagonally across England from Lulworth in Dorset, to Flamborough Head in Yorkshire —a distance of over 280 miles as the crow flies. From this band to the North Sea, on the east, and the Channel, on the south, the chalk is largely hidden by other deposits; but, except in the Weald of Kent and Sussex, it enters into the very foundation of all the southeastern counties.

Attaining, as it does in some places, a thickness of more than a thousand feet, the English chalk must be admitted to be a mass of considerable magnitude. Nevertheless, it covers but an insignificant portion of the whole area occupied by the chalk formation of the globe, much of which has the same general characters as ours, and is found in detached patches, some less, and others more extensive, than the English. Chalk occurs in northwest Ireland; it stretches over a large part of France,—the chalk which underlies Paris being, in fact, a continuation of that of the London basin; it runs through Denmark and Central Europe, and extends southward to North Africa; while eastward, it appears in the Crimea and in Syria, and may be traced as far as the shores of the Sea of Aral, in Central Asia. If all the points at which true chalk occurs were circumscribed, they would lie within an irregular oval about 3,000 miles in long diameter—the area of which would be as great as that of Europe, and would many times exceed that of the largest existing inland sea—the Mediterranean.

Thus the chalk is no unimportant element in the masonry of the earth's crust, and it impresses a peculiar stamp, varying with the conditions to which it is exposed, on the scenery of the districts in which it occurs. The undulating downs and rounded coombs, covered with sweet-grassed turf, of our inland chalk country, have a peacefully domestic and mutton-suggesting prettiness, but can hardly be called either grand or beautiful. But on our southern coasts, the wall-sided cliffs, many hundred feet high, with vast needles and pinnacles standing out in the sea, sharp and solitary enough to serve as perches for the wary cormorant, confer a wonderful beauty and grandeur upon the chalk headlands. And, in the East, chalk has its share in the formation of some of the most venerable of mountain ranges, such as the Lebanon.

What is this wide-spread component of the surface of the earth? and whence did it come? You may think this no very hopeful inquiry. You may not unnaturally suppose that the attempt to solve such problems as these can lead to no result, save that of entangling the inquirer in vague speculations, incapable of refutation and of verification. If such were really the case, I should have selected some other subject than a "piece of chalk" for my discourse. But, in truth, after much deliberation, I have been unable to think of any topic which would so well enable me to lead you to see how solid is the foundation upon which some of the most startling conclusions of physical science rest.

A great chapter of the history of the world is written in the chalk. Few passages in the history of man can be supported by such an overwhelming mass of direct and indirect evidence as that which testifies to the truth of the fragment of the history of the globe, which I hope to enable you to read, with your own eyes, to-night. Let me add, that few chapters of human history have a more profound significance for ourselves. I weigh my words well when I assert, that the man who should know the true history of the bit of chalk which every carpenter carries about in his breeches-pocket, though ignorant of all other history, is likely, if he will think his knowledge out to its ultimate results, to have a truer, and therefore a better, conception of this wonderful universe, and of man's relation to it, than the most learned student who is deep-read in the records of humanity and ignorant of those of Nature.

The language of the chalk is not hard to learn, not nearly so hard as Latin, if you only want to get at the broad features of the story it has to tell; and I propose that we now set to work to spell that story out together.

We all know that if we "burn" chalk the result is quicklime. Chalk, in fact, is a compound of carbonic acid gas, and lime, and when you make it very hot the carbonic acid flies away and the lime is left. By this method of procedure we see the lime, but we do not see the carbonic acid. If, on the other hand, you were to powder a little chalk and drop it into a good deal of strong vinegar, there would be a great bubbling and fizzing, and, finally, a clear liquid, in which no sign of chalk would appear. Here you see the carbonic acid in the bubbles; the lime, dissolved in the vinegar, vanishes from sight. There are a great many other ways of showing that chalk is essentially nothing but carbonic acid and quicklime. Chemists enunciate the result of all the experiments which prove this, by stating that chalk is almost wholly composed of "carbonate of lime."

It is desirable for us to start from the knowledge of this fact, though it may not seem to help us very far towards what we seek. For carbonate of lime is a widely-spread substance, and is met with under very various conditions. All sorts of limestones are composed of more or less pure carbonate of lime. The crust which is often deposited by waters which have drained through limestone rocks, in the form of what are called stalagmites and stalactites, is carbonate of lime. Or, to take a more familiar example, the fur on the inside of a tea-kettle is carbonate of lime; and, for anything chemistry tells us to the contrary, the chalk might be a kind of gigantic fur upon the bottom of the earth-kettle, which is kept pretty hot below.

Let us try another method of making the chalk tell us its own history. To the unassisted eye chalk looks simply like a very loose and open kind of stone. But it is possible to grind a slice of chalk down so thin that you can see through it—until it is thin enough, in face, to be examined with any magnifying power that may be thought desirable. A thin slice of the fur of a kettle might be made in the same way. If it were examined microscopically, it would show itself to be a more or less distinctly laminated mineral substance, and nothing more. But the slice of chalk presents a totally different appearance when placed under the microscope. The general mass of it is made up of very minute granules; but, embedded in this matrix, are innumerable bodies, some smaller and some larger, but, on a rough average, not more than a hundredth of an inch in diameter, having a well-defined shape and structure. A cubic inch of some specimens of chalk may contain hundreds of thousands of these bodies, compacted together with incalculable millions of the granules.

The examination of a transparent slice gives a good notion of the manner in which the components of the chalk are arranged, and of their relative proportions. But, by rubbing up some chalk with a brush in water and then pouring off the milky fluid, so as to obtain sediments of different degrees of fineness, the granules and the minute rounded bodies may be pretty well separated from one another, and submitted to microscopic examination, either as opaque or as transparent objects. By combining the views obtained in these various methods, each of the rounded bodies may be proved to be a beautifully-constructed calcareous fabric, made up of a number of chambers, communicating freely with one another. The chambered bodies are of various forms. One of the commonest is something like a badly-grown raspberry, being formed of a number of nearly globular chambers of different sizes congregated together. It is called *Globigerina,* and some specimens of chalk consists of little else than *Globigerinæ* and granules. Let us fix our attention upon the *Globigerina.* It is the spoor of the game we are tracking. If we can learn what it is and what are the conditions of its existence, we shall see our way to the origin and past history of the chalk.

A suggestion which may naturally enough present itself is, that these curious bodies are the result of some process of aggregation which has taken place in the carbonate of lime; that, just as in winter, the rime on our windows simulates the most delicate and elegantly arborescent foliage—proving that the mere mineral water may, under certain conditions, assume the outward form of organic bodies—so this mineral substance, carbonate of lime, hidden away in the bowels of the earth, has taken the shape of these chambered bodies. I am not raising a merely fanciful and unreal objection. Very learned men, in former days, have even entertained the notion that all the formed things found in rocks are of this nature; and if no such conception is at present held to be admissible, it is because long and varied experience has now shown that mineral matter never does assume the form and structure we find in fossils. If any one were to try to persuade you that an oyster-shell (which is also chiefly composed of carbonate of lime) had crystallized out of sea-water, I suppose you would laugh at the absurdity. Your laughter would be justified by the fact that all experience tends to show that oyster-shells are formed by the agency of oysters, and in no other way. And if there were no better reasons, we should be justified, on like grounds, in believing that *Globigerinæ* is not the product of anything but vital activity. Happily, however, better evidence in proof of the organic nature of the *Globigerinæ* than that of analogy is forthcoming. It so happens that calcareous skeletons, exactly similar to the *Globigerinæ* of the chalk, are being formed, at the present moment, by minute living creatures, which flourish in multitudes, literally more numerous than the sands of the seashore, over a large extent of that part of the earth's surface which is covered by the ocean.

The history of the discovery of these living *Globigerinæ*, and of the part which they play in rock building, is singular enough. It is a discovery which, like others of no less scientific importance, has arisen, incidentally, out of work devoted to very different and exceedingly practical interests. When men first took to the sea, they speedily learned to look out for shoals and rocks; and the more the burden of their ships increased, the more imperatively necessary it became for sailors to ascertain with precision the depth of the waters they traversed. Out of this necessity grew the use of the lead and sounding-line; and, ultimately, marine-surveying, which is the recording of the form of coasts and of the depth of the sea, as ascertained by the sounding-lead, upon charts.

At the same time, it became desirable to ascertain and to indicate the nature of the sea-bottom, since this circumstance greatly affects its goodness as holding ground for anchors. Some ingenious tar, whose name deserves a better fate than the oblivion into which it has fallen, attained this object by "arming" the bottom of the lead with a lump of grease, to which more or less of the sand or mud, or broken shells, as the case might be, adhered, and was brought to the surface. But, however well adapted such an apparatus might be for rough nautical purposes, scientific accuracy could not be expected from the armed lead, and to remedy its defects (especially when applied to sounding in great depths) Lieutenant Brooke, of the American Navy, some years ago invented a most ingenious machine, by which a considerable portion of the superficial layer of the sea-bottom can be scooped out and brought up from any depth to which the lead descends. In 1853, Lieutenant Brooke obtained mud from the bottom of the North Atlantic, between Newfoundland and the Azores, at a depth of more than 10,000 feet, or two miles, by the help of this sounding apparatus. The specimens were sent for examination to Ehrenberg of Berlin, and to Bailey of West Point, and those able microscopists found that this deep-sea mud was almost entirely composed of the skeletons of living organisms—the greater proportion of these being just like the *Globigerinæ* already known to occur in the chalk.

Thus far, the work had been carried on simply in the interests of science, but Lieutenant Brooke's method of sounding acquired a high commercial value, when the enterprise of laying down the telegraph-cable between this country and the United States was undertaken. For it became a matter of immense importance to know, not only the depth of the sea over the whole line along which the cable was to be laid, but the exact nature of the bottom, so as to guard against chances of cutting or fraying the strands of that costly rope. The Admiralty consequently ordered Captain Dayman, an old friend and shipmate of mine, to ascertain the depth over the whole line of the cable, and to bring back specimens of the bottom. In former days, such a command as this might have sounded very much like one of the impossible things which the young Prince in the Fairy Tales is ordered to do before he can obtain the hand of the Princess. However, in the months of June and July, 1857, my friend performed the task assigned to him with great expedition and precision, without, so far as I know, having met with any reward of that kind. The specimens of Atlantic mud which he procured were sent to me to be examined and reported upon.

The result of all these operations is, that we know the contours and the nature of the surface-soil covered by the North Atlantic for a distance of 1,700 miles from east to west, as well as we know that of any part of the dry land. It is a prodigious plain—one of the widest and most even plains in the world. If the sea were drained off, you might drive a wagon all the way from Valentia, on the west coast of Ireland, to Trinity Bay, in Newfoundland. And, except upon one sharp incline about 200 miles from Valentia, I am not quite sure that it would even be necessary to put the skid on, so gentle are the ascents and descents upon that long route. From Valentia the road would lie down-hill for about 200 miles to the point at which the bottom is now covered by 1,700 fathoms of sea-water. Then would come the central plain, more than a thousand miles wide, the inequalities of the surface of which would be hardly perceptible, though the depth of water upon it now varies from 10,000 to 15,000 feet; and there are places in which Mont Blanc might be sunk without showing its peak above water. Beyond this, the ascent on the American side commences, and gradually leads, for about 300 miles, to the Newfoundland shore.

Almost the whole of the bottom of this central plain (which extends for many hundred miles in a north and south direction) is covered by a fine mud, which, when brought to the surface, dries into a grayish white friable substance. You can write with this on a blackboard, if you are so inclined; and, to the eye, it is quite like very soft, grayish chalk. Examined chemically, it proves to be composed almost wholly of carbonate of lime; and if you make a section of it, in the same way as that of the piece of chalk was made, and view it with the microscope, it presents innumerable *Globigerinæ* embedded in a granular matrix. Thus this deep-sea mud is substantially chalk. I say substantially, because there are a good many minor differences; but as these have no bearing on the question immediately before us,—which is the nature of the *Globigerinæ* of the chalk,—it is unnecessary to speak of them.

Globigerinæ of every size, from the smallest to the largest, are associated together in the Atlantic mud, and the chambers of many are filled by a soft animal matter. This soft substance is, in fact, the remains of the creature to which the *Globigerinæ* shell, or rather skeleton, owes its existence—and which is an animal of the simplest imaginable description. It is, in fact, a mere particle of living jelly, without defined parts of any kind—without a mouth, nerves, muscles, or distinct organs, and only manifesting its vitality to ordinary observation by thrusting out and retracting from all parts of its surface, long filamentous processes, which serve for arms and legs. Yet this amorphous particle, devoid of everything which, in the higher animals, we call organs, is capable of feeding, growing, and multiplying; of separating from the ocean the small proportion of carbonate of lime which is dissolved in sea-water; and of building up that substance into a skeleton for itself, according to a pattern which can be imitated by no other known agency.

The notion that animals can live and flourish in the sea, at the vast depths from which apparently living *Globigerinæ* have been brought up, does not agree very well with our usual conceptions respecting the conditions of animal life; and it is not so absolutely impossible as it might at first sight appear to be, that the *Globigerinæ* of the Atlantic sea-bottom do not live and die where they are found.

As I have mentioned, the soundings from the great Atlantic plain are almost entirely made up of *Globigerinæ*, with the granules which have been mentioned, and some few other calcareous shells; but a small percentage of the chalky mud—perhaps at most some five per cent. of it—is of a different nature, and consists of shells and skeletons composed of silex, or pure flint. These silicious bodies belong partly to the lowly vegetable organisms which are called *Diatomaceæ*, and partly to the minute, and extremely simple, animals, termed *Radiolaria*. It is quite certain that these creatures do not live at the bottom of the ocean, but at its surface—where they may be obtained in prodigious numbers by the use of a properly constructed net. Hence it follows that these silicious organisms, though they are not heavier than the lightest dust, must have fallen, in some cases, through fifteen thousand feet of water, before they reached their final resting-place on the ocean floor. And considering how large a surface these bodies expose in proportion to their weight, it is probable that they occupy a great length of time in making their burial journey from the surface of the Atlantic to the bottom.

But if the *Radiolaria* and Diatoms are thus rained upon the bottom of the sea, from the superficial layer of its waters in which they pass their lives, it is obviously possible that the *Globigerinæ* may be similarly derived; and if they were so, it would be much more easy to understand how they obtain their supply of food than it is at present. Nevertheless, the positive and negative evidence all points the other way. The skeletons of the full-grown, deep-sea *Globigerinæ* are so remarkably solid and heavy in proportion to their surface as to seem little fitted for floating; and, as a matter of fact, they are not to be found along with the Diatoms and *Radiolaria* in the uppermost stratum of the open ocean. It has been observed, again, that the abundance of *Globigerinæ*, in proportion to other organisms, of like kind, increases with the depth of the sea; and that deep-water *Globigerinæ* are larger than those which live in shallower parts of the sea; and such facts negative the supposition that these organisms have been swept by currents from the shallows into the deeps of the Atlantic. It therefore seems to be hardly doubtful that these wonderful creatures live and die at the depths in which they are found.

However, the important points for us are, that the living *Globigerinæ* are exclusively marine animals, the skeletons of which abound at the bottom of deep seas; and that there is not a shadow of reason for believing that the habits of the *Globigerinæ* of the chalk differed from those of the existing species. But if this be true, there is no escaping the conclusion that the chalk itself is the dried mud of an ancient deep sea.

In working over the soundings collected by Captain Dayman, I was surprised to find that many of what I have called the "granules" of that mud were not, as one might have been tempted to think at first, the mere powder and waste of *Globigerinæ*, but that they had a definite form and size. I termed these bodies "coccoliths," and doubted their organic nature. Dr. Wallich verified my observation, and added the interesting discovery that, not unfrequently, bodies similar to these "coccoliths" were aggregated together into spheroids, which he termed "coccospheres." So far as we knew, these bodies, the nature of which is extremely puzzling and problematical, were peculiar to the Atlantic soundings. But, a few years ago, Mr. Sorby, in making a careful examination of the chalk by means of thin sections and otherwise, observed, as Ehrenberg had done before him, that much of its granular basis possesses a definite form. Comparing these formed particles with those in the Atlantic soundings, he found the two to be identical; and thus proved that the chalk, like the surroundings, contains these mysterious coccoliths and coccospheres. Here was a further and most interesting confirmation, from internal evidence, of the essential identity of the chalk with modern deep-sea mud. *Globigerinæ*, coccoliths, and coccospheres are found as the chief constituents of both, and testify to the general similarity of the conditions under which both have been formed.

The evidence furnished by the hewing, facing, and superposition of the stones of the Pyramids, that these structures were built by men, has no greater weight than the evidence that the chalk was built by *Globigerinæ*; and the belief that those ancient pyramid-builders were terrestrial and air-breathing creatures like ourselves, is not better based than the conviction that the chalk-makers lived in the sea. But as our belief in the building of the Pyramids by men is not only grounded on the internal evidence afforded by these structures, but gathers strength from multitudinous collateral proofs, and is clinched by the total absence of any reason for a contrary belief; so the evidence drawn from the *Globigerinæ* that the chalk is an ancient sea-bottom, is fortified by innumerable independent lines of evidence; and our belief in the truth of the conclusion to which all positive testimony tends, receives the like negative justification from the fact that no other hypothesis has a shadow of foundation.

It may be worth while briefly to consider a few of these collateral proofs that the chalk was deposited at the bottom of the sea. The great mass of the chalk is composed, as we have seen, of the skeletons of *Globigerinæ*, and other simple organisms, embedded in granular matter. Here and there, however, this hardened mud of the ancient sea reveals the remains of higher animals which have lived and died, and left their hard parts in the mud, just as the oysters die and leave their shells behind them, in the mud of the present seas.

There are, at the present day, certain groups of animals which are never found in fresh waters, being unable to live anywhere but in the sea. Such are the corals; those corallines which are called *Polyzoa;* those creatures which fabricate the lamp-shells, and are called *Brachiopoda;* the pearly *Nautilus*, and all animals allied to it; and all the forms of sea-urchins and star-fishes. Not only are all these creatures confined to salt water at the present day; but, so far as our records of the past go, the conditions of their existence have been the same: hence, their occurrence in any deposit is as strong evidence as can be obtained, that that deposit was formed in the sea. Now the remains of animals of all kinds which have been enumerated, occur in the chalk, in greater or less abundance; while not one of those forms of shell-fish which are characteristic of fresh water has yet been observed in it.

When we consider that the remains of more than three thousand distinct species of aquatic animals have been discovered among the fossils of the chalk, that the great majority of them are of such forms as are now met with only in the sea, and that there is no reason to believe that any one of them inhabited fresh water—the collateral evidence that the chalk represents an ancient sea-bottom acquires as great force as the proof derived from the nature of the chalk itself. I think you will now allow that I did not overstate my case when I asserted that we have as strong grounds for believing that all the vast area of dry land, at present occupied by the chalk, was once at the bottom of the sea, as we have for any matter of history whatever; while there is no justification for any other belief.

No less certain it is that the time during which the countries we now call south-east England, France, Germany, Poland, Russia, Egypt, Arabia, Syria, were more or less completely covered by a deep sea, was of considerable duration. We have already seen that the chalk is, in places, more than a thousand feet thick. I think you will agree with me, that it must have taken some time for the skeletons of animalcules of a hundredth of an inch in diameter to heap up such a mass as that. I have said that throughout the thickness of the chalk the remains of other animals are scattered. These remains are often in the most exquisite state of preservation. The valves of the shell-fishes are commonly adherent; the long spines of some of the sea-urchins, which would be detached by the smallest jar, often remain in their places. In a word, it is certain that these animals have lived and died when the place which they now occupy was the surface of as much of the chalk as had then been deposited; and that each has been covered up by the layer of *Globigerina* mud, upon which the creatures embedded a little higher up have, in like manner, lived and died. But some of these remains prove the existence of reptiles of vast size in the chalk sea. These lived their time, and had their ancestors and descendants, which assuredly implies time, reptiles being of slow growth.

There is more curious evidence, again, that the process of covering up, or, in other words, the deposit of *Globigerina* skeletons, did not go on very fast. It is demonstrable that an animal of the cretaceous sea might die, that its skeleton might lie uncovered upon the sea-bottom long enough to lose all its outward coverings and appendages by putrefaction; and that, after this had happened, another animal might attach itself to the dead and naked skeleton, might grow to maturity, and might itself die before the calcareous mud had buried the whole.

Cases of this kind are admirably described by Sir Charles Lyell. He speaks of the frequency with which geologists find in the chalk a fossilized sea-urchin, to which is attached the lower valve of a *Crania*. This is a kind of shell-fish, with a shell composed of two pieces, of which, as in the oyster, one is fixed and the other free. "The upper valve is almost invariably wanting, though occasionally found in a perfect state of preservation in the white chalk at some distance. In this case, we see clearly that the sea-urchin first lived from youth to age, then died and lost its spines, which were carried away. Then the young *Crania* adhered to the bared shell, grew and perished in its turn; after which, the upper valve was separated from the lower, before the Echinus became enveloped in chalky mud."

A specimen in the Museum of Practical Geology in London, still further prolongs the period which must have elapsed between the death of the sea-urchin, and its burial by the *Globigerinæ.* For the outward face of the valve of a *Crania,* which is attached to a sea-urchin, *(Micraster),* is itself overrun by an incrusting coralline, which spreads thence over more or less of the surface of the sea-urchin. It follows that, after the upper valve of the *Crania* fell off, the surface of the attached valve must have remained exposed long enough to allow of the growth of the whole coralline, since corallines do not live embedded in mud.

The progress of knowledge may, one day, enable us to deduce from such facts as these the maximum rate at which the chalk can have accumulated, and thus to arrive at the minimum duration of the chalk period. Suppose that the valve of the *Crania* upon which a coralline has fixed itself in the way just described, is so attached to the sea-urchin that no part of it is more than an inch above the face upon which the sea-urchin rests. Then, as the coralline could not have fixed itself, if the *Crania* had been covered up with chalk mud, and could not have lived had itself been so covered, it follows, that an inch of chalk mud could not have accumulated within the time between the death and decay of the soft parts of the sea-urchin and the growth of the coralline to the full size which it has attained. If the decay of the soft parts of the sea-urchin; the attachment, growth to maturity, and decay of the *Crania;* and the subsequent attachment and growth of the coralline, took a year (which is a low estimate enough), the accumulation of the inch of chalk must have taken more than a year; and the deposit of a thousand feet of chalk must, consequently, have taken more than twelve thousand years.

The foundation of all this calculation is, of course, a knowledge of the length of time the *Crania* and the coralline needed to attain their full size; and, on this head, precise knowledge is at present wanting. But there are circumstances which tend to show, that nothing like an inch of chalk has accumulated during the life of a *Crania;* and, on any probable estimate of the length of that life, the chalk period must have had a much longer duration than that thus roughly assigned to it.

Thus, not only is it certain that the chalk is the mud of an ancient sea-bottom; but it is no less certain, that the chalk sea existed during an extremely long period, though we may not be prepared to give a precise estimate of the length of that period in years. The relative duration is clear, though the absolute duration may not be definable. The attempt to affix any precise date to the period at which the chalk sea began, or ended, its existence, is baffled by difficulties of the same kind. But the relative age of the cretaceous epoch may be determined with as great ease and certainty as the long duration of that epoch.

You will have heard of the interesting discoveries recently made, in various parts of Western Europe, of flint implements, obviously worked into shape by human hands, under circumstances which show conclusively that man is a very ancient denizen of these regions. It has been proved that the whole populations of Europe, whose existence has been revealed to us in this way, consisted of savages, such as the Esquimaux are now; that, in the country which is now France, they hunted the reindeer, and were familiar with the ways of the mammoth and the bison. The physical geography of France was in those days different from what it is now—the River Somme, for instance, having cut its bed a hundred feet deeper between that time and this; and, it is probable, that the climate was more like that of Canada or Siberia, than that of Western Europe.

The existence of these people is forgotten even in the traditions of the oldest historical nations. The name and fame of them had utterly vanished until a few years back; and the amount of physical change which has been effected since their day renders it more than probable that, venerable as are some of the historical nations, the workers of the chipped flints of Hoxne or of Amiens are to them, as they are to us, in point of antiquity. But, if we assign to these hoar relics of long-vanished generations of men the greatest age that can possibly be claimed for them, they are not older than the drift, or boulder clay, which, in comparison with the chalk, is but a very juvenile deposit. You need go no further than your own sea-board for evidence of this fact. At one of the most charming spots on the coast of Norfolk, Cromer, you will see the boulder clay forming a vast mass, which lies upon the chalk, and must consequently have come into existence after it. Huge boulders of chalk are, in fact, included in the clay, and have evidently been brought to the position they now occupy by the same agency as that which has planted blocks of syenite from Norway side by side with them.

The chalk, then, is certainly older than the boulder clay. If you ask how much, I will again take you no further than the same spot upon your own coasts for evidence. I have spoken of the boulder clay and drift as resting upon the chalk. That is not strictly true. Interposed between the chalk and the drift is a comparatively insignificant layer, containing vegetable matter. But that layer tells a wonderful history. It is full of stumps of trees standing as they grew. Fir-trees are there with their cones, and hazel-bushes with their nuts; there stand the stools of oak and yew-trees, beeches, and alders. Hence this stratum is appropriately called the "forest-bed."

It is obvious that the chalk must have been upheaved and converted into dry land, before the timber trees could grow upon it. As the bolls of some of these trees are from two to three feet in diameter, it is no less clear that the dry land thus formed remained in the same condition for long ages. And not only do the remains of stately oaks and well-grown firs testify to the duration of this condition of things, but additional evidence to the same effect is afforded by the abundant remains of elephants, rhinoceroses, hippopotamuses, and other great wild beasts, which it has yielded to the zealous search of such men as the Rev. Mr. Gunn. When you look at such a collection as he has formed, and bethink you that these elephantine bones did veritably carry their owners about, and these great grinders crunch, in the dark woods of which the forest-bed is now the only trace, it is impossible not to feel that they are as good evidence of the elapse of time as the annual rings of the tree-stumps.

Thus there is a writing upon the wall of cliffs at Cromer, and whoso runs may read it. It tells us, with an authority which cannot be impeached, that the ancient sea-bed of the chalk sea was raised up, and remained dry land, until it was covered with forest, stocked with the great game the spoils of which have rejoiced your geologists. How long it remained in that condition cannot be said; but "the whirligig of time brought its revenges" in those days as in these. That dry land, with the bones and teeth of generations of long-lived elephants, hidden away among the gnarled roots and dry leaves of its ancient trees, sank gradually to the bottom of the icy sea, which covered it with huge masses of drift and boulder clay. Sea-beasts, such as the walrus, now restricted to the extreme north, paddled about where birds had twittered among the topmost twigs of the fir-trees. How long this state of things endured we know not, but at length it came to an end. The upheaved glacial mud hardened into the soil of modern Norfolk. Forests grew once more, the wolf and the beaver replaced the reindeer and the elephant; and at length what we call the history of England dawned.

Thus you have, within the limits of your own country, proof that the chalk can justly claim a very much greater antiquity than even the oldest physical traces of mankind. But we may go further and demonstrate, by evidence of the same authority as that which testifies to the existence of the father of men, that the chalk is vastly older than Adam himself. The Book of Genesis informs us that Adam, immediately upon his creation, and before the appearance of Eve, was placed in the Garden of Eden. The problem of the geographical position of Eden has greatly vexed the spirits of the learned in such matters, but there is one point respecting which, so far as I know, no commentator has ever raised a doubt. This is, that of the four rivers which are said to run out of it, Euphrates and Hiddekel are identical with the rivers now known by the names of Euphrates and Tigris. But the whole country in which these mighty rivers take their origin, and through which they run, is composed of rocks which are either of the same age as the chalk, or of later date. So that the chalk must not only have been formed, but, after its formation, the time required for the deposit of these later rocks, and for their upheaval into dry land, must have elapsed, before the smallest brook which feeds the swift stream of "the great river, the river of Babylon," began to flow.

Thus, evidence which cannot be rebutted, and which need not be strengthened, though if time permitted I might indefinitely increase its quantity, compels you to believe that the earth, from the time of the chalk to the present day, has been the theatre of a series of changes as vast in their amount, as they were slow in their progress. The area on which we stand has been first sea and then land, for at least four alternations; and has remained in each of these conditions for a period of great length.

Nor have these wonderful metamorphoses of sea into land, and of land into sea, been confined to one corner of England. During the chalk period, or "cretaceous epoch," not one of the present great physical features of the globe was in existence. Our great mountain ranges, Pyrenees, Alps, Himalayas, Andes, have all been upheaved since the chalk was deposited, and the cretaceous sea flowed over the sites of Sinai and Ararat. All this is certain, because rocks of cretaceous, or still later, date have shared in the elevatory movements which gave rise to these mountain chains; and may be found perched up, in some cases, many thousand feet high upon their flanks. And evidence of equal cogency demonstrates that, though, in Norfolk, the forest-bed rests directly upon the chalk, yet it does so, not because the period at which the forest grew immediately followed that at which the chalk was formed, but because an immense lapse of time, represented elsewhere by thousands of feet of rock, is not indicated at Cromer.

I must ask you to believe that there is no less conclusive proof that a still more prolonged succession of similar changes occurred, before the chalk was deposited. Nor have we any reason to think that the first term in the series of these changes is known. The oldest sea-beds preserved to us are sands, and mud, and pebbles, the wear and tear of rocks which were formed in still older oceans.

But, great as is the magnitude of these physical changes of the world, they have been accompanied by a no less striking series of modifications in its living inhabitants. All the great classes of animals, beasts of the field, fowls of the air, creeping things, and things which dwell in the waters, flourished upon the globe long ages before the chalk was deposited. Very few, however, if any, of these ancient forms of animal life were identical with those which now live. Certainly not one of the higher animals was of the same species as any of those now in existence. The beasts of the field, in the days before the chalk, were not our beasts of the field, nor the fowls of the air such as those which the eye of man has seen flying, unless his antiquity dates infinitely further back than we at present surmise. If we could be carried back into those times, we should be as one suddenly set down in Australia before it was colonized. We should see mammals, birds, reptiles, fishes, insects, snails, and the like, clearly recognizable as such, and yet not one of them would be just the same as those with which we are familiar, and many would be extremely different.

From that time to the present, the population of the world has undergone slow and gradual, but incessant, changes. There has been no grand catastrophe—no destroyer has swept away the forms of life of one period, and replaced them by a totally new creation; but one species has vanished and another has taken its place; creatures of one type of structure have diminished, those of another have increased, as time has passed on. And thus, while the differences between the living creatures of the time before the chalk and those of the present day appear startling, if placed side by side, we are led from one to the other by the most gradual progress, if we follow the course of Nature through the whole series of those relics of her operations which she has left behind. It is by the population of the chalk sea that the ancient and the modern inhabitants of the world are most completely connected. The groups which are dying out flourish, side by side, with the groups which are now the dominant forms of life. Thus the chalk contains remains of those strange flying and swimming reptiles, the pterodactyl, the ichthyosaurus, and the plesiosaurus, which are found in no later deposits, but abounded in preceding ages. The chambered shells called ammonites and belemnites, which are so characteristic of the period preceding the cretaceous, in like manner die with it.

But, amongst these fading remainders of a previous state of things, are some very modern forms of life, looking like Yankee pedlers among a tribe of Red Indians. Crocodiles of modern type appear; bony fishes, many of them very similar to existing species, almost supplant the forms of fish which predominate in more ancient seas; and many kinds of living shell-fish first become known to us in the chalk. The vegetation acquires a modern aspect. A few living animals are not even distinguishable as species, from those which existed at that remote epoch. The *Globigerina* of the present day, for example, is not different specifically from that of the chalk; and the same may be said of many other *Foraminifera*. I think it probable that critical and unprejudiced examination will show that more than one species of much higher animals have had a similar longevity; but the only example which I can at present give confidently is the snake's-head lamp-shell *(Terebratulina caput serpentis)*, which lives in our English seas and abounded (as *Terebratulina striata* of authors) in the chalk.

The longest line of human ancestry must hide its diminished head before the pedigree of this insignificant shell-fish. We Englishmen are proud to have an ancestor who was present at the Battle of Hastings. The ancestors of *Terebratulina caput serpentis* may have been present at a battle of *Ichthyosauria* in that part of the sea which, when the chalk was forming, flowed over the site of Hastings. While all around has changed, this *Terebratulina* has peacefully propagated its species from generation to generation, and stands to this day, as a living testimony to the continuity of the present with the past history of the globe.

Up to this moment I have stated, so far as I know, nothing but well-authenticated facts, and the immediate conclusions which they force upon the mind. But the mind is so constituted that it does not willingly rest in facts and immediate causes, but seeks always after a knowledge of the remoter links in the chain of causation.

Taking the many changes of any given spot of the earth's surface, from sea to land and from land to sea, as an established fact, we cannot refrain from asking ourselves how these changes have occurred. And when we have explained them—as they must be explained—by the alternate slow movements of elevation and depression which have affected the crust of the earth, we go still further back, and ask, Why these movements?

I am not certain that any one can give you a satisfactory answer to that question. Assuredly I cannot. All that can be said, for certain, is, that such movements are part of the ordinary course of nature, inasmuch as they are going on at the present time. Direct proof may be given, that some parts of the land of the northern hemisphere are at this moment insensibly rising and others insensibly sinking; and there is indirect, but perfectly satisfactory, proof, that an enormous area now covered by the Pacific has been deepened thousands of feet, since the present inhabitants of that sea came into existence. Thus there is not a shadow of a reason for believing that the physical changes of the globe, in past times, have been effected by other than natural causes. Is there any more reason for believing that the concomitant modifications in the forms of the living inhabitants of the globe have been brought about in other ways?

Before attempting to answer this question, let us try to form a distinct mental picture of what has happened in some special case. The crocodiles are animals which, as a group, have a very vast antiquity. They abounded ages before the chalk was deposited; they throng the rivers in warm climates, at the present day. There is a difference in the form of the joints of the back-bone, and in some minor particulars, between the crocodiles of the present epoch and those which lived before the chalk; but, in the cretaceous epoch, as I have already mentioned, the crocodiles had assumed the modern type of structure. Notwithstanding this, the crocodiles of the chalk are not identically the same as those which lived in the times called "older tertiary," which succeeded the cretaceous epoch; and the crocodiles of the older tertiaries are not identical with those of the newer tertiaries, nor are these identical with existing forms. I leave open the question whether particular species may have lived on from epoch to epoch. But each epoch has had its peculiar crocodiles; though all, since the chalk, have belonged to the modern type, and differ simply in their proportions, and in such structural particulars as are discernible only to trained eyes.

How is the existence of this long succession of different species of crocodiles to be accounted for? Only two suppositions seem to be open to us—either each species of crocodile has been specially created, or it has arisen out of some pre-existing form by the operation of natural causes. Choose your hypothesis; I have chosen mine. I can find no warranty for believing in the distinct creation of a score of successive species of crocodiles in the course of countless ages of time. Science gives no countenance to such a wild fancy; nor can even the perverse ingenuity of a commentator pretend to discover this sense, in the simple words in which the writer of Genesis records the proceedings of the fifth and six days of the Creation.

On the other hand, I see no good reason for doubting the necessary alternative, that all these varied species have been evolved from pre-existing crocodilian forms, by the operation of causes as completely a part of the common order of nature as those which have effected the changes of the inorganic world. Few will venture to affirm that the reasoning which applies to crocodiles loses its force among other animals, or among plants. If one series of species has come into existence by the operation of natural causes, it seems folly to deny that all may have arisen in the same way.

A small beginning has led us to a great ending. If I were to put the bit of chalk with which we started into the hot but obscure flame of burning hydrogen, it would presently shine like the sun. It seems to me that this physical metamorphosis is no false image of what has been the result of our subjecting it to a jet of fervent, though nowise brilliant, thought to-night. It has become luminous, and its clear rays, penetrating the abyss of the remote past, have brought within our ken some stages of the evolution of the earth. And in the shifting "without haste, but without rest" of the land and sea, as in the endless variation of the forms assumed by living beings, we have observed nothing but the natural product of the forces originally possessed by the substance of the universe.

ROBERT GREEN INGERSOLL

SHAKESPEARE

[Lecture by Colonel Robert Green Ingersoll, lawyer and orator (born in Dresden, N. Y., August 11, 1833; died in Dobbs Ferry, N. Y., July 21, 1899). This lecture was considered by his admirers the most scholarly and most delightful of Colonel Ingersoll's public efforts. It was delivered many times in various places.]

Ladies and Gentlemen:—William Shakespeare was the greatest genius of our world. He left to us the richest legacy of all the dead—the treasures of the rarest soul that ever lived and loved and wrought of words the statues, pictures, robes, and gems of thought.

It is hard to overstate the debt we owe to the men and women of genius. Take from our world what they have given, and all the niches would be empty, all the walls naked; meaning and connection would fall from words of poetry and fiction, music would go back to common air, and all the forms of subtle and enchanting Art would lose proportion, and become the unmeaning waste and shattered spoil of thoughtless Chance.

Shakespeare is too great a theme. I feel as though endeavoring to grasp a globe so large that the hand obtains no hold. He who would worthily speak of the great dramatist should be inspired by "a muse of fire that should ascend the brightest heaven of invention." He should have "a kingdom for a stage, and monarchs to behold the swelling scene."

More than three centuries ago, the most intellectual of the human race was born. He was not of supernatural origin. At his birth there were no celestial pyrotechnics. His father and mother were both English, and both had

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the cheerful habit of living in this world. The cradle in which he was rocked was canopied by neither myth nor miracle, and in his veins there was no drop of royal blood.

This babe became the wonder of mankind. Neither of his parents could read or write. He grew up in a small and ignorant village on the banks of the Avon, in the midst of the common people of three hundred years ago. There was nothing in the peaceful, quiet landscape on which he looked, nothing in the low hills, the cultivated and undulating fields, and nothing in the murmuring stream, to excite the imagination: nothing, so far as we can see, calculated to sow the seeds of the subtlest and sublimest thought.

So there is nothing connected with his education, or his lack of education, that in any way accounts for what he did. It is supposed that he attended school in his native town; but of this we are not certain. Many have tried to show that he was, after all, of gentle blood, but the fact seems to be the other way. Some of his biographers have sought to do him honor by showing that he was patronized by Queen Elizabeth, but of this there is not the slightest proof. As a matter of fact, there never sat on any throne, a king, queen, or emperor who could have honored William Shakespeare.

Ignorant people are apt to overrate the value of what is called education. The sons of the poor, having suffered the privations of poverty, think of wealth as the mother of joy. On the other hand, the children of the rich, finding that gold does not produce happiness, are apt to underrate the value of wealth. So the children of the educated often care but little for books, and hold all culture in contempt. The children of great authors do not, as a rule, become writers.

Nature is filled with tendencies and obstructions. Extremes beget limitations, even as a river by its own swiftness creates obstructions for itself.

Possibly, many generations of culture breed a desire for the rude joys of savagery, and possibly generations of ignorance breed such a longing for knowledge, that of this desire, of this hunger of the brain, Genius is born. It may be that the mind, by lying fallow, by remaining idle for generations, gathers strength.

Shakespeare's father seems to have been an ordinary man of his time and class. About the only thing we know of him is that he was officially reported for not coming monthly to church. This is good as far as it goes. We can hardly blame him, because at that time Richard Bifield was the minister at Stratford, and an extreme Puritan, one who read the Psalter by Sternhold and Hopkins.

The church was at one time Catholic, but in John Shakespeare's day it was Puritan, and in 1564, the year of Shakespeare's birth, they had the images defaced. It is greatly to the honor of John Shakespeare that he refused to listen to the "tidings of great joy" as delivered by the Puritan Bifield.

Nothing is known of his mother, except her beautiful name—Mary Arden. In those days but little attention was given to the biographies of women. They were born, married, had children, and died. No matter how celebrated their sons became, the mothers were forgotten. In old times, when a man achieved distinction, great pains were taken to find out about the father and grandfather, the idea being that genius is inherited from the father's side. The truth is, that all great men have had great mothers. Great women have had, as a rule, great fathers.

The mother of Shakespeare was, without doubt, one of the greatest of women. She dowered her son with passion and imagination and the higher qualities of the soul, beyond all other men. It has been said, that a man of genius should select his ancestors with great care; and yet there does not seem to be as much in heredity as most people think. The children of the great are often small. Pigmies are born in palaces, while over the children of genius is the roof of straw. Most of the great are like mountains, with the valley of ancestors on one side and the depression of posterity on the other.

In his day Shakespeare was of no particular importance. It may be that his mother had some marvelous and prophetic dreams, but Stratford was unconscious of the immortal child. He was never engaged in a reputable business. Socially he occupied a position below servants. The law described him as "a sturdy vagabond." He was neither a noble, a soldier, nor a priest.

Among the half-civilized people of England, he who amused and instructed them was regarded as a menial. Kings had their clowns, the people their actors and musicians. Shakespeare was scheduled as a servant. It is thus that successful stupidity has always treated genius. Mozart was patronized by an archbishop—lived in the palace, but was compelled to eat with the scullions. The composer of divine melodies was not fit to sit by the side of the theologian, who long ago would have been forgotten but for the fame of the composer.

We know but little of the personal peculiarities, of the daily life, or of what may be called the outward Shakespeare, and it may be fortunate that so little is known. He might have been belittled by friendly fools. What silly stories, what idiotic personal reminiscences, would have been remembered by those who scarcely saw him! We have his best, his sublimest; and we have probably lost only the trivial and the worthless. All that is known can be written on a page.

We are tolerably certain of the date of his birth, of his marriage, and of his death. We think he went to London in 1586, when he was twenty-two years old. We think that three years afterwards he was part owner of Blackfriars' Theatre. We have a few signatures, some of which are supposed to be genuine. We know that he bought some land, that he had two or three law-suits. We know the names of his children. We also know that this incomparable man, so apart from, and so familiar with, all the world, lived during his literary life in London; that he was an actor, dramatist, and manager; that he returned to Stratford, the place of his birth; that he neglected his writings, deserted the children of his brain; that he died on the anniversary of his birth at the age of fifty-two, and that he was buried in the church where the images had been defaced, and that on his tomb was chiseled a rude, absurd, and ignorant epitaph.

No letter of his to any human being has been found, and no line written by him can be shown.

And here let me give my explanation of the epitaph. Shakespeare was an actor—a disreputable business—but he made money—always reputable. He came back from London a rich man. He bought land, and built houses.

Some of the supposed great probably treated him with deference. When he died he was buried in the church. Then came a reaction. The pious thought the church had been profaned. They did not feel that the ashes of an actor were fit to lie in holy ground. The people began to say the body ought to be removed. Then it was, as I believe, that Dr. John Hall, Shakespeare's son-in-law, had this epitaph cut on the tomb:—

> "Good friend, for Jesus' sake forbeare
> To digg the dust enclosed heare:
> Blese be ye man yt spares thes stones,
> And curst be he yt moves my bones."

Certainly Shakespeare could have had no fear that his tomb would be violated. How could it have entered his mind to have put a warning, a threat, and a blessing, upon his grave? But the ignorant people of that day were no doubt convinced that the epitaph was the voice of the dead, and so feeling, they feared to invade the tomb. In this way the dust was left in peace.

The epitaph gave me great trouble for years. It puzzled me to explain why he, who erected the intellectual pyramids, should put such a pebble at his tomb. But when I stood beside the grave and read the ignorant words, the explanation I have given flashed upon me.

It has been said that Shakespeare was hardly mentioned by his contemporaries, and that he was substantially unknown. This is a mistake. In 1600 a book was published called "England's Parnassus," and it contained ninety extracts from Shakespeare. In the same year was published the "Garden of the Muses," containing several pieces from Shakespeare, Chapman, Marston, and Ben Jonson. "England's Helicon" was printed in the same year, and contained poems from Spenser, Greene, Harvey, and Shakespeare.

In 1600 a play was acted at Cambridge, in which Shakespeare was alluded to as follows: "Why, here's our fellow Shakespeare who puts them all down." John Weaver published a book of poems in 1595, in which there was a sonnet to Shakespeare. In 1598 Richard Bamfield wrote a poem to Shakespeare. Francis Meres, "clergyman, master of arts in both universities, compiler of school-books," was the author of the "Wits' Treasury." In this he compares the ancient and modern tragic poets, and mentions Marlowe, Peel, Kyd, and Shakespeare. So he compares the writers of comedies, and mentions Lilly, Lodge, Greene, and Shakespeare. He speaks of elegiac poets, and names Surrey, Wyatt, Sidney, Raleigh, and Shakespeare. He compares the lyric poets, and names Spencer, Drayton, Shakespeare, and others. This same writer, speaking of Horace, says that England has Sidney, Shakespeare, and others, and that "as the soul of Euphorbus was thought to live in Pythagoras, so the sweet-wittie soul of Ovid lives in the mellifluous and honey-tongued Shakespeare." He also says: "If the Muses could speak English, they would speak in Shakespeare's phrase." This was in 1598. In 1607, John Davies alludes in a poem to Shakespeare.

Of course we are all familiar with what rare Ben Jonson wrote. Henry Chettle took Shakespeare to task because he wrote nothing on the death of Queen Elizabeth.

It may be wonderful that he was not better known. But is it not wonderful that he gained the reputation that he did in so short a time, and that twelve years after he began to write he stood at least with the first?

But there is a wonderful fact connected with the writings of Shakespeare: In the Plays there is no direct mention of any of his contemporaries. We do not know of any poet, author, soldier, sailor, statesman, priest, nobleman, king, or queen, that Shakespeare directly mentioned.

Is it not marvelous that he, living in an age of great deeds, of adventures in far-off lands and unknown seas, in a time of religious wars, in the days of the Armada, the massacre of St. Bartholomew, the Edict of Nantes, the assassination of Henry III, the victory of Lepanto, the execution of Marie Stuart—did not mention the name of any man or woman of his time? Some have insisted that the paragraph ending with the line:—

> "The imperial votress passed on in maiden meditation fancy free,"

referred to Queen Elizabeth; but it is impossible for me to believe that the daubed and wrinkled face, the small black eyes, the cruel nose, the thin lips, the bad teeth, and the red wig of Queen Elizabeth could by any possibility have inspired these marvelous lines.

It is perfectly apparent from Shakespeare's writings that he knew but little of the nobility, little of kings and queens. He gives to these supposed great people great thoughts, and puts great words in their mouths and makes them speak—not as they really did—but as Shakespeare thought such people should. This demonstrates that he did not know them personally.

Some have insisted that Shakespeare mentions Queen Elizabeth in the last scene of Henry VIII. The answer to this is that Shakespeare did not write the last scene in that play. The probability is that Fletcher was the author.

Shakespeare lived during the great awakening of the world, when Europe emerged from the darkness of the Middle Ages, when the discovery of America had made England, that blossom of the Gulf Stream, the centre of commerce, and during a period when some of the greatest writers, thinkers, soldiers, and discoverers were produced.

Cervantes was born in 1547, dying on the same day that Shakespeare died. He was undoubtedly the greatest writer that Spain has produced. Rubens was born in 1577. Camoens, the Portuguese, the author of "Lusiad," died in 1597. Giordano Bruno—greatest of martyrs—was born in 1548, visited London in Shakespeare's time, delivered lectures at Oxford, and called that institution "the widow of learning." Drake circled the globe in 1580. Galileo was born in 1564—the same year with Shakespeare. Michelangelo died in 1563. Kepler—he of the Three Laws—born in 1571. Calderon, the Spanish dramatist, born in 1601. Corneille, the French poet, in 1606. Rembrandt, greatest of painters, 1607. Shakespeare was born in 1564. In that year John Calvin died. What a glorious exchange!

Seventy-two years after the discovery of America Shakespeare was born, and England was filled with the voyages and discoveries written by Hakluyt, and the wonders that had been seen by Raleigh, by Drake, by Frobisher, and Hawkins. London had become the centre of the world, and representatives from all known countries were in the new metropolis. The world had been doubled. The imagination had been touched and kindled by discovery. In the far horizon were unknown lands, strange shores beyond untraversed seas. Toward every part of the world were turned the prows of adventure. All these things fanned the imagination into flame, and this had its effect upon the literary and dramatic world. And yet Shakespeare—the master spirit of mankind—in the midst of these discoveries, of these adventures, mentioned no navigator, no general, no discoverer, no philosopher.

Galileo was reading the open volume of the sky, but Shakespeare did not mention him. This to me is the most marvelous thing connected with this most marvelous man.

At that time England was prosperous—was then laying the foundation of her future greatness and power. When men are prosperous, they are in love with life. Nature grows beautiful, the arts begin to flourish, there is work for painter and sculptor, the poet is born, the stage is erected; and this life with which men are in love is represented in a thousand forms. Nature, or Fate, or Chance prepared a stage for Shakespeare, and Shakespeare prepared a stage for Nature.

Famine and faith go together. In disaster and want the gaze of man is fixed upon another world. He that eats a crust has a creed. Hunger falls upon its knees, and heaven, looked for through tears, is the mirage of misery. But prosperity brings joy and wealth and leisure —and the beautiful is born.

One of the effects of the world's awakening was Shakespeare. We account for this man as we do for the highest mountain, the greatest river, the most perfect gem. We can only say: He was.

> "It hath been taught us from the primal state,
> That he which is was wish'd until he were."

In Shakespeare's time the actor was a vagabond, the dramatist a disreputable person; and yet the greatest dramas were then written. In spite of law, and social ostracism, Shakespeare reared the many-colored dome that fills and glorifies the intellectual heavens.

Now the whole civilized world believes in the theatre, asks for some great dramatist, is hungry for a play worthy of the century, is anxious to give gold and fame to any one who can worthily put our age upon the stage; and yet no great play has been written since Shakespeare died.

Shakespeare pursued the highway of the right. He did not seek to put his characters in a position where it was right to do wrong. He was sound and healthy to the centre. It never occurred to him to write a play in which a wife's lover should be jealous of her husband.

There was in his blood the courage of his thought. He was true to himself and enjoyed the perfect freedom of the highest art. He did not write according to rules; but smaller men make rules from what he wrote.

How fortunate that Shakespeare was not educated at Oxford; that the winged god within him never knelt to the professor. How fortunate that this giant was not captured, tied and tethered by the literary Lilliputians of his time.

He was an idealist. He did not, like most writers of our time, take refuge in the real, hiding a lack of genius behind a pretended love of truth. All realities are not poetic, or dramatic, or even worth knowing. The real sustains the same relation to the ideal that a stone does to a statue, or that paint does to a painting. Realism degrades and impoverishes. In no event can a realist be more than an imitator and copyist. According to the realist's philosophy, the wax that receives and retains an image is an artist.

Shakespeare did not rely on the stage-carpenter, or the scenic painter. He put his scenery in his lines. There you will find mountains and rivers and seas, valleys and cliffs, violets and clouds, and over all "the firmament fretted with gold and fire." He cared little for plot, little for surprise. He did not rely on stage effects, or red fire. The plays grow before your eyes, and they come as the morning comes. Plot surprises but once. There must be something in a play besides surprise. Plot in an author is a kind of strategy—that is to say, a sort of cunning, and cunning does not belong to the highest natures.

There is in Shakespeare such a wealth of thought that the plot becomes almost immaterial; and such is this wealth that you can hardly know the play—there is too much. After you have heard it again and again, it seems as pathless as an untrodden forest.

He belonged to all lands. "Timon of Athens" is as Greek as any tragedy of Æschylus. "Julius Cæsar" and "Coriolanus" are perfect Roman, and as you read, the mighty ruins rise and the Eternal City once again becomes the mistress of the world. No play is more Egyptian than "Antony and Cleopatra." The Nile runs through it, the shadows of the pyramids fall upon it, and from its scenes the Sphinx gazes forever on the outstretched sands.

In "Lear" is the true pagan spirit. "Romeo and Juliet" is Italian. Everything is sudden, love bursts into immediate flower, and in every scene is the climate of the land of poetry and passion. The reason of this is, that Shakespeare dealt with elemental things, with universal men. He knew that locality colors without changing, and that in all surroundings the human heart is substantially the same.

Not all the poetry written before his time would make his sum: not all that has been written since, added to all that was written before, would equal his.

There was nothing within the range of human thought, within the horizon of intellectual effort, that he did not touch. He knew the brain and heart of man—the theories, customs, superstitions, hopes, fears, hatreds, vices, and virtues of the human race.

He knew the thrills and ecstacies of love, the savage joys of hatred and revenge. He heard the hiss of envy's snakes and watched the eagles of ambition soar. There was no hope that did not put its star above his head, no fear he had not felt, no joy that had not shed its sunshine on his face. He experienced the emotions of mankind. He was the intellectual spendthrift of the world. He gave with the generosity, the extravagance, of madness.

Read one play, and you are impressed with the idea that the wealth of the brain of a god has been exhausted; that there are no more comparisons, no more passions to be expressed, no more definitions, no more philosophy, beauty, or sublimity to be put in words; and yet, the next play opens as fresh as the dewy gates of another day.

The outstretched wings of his imagination filled the sky. He was the intellectual crown of the earth.

The plays of Shakespeare show so much knowledge, thought, and learning, that many people—those who imagined that universities furnish capacity—contend that Bacon must have been the author.

We know Bacon. We know that he was a scheming politician, a courtier, a time-server of church and king, and a corrupt judge. We know that he never admitted the truth of the Copernican system, that he was doubtful whether instruments were of any advantage in scientific investigation, that he was ignorant of the higher branches of mathematics, and that, as a matter of fact, he added but little to the knowledge of the world. When he was more than sixty years of age, he turned his attention to poetry, and dedicated his verses to George Herbert. If you will read these verses you will say that the author of "Lear" and "Hamlet" did not write them.

Bacon dedicated his work on the "Advancement of Learning, Divine and Human," to James I, and in his dedication he stated that there had not been, since the time of Christ, any king or monarch so learned in all erudition, divine or human. He placed James I before Marcus Aurelius and all other kings and emperors since Christ, and concluded by saying that James I had "the power and fortune of a king, the illumination of a priest, the learning and universality of a philosopher." This was written of James I, described by Macaulay as a "stammering, slobbering, trembling coward, whose writings were deformed by the grossest and vilest superstitions—witches being the special objects of his fear, his hatred, and his persecution."

It seems to have been taken for granted that if Shakespeare was not the author of the great dramas, Lord Bacon must have been.

It has been claimed that Bacon was the greatest philosopher of his time. And yet in reading his works we find that there was in his mind a strange mingling of foolishness and philosophy. He takes pains to tell us, and to write it down for the benefit of posterity, that "snow is colder than water, because it hath more spirit in it, and that quicksilver is the coldest of all metals, because it is the fullest of spirit."

He stated that he hardly believed that you could contract air by putting opium on top of the weather-glass, and gave the following reason:—

"I conceive that opium and the like make spirits fly rather by malignity than by cold."

This great philosopher gave the following recipe for stanching blood:—

"Thrust the part that bleedeth into the body of a capon, new ripped and bleeding. This will stanch the blood. The blood, as it seemeth, sucking and drawing up by similitude of substance the blood it meeteth with, and so itself going back."

The philosopher also records this important fact:—

"Divers witches among heathen and Christians have fed upon man's flesh to aid, as it seemeth, their imagination with high and foul vapors."

Lord Bacon was not only a philosopher, but he was a biologist, as appears from the following:—

"As for living creatures, it is certain that their vital spirits are a substance compounded of an airy and flamy matter, and although air and flame being free will not mingle, yet bound in by a body that hath some fixing, will."

Now and then the inventor of deduction reasons by analogy. He says:—

"As snow and ice holpen, and their cold activated by nitre or salt, will turn water into ice, so it may be it will turn wood or stiff clay into stone."

Bacon seems to have been a believer in the transmutation of metals, and solemnly gives a formula for changing silver or copper into gold. He also believed in the transmutation of plants, and had arrived at such a height in entomology that he informed the world that "insects have no blood."

It is claimed that he was a great observer, and as evidence of this he recorded the wonderful fact that "tobacco cut and dried by the fire loses weight"; that "bears in the winter wax fat in sleep, though they eat nothing"; that "tortoises have no bones"; that "there is a kind of stone, if ground and put in water where cattle drink, the cows will give more milk"; that "it is hard to cure a hurt in a Frenchman's head, but easy in his leg; that it is hard to cure a hurt in an Englishman's leg, but easy in his head"; that "wounds made with brass weapons are easier to cure than those made with iron"; that "lead will multiply and increase, as in statues buried in the ground"; and that "the rainbow touching anything causeth a sweet smell."

Bacon seems also to have turned his attention to ornithology, and says that "eggs laid in the full of the moon breed better birds," and that "you can make swallows white by putting ointment on the eggs before they are hatched."

He also informs us "that witches cannot hurt kings as easily as they can common people"; that "perfumes dry and strengthen the brain"; that "any one in the moment of triumph can be injured by another who casts an envious eye, and the injury is greatest when the envious glance comes from the oblique eye."

Lord Bacon also turned his attention to medicine, and he states that "bracelets made of snakes are good for curing cramps"; that "the skin of a wolf might cure the colic, because a wolf has great digestion"; that "eating the roasted brains of hens and hares strengthens the memory"; that "if a woman about to become a mother eats a good many quinces and considerable coriander seed, the child will be ingenious," and that "the moss which groweth on the skull of an unburied dead man is good for stanching blood."

He expresses doubt, however, "as to whether you can cure a wound by putting ointment on the weapon that caused the wound, instead of on the wound itself."

It is claimed by the advocates of the Baconian theory that their hero stood at the top of science; and yet "it is absolutely certain that he was ignorant of the law of the acceleration of falling bodies, although the law had been made known and printed by Galileo thirty years before Bacon wrote upon the subject. Neither did this great man understand the principle of the lever. He was not acquainted with the precession of the equinoxes, and as a matter of fact was ill-read in those branches of learning in which, in his time, the most rapid progress had been made."

After Kepler discovered his third law, which was on May 15, 1618, Bacon was more than ever opposed to the Copernican system. This great man was far behind his own time, not only in astronomy, but in mathematics. In the preface to the "Descriptio Globi Intellectualis," it is admitted either that Bacon had never heard of the correction of the parallax, or was unable to understand it. He complained on account of the want of some method for shortening mathematical calculations; and yet "Napier's Logarithms" had been printed nine years before the date of his complaint.

He attempted to form a table of specific gravities by a rude process of his own, a process that no one has ever followed; and he did this in spite of the fact that a far better method existed.

We have the right to compare what Bacon wrote with what it is claimed Shakespeare produced. I call attention to one thing—to Bacon's opinion of human love. It is this:—

"The stage is more beholding to love than the life of man. As to the stage, love is ever matter of comedies and now and then of tragedies, but in life it doth much mischief—sometimes like a siren, sometimes like a fury. Amongst all the great and worthy persons there is not one that hath been transported to the mad degree of love, which shows that great spirits and great business do keep out this weak passion."

The author of "Romeo and Juliet" never wrote that.

It seems certain that the author of the wondrous Plays was one of the noblest of men.

Let us see what sense of honor Bacon had.

In writing commentaries on certain passages of Scripture, Lord Bacon tells a courtier, who has committed some offense, how to get back into the graces of his prince or king. Among other things he tells him not to appear too cheerful, but to assume a very grave and modest face; not to bring the matter up himself; to be extremely industrious, so that the prince will see that it is hard to get along without him; also to get his friends to tell the prince or king how badly he, the courtier, feels; and then he says, all these failing, "let him contrive to transfer the fault to others."

It is true that we know but little of Shakespeare, and consequently do not positively know that he did not have the ability to write the Plays; but we do know Bacon, and we know that he could not have written these Plays. Consequently, they must have been written by a comparatively unknown man—that is to say, by a man who was known by no other writings. The fact that we do not know Shakespeare, except through the Plays and Sonnets, makes it possible for us to believe that he was the author.

Some people have imagined that the Plays were written by several; but this only increases the wonder, and adds a useless burden to credulity.

Bacon published in his time all the writings that he claimed. Naturally, he would have claimed his best. Is it possible that Bacon left the wondrous children of his brain on the doorstep of Shakespeare, and kept the deformed ones at home? Is it possible that he fathered the failures and deserted the perfect?

Of course, it is wonderful that so little has been found touching Shakespeare; but is it not equally wonderful, if Bacon was the author, that not a line has been found in all his papers, containing a suggestion, or a hint, that he was the writer of these Plays? Is it not wonderful that no fragment of any scene—no line—no word—has been found?

Some have insisted that Bacon kept the authorship secret, because it was disgraceful to write Plays. This argument does not cover the Sonnets. And, besides, one who had been stripped of the robes of office, for receiving bribes as a judge, could have borne the additional disgrace of having written "Hamlet." The fact that Bacon did not claim to be the author, demonstrates that he was not. Shakespeare claimed to be the author, and no one in his time or day denied the claim. This demonstrates that he was.

Bacon published his works, and said to the world: This is what I have done.

Suppose you found in a cemetery a monument erected to "John Smith, inventor of the Smith-churn," and suppose you were told that Mr. Smith provided for the monument in his will, and dictated the inscription, would it be possible to convince you that Mr. Smith was also the inventor of the locomotive and telegraph?

Bacon's best can be compared with Shakespeare's common, but Shakespeare's best rises above Bacon's best, like a domed temple above a beggar's hut.

Of course it is admitted that there were many dramatists before and during the time of Shakespeare; but they were only the foothills of that mighty peak the top of which the clouds and mists still hide. Chapman and Marlowe, Heywood and Jonson, Webster, Beaumont, and Fletcher wrote some great lines, and in the monotony of declamation now and then is found a strain of genuine music. All of them together constituted only a herald of Shakespeare. In all these Plays there is but a hint, a prophecy, of the great drama destined to revolutionize the poetic thought of the world.

Shakespeare was the greatest of poets. What Greece and Rome produced was great until his time. "Lions make leopards tame."

The great poet is a great artist. He is painter and sculptor. The greatest pictures and statues have been painted and chiseled with words. They outlast all others. All the galleries of the world are poor and cheap compared with the statues and pictures in Shakespeare's book.

Language is made of pictures represented by sounds. The outer world is a dictionary of the mind, and the artist called the soul uses this dictionary of things to express what happens in the noiseless and invisible world of thought. First a sound represents something in the outer world, and afterwards something in the inner, and this sound at last is represented by a mark, and this mark stands for a picture, and every brain is a gallery, and the artists—that is to say, the souls—exchange pictures and statues.

All art is of the same parentage. The poet uses words, makes pictures and statues of sounds. The sculptor expresses harmony, proportion, passion, in marble; the composer, in music; the painter in form and color. The dramatist expresses himself not only in words, not only paints these pictures, but he expresses his thought in action.

Shakespeare was not only a poet, but a dramatist, and expressed the ideal, the poetic, not only in words, but in action. There are the wit, the humor, the pathos, the tragedy of situation, of relation. The dramatist speaks and acts through others—his personality is lost. The poet lives in the world of thought and feeling, and to this the dramatist adds the world of action. He creates characters that seem to act in accordance with their own natures and independently of him. He compresses lives into hours, tells us the secrets of the heart, shows us the springs of action—how desire bribes the judgment and corrupts the will, how weak the reason is when passion pleads, and how grand it is to stand for right against the world.

It is not enough to say fine things: great things, dramatic things, must be done.

Let me give you an illustration of dramatic incident accompanying the highest form of poetic expression: Macbeth, having returned from the murder of Duncan, says to his wife:—

"Methought I heard a voice cry, Sleep no more!
Macbeth does murder sleep;—the innocent sleep;
Sleep, that knits up the ravell'd sleeve of care,
The death of each day's life, sore labor's bath,
Balm of hurt minds, great Nature's second course,
Chief nourisher in life's feast." . . .

"Still it cried: 'Sleep no more!' to all the house;
Glamis hath murdered sleep, and therefore Cawdor
Shall sleep no more—Macbeth shall sleep no more."

She exclaims:—

"Who was it that thus cried? Why, worthy Thane,
You do unbend your noble strength, to think
So brain-sickly of things. Go get some water,
And wash this filthy witness from your hand.—
Why did you bring these daggers from the place?"

Macbeth was so overcome with horror at his own deed, that he not only mistook his thoughts for the words of others, but was so carried away and beyond himself that he brought with him the daggers, the evidence of his guilt—the daggers that he should have left with the dead. This is dramatic.

In the same play, the difference of feeling before and after the commission of a crime is illustrated to perfection. When Macbeth is on his way to assassinate the king, the bell strikes, and he says, or whispers:—

> "Hear it not, Duncan, for it is a knell."

Afterward, when the deed has been committed, and a knocking is heard at the gate, he cries:—

> "Wake Duncan with thy knocking. I would thou could'st!"

Let me give one more instance of dramatic action. When Antony speaks above the body of Cæsar he says:—

> "You all do know this mantle: I remember
> The first time ever Cæsar put it on—
> 'Twas on a summer's evening, in his tent,
> That day he overcame the Nervii.
> Look! In this place ran Cassius' dagger through:
> See what a rent the envious Casca made!
> Through this the well-beloved Brutus stabb'd,
> And as he pluck'd his cursed steel away,
> Mark how the blood of Cæsar followed it."

There are men, and many of them, who are always trying to show that somebody else chiseled the statue or painted the picture; that the poem is attributed to the wrong man, and that the battle was really won by a subordinate.

Of course Shakespeare made use of the work of others, and, we might almost say, of all others. Every writer must use the work of others. The only question is, how the accomplishments of other minds are used, whether as a foundation to build higher, or whether stolen to the end that the thief may make a reputation for himself, without adding to the great structure of literature.

Thousands of people have stolen stones from the Coliseum to make huts for themselves. Thousands of writers have taken the thoughts of others with which to adorn themselves. These are plagiarists. But the man who takes the thought of another, adds to it, gives it intensity and poetic form, throb and life, is in the highest sense original.

Shakespeare found nearly all of his facts in the writings of others and was indebted to others for most of the stories of his plays. The question is not: Who furnished the stone, or who owned the quarry, but who chiseled the statue?

We now know all the books that Shakespeare could have read, and consequently know many of the sources of his information. We find in "Pliny's Natural History," published in 1601, the following: "The sea Pontis evermore floweth and runneth out into the Propontis; but the sea never retireth back again with the Impontis." This was the raw material, and out of it Shakespeare made the following:—

"Like to the Pontic Sea,
Whose icy current and compulsive course
Ne'er knows retiring ebb, but keeps due on
To the Propontic and the Hellespont——
Even so my bloody thoughts, with violent pace,
Shall ne'er turn back, ne'er ebb to humble love,
Till that a capable and wide revenge
Swallow them up."

Perhaps we can give an idea of the difference between Shakespeare and other poets, by a passage from "Lear." When Cordelia places her hand upon her father's head and speaks of the night and of the storm, an ordinary poet might have said:—

"On such a night, a dog
Should have stood against my fire."

A very great poet might have gone a step further and exclaimed:—

"On such a night, mine enemy's dog
Should have stood against my fire."

But Shakespeare said:—

> "Mine enemy's dog,
> Though he had bit me, should have stood that night
> Against my fire."

Of all the poets—of all the writers—Shakespeare is the most original. He is as original as Nature.

It may truthfully be said that "Nature wants stuff to vie strange forms with fancy, to make another."

There is in the greatest poetry a kind of extravagance that touches the infinite, and in this Shakespeare exceeds all others.

You will remember the description given of the voyage of Paris in search of Helen:—

> "The seas and winds (old wranglers), took a truce,
> And did him service: he touched the ports desir'd,
> And for an old aunt, whom the Greeks held captive,
> He brought a Grecian queen, whose youth and freshness
> Wrinkles Apollo's, and makes stale the morning."

So, in "Pericles," when the father finds his daughter, he cries out:—

> "O Helicanus, strike me, honored sir;
> Give me a gash, put me to present pain,
> Lest this great sea of joys, rushing upon me,
> O'erbear the shores of my mortality."

The greatest compliment that man has ever paid to the woman he adores is these lines:—

> "And those eyes, the break of day,
> Lights that do mislead the morn."

Nothing can be conceived more perfectly poetic.

In that marvelous play, the "Midsummer Night's Dream," is one of the most extravagant things in literature:—

> "Thou remembr'rest
> Since once I sat upon a promontory,
> And heard a mermaid, on a dolphin's back,

Uttering such dulcet and harmonious breath
That the rude sea grew civil at her song,
And certain stars shot madly from their spheres,
To hear the sea-maid's music."

This is so marvelously told that it almost seems probable.

So the description of Mark Antony:—

"For his bounty
There was no winter in't; an autumn t'was
That grew the more by reaping: his delights
Were dolphin-like; they show'd his back above
The element they lived in."

Think of the astronomical scope and amplitude of this:

"Her bed is India—there she lies, a pearl."

Is there anything more intense than these words of Cleopatra?—

"Rather on Nilus mud
Lay me stark naked, and let the water-flies
Blow me into abhorring!"

Or this of Isabella:—

"Th' impression of keen whips I'd wear as rubies,
And strip myself to death, as to a bed
That longing I've been sick for, ere I yield
My body up to shame."

Is there an intellectual man in the world who will not agree with this?—

"Let me not live
After my flame lacks oil, to be the snuff
Of younger spirits."

Can anything exceed the words of Troilus when parting with Cressida?—

"We two, that with so many thousand sighs
Did buy each other, most poorly sell ourselves

With the rude brevity and discharge of one,
Injurious time, now, with a robber's haste,
Crams his rich thievery up, he knows not how:
As many farewells as be stars in heaven,
With distinct breath and consigned kisses to them,
He fumbles up into a loose adieu;
And scants us with a single famish'd kiss,
Distasted with the salt of broken tears."

Take this example, where pathos almost touches the grotesque:—

"Ah, dear Juliet,
Why art thou yet so fair? Shall I believe
That unsubstantial Death is amorous,
And that the lean, abhorred monster keeps
Thee here in dark to be his paramour?"

Often when reading the marvelous lines of Shakespeare, I feel that his thoughts are "too subtle potent, tuned too sharp in sweetness, for the capacity of my ruder powers." Sometimes I cry out, "O churl!—write all, and leave no thoughts for those who follow after."

Shakespeare was an innovator, an iconoclast. He cared nothing for the authority of men or of schools. He violated the "unities," and cared nothing for the models of the ancient world.

The Greeks insisted that nothing should be in a play that did not tend to the catastrophe. They did not believe in the episode, in the sudden contrasts of light and shade, in mingling the comic and the tragic. The sunlight never fell upon their tears, and darkness did not overtake their laughter. They believed that nature sympathized or was in harmony with the events of the play. When crime was about to be committed, some horror to be perpetrated, the light grew dim, the wind sighed, the trees shivered, and upon all was the shadow of the coming event.

Shakespeare knew that the play had little to do with the tides and currents of universal life, that Nature cares neither for smiles nor tears, for life nor death, and that the sun shines as gladly on coffins as on cradles.

The first time I visited the *Place de la Concorde*, where, during the French Revolution, stood the guillotine, and where now stands an Egyptian obelisk, a bird, sitting on the top, was singing with all its might. Nature forgets.

One of the most notable instances of the violation by Shakespeare of the classic model, is found in the Sixth Scene of the First Act of "Macbeth."

When the King and Banquo approach the castle in which the King is to be murdered that night, no shadow falls athwart the threshold. So beautiful is the scene that the King says:—

> "This castle hath a pleasant seat: the air
> Nimbly and sweetly recommends itself
> Unto our gentle senses."

And Banquo adds:—

> "This guest of summer,
> The temple-haunting martlet, does approve,
> By his loved mansionry, that the heaven's breath
> Smells wooingly here: no jutty, frieze,
> Buttress, nor coign of vantage, but this bird
> Hath made his pendant bed and procreant cradle.
> Where they most breed and haunt, I have observed
> The air is delicate."

Another notable instance is the porter scene immediately following the murder. So, too, the dialogue with the clown who brings the asp to Cleopatra just before the suicide, illustrates my meaning

I know of one paragraph in the Greek drama worthy of Shakespeare. This is in "Medea." When Medea kills her children she curses Jason, using the ordinary Billingsgate and papal curse, but at the conclusion says: "I pray the gods to make him virtuous, that he may the more deeply feel the pang that I inflict."

Shakespeare dealt in lights and shadows. He was intense. He put noons and midnights side by side. No other dramatist would have dreamed of adding to the pathos; of increasing our appreciation of Lear's agony, by supplementing the wail of the mad King with the mocking laughter of a loving clown.

The ordinary dramatists, the men of talent (and there is the same difference between talent and genius that there is between a stone-mason and a sculptor), create characters that become types. Types are, of necessity, caricatures: actual men and women are to some extent contradictory in their actions. Types are blown in the one direction by the one wind: characters have pilots.

In real people, good and evil mingle. Types are all one way, or all the other—all good, or all bad, all wise or all foolish.

Pecksniff was a perfect type, a perfect hypocrite; and will remain a type as long as language lives—a hypocrite that even drunkenness could not change. Everybody understands Pecksniff, and compared with him Tartuffe was an honest man.

Hamlet is an individual, a person, an actual being; and for that reason there is a difference of opinion as to his motives and as to his character. We differ about Hamlet as we do about Cæsar, or about Shakespeare himself. Hamlet saw the ghost of his father and heard again his father's voice, and yet, afterwards, he speaks of "the undiscovered country from whose bourne no traveler returns."

In this there is no contradiction. The reason outweighs the senses. If we should see a dead man rise from his grave, we would not, the next day, believe that we did. No one can credit a miracle until it becomes so common that it ceases to be miraculous.

Types are puppets, controlled from without: characters act from within. There is the same difference between characters and types that there is between springs and water-works, between canals and rivers, between wooden soldiers and heroes. In most plays and in most novels the characters are so shadowy that we have to piece them out with the imagination.

The dramatist lives the lives of others, and in order to delineate character must not only have imagination but sympathy with the character delineated. The great dramatist thinks of a character as an entirety, as an individual.

I once had a dream, and in this dream I was discussing a subject with another man. It occurred to me that I was dreaming, and then I said to myself: If this is a dream, I am doing the talking for both sides—consequently I ought to know in advance what the other man is going to say. In my dream I tried the experiment. I then asked the other man a question, and before he answered made up my mind what the answer was to be. To my surprise, the man did not say what I expected he would, and so great was my astonishment that I awoke. It then occurred to me that I had discovered the secret of Shakespeare. He did, when awake, what I did when asleep—that is, he threw off a character so perfect that it acted independently of him.

In the delineation of character Shakespeare has no rivals. He creates no monsters. His characters do not act without reason, without motive. Iago had his reasons. In Caliban, nature was not destroyed; and Lady Macbeth certifies that the woman still was in her heart, by saying:—

"Had he not resembled
My father as he slept, I had done 't."

Shakespeare's characters act from within. They are centers of energy. They are not pushed by unseen hands, or pulled by unseen strings. They have objects, desires. They are persons—real, living beings.

Few dramatists succeed in getting their characters loose from the canvas. Their backs stick to the wall. They do not have free and independent action. They have no background, no unexpressed motives, no untold desires. They lack the complexity of the real.

Shakespeare makes the character true to itself. Christopher Sly, surrounded by the luxuries of a lord, true to his station, calls for a pot of the smallest ale.

Take one expression by Lady Macbeth. You remember that after the murder is discovered, after the alarm bell is rung, she appears upon the scene wanting to know what has happened. Macduff refuses to tell her, saying that the slightest word "would murder as it fell." At this moment Banquo comes upon the scene and Macduff cries out to him:—

"Our royal master's murdered!"

What does Lady Macbeth then say? She in fact makes a confession of guilt. The weak point in the terrible tragedy is that Duncan was murdered in Macbeth's castle. So when Lady Macbeth hears what they suppose is news to her, she cries:—

> "What! In our house!"

Had she been innocent, her horror of the crime would have made her forget the place—the venue. Banquo sees through this, and sees through her. Her expression was a light, by which he saw her guilt; and he answers:—

> "Too cruel anywhere."

No matter whether Shakespeare delineated clown or king, warrior or maiden; no matter whether his characters are taken from the gutter or the throne, each is a work of consummate art, and when he is unnatural, he is so splendid that the defect is forgotten.

When Romeo is told of the death of Juliet, and thereupon makes up his mind to die upon her grave, he gives a description of the shop where poison could be purchased. He goes into particulars and tells of the alligators stuffed, of the skins of ill-shaped fishes, of the beggarly account of empty boxes, of the remnants of pack thread, and old cakes of roses; and while it is hardly possible to believe that under such circumstances a man would take the trouble to make an inventory of a strange kind of drugstore, yet the inventory is so perfect, the picture is so marvelously drawn, that we forget to think whether it is natural or not.

In making the frame of a great picture Shakespeare was often careless; but the picture is perfect. In making the sides of the arch he was negligent; but when he placed the keystone, it burst into blossom. Of course there are many lines in Shakespeare that never should have been written. In other words, there are imperfections in his plays. But we must remember that Shakespeare furnished the torch that enables us to see these imperfections.

Shakespeare speaks through his characters, and we must not mistake what the characters say, for the opinion of Shakespeare. No one can believe that Shakespeare regarded life as "a tale told by an idiot, full of sound and fury, signifying nothing." That was the opinion of a murderer, surrounded by avengers, and whose wife, partner in his crimes—troubled with thick-coming fancies—had gone down to her death.

Most actors and writers seem to suppose that the lines called "The Seven Ages" contain Shakespeare's view of human life. Nothing could be farther from the truth. The lines were uttered by a cynic, in contempt and scorn of the human race.

Shakespeare did not put his characters in the livery and uniform of some weakness, peculiarity, or passion. He did not use names as tags or brands. He did not write under the picture, "This is a villain." His characters need no suggestive names to tell us what they are; we see them and we know them for ourselves.

It may be that in the greatest utterances of the greatest characters in the supreme moments, we have the real thoughts, opinions, and convictions of Shakespeare.

Shakespeare idealizes the common and transfigures all he touches; but he does not preach. He was interested in men and things as they were. He did not seek to change them; but to portray. He was Nature's mirror; and in that mirror Nature saw herself.

When I stood amid the great trees of California that lift their spreading capitals against the clouds, looking like Nature's columns to support the sky, I thought of the poetry of Shakespeare.

What a procession of men and women, statesmen and warriors, kings and clowns, issued from Shakespeare's brain. What women!

Isabella—in whose spotless life, love and reason blended into perfect truth.

Juliet—within whose heart, passion and purity met like white and red within the bosom of a rose.

Cordelia—who chose to suffer loss, rather than show her wealth of love with those who gilded lies in hope of gain.

Hermione—"tender as infancy and grace," who bore with perfect hope and faith the cross of shame, and who at last forgave with all her heart.

Desdemona—so innocent, so perfect, her love so pure that she was incapable of suspecting that another could suspect, and who with dying words sought to hide her lover's crime, and with her last faint breath uttered a loving lie that burst into a perfumed lily between her pallid lips.

Perdita—a violet dim, and sweeter than the lids of Juno's eyes—"The sweetest low-born lass that ever ran on the greensward."

Helena—who said:—

"I know I love in vain, strive against hope;
Yet in this captious and intenable sieve
I still pour in the waters of my love,
And lack not to lose still. Thus, Indian-like,
Religious in mine error, I adore
The sun that looks upon his worshipper,
But knows of him no more."

Miranda—who told her love as gladly as a flower gives its bosom to the kisses of the sun.

And Cordelia, whose kisses cured and whose tears restored. And stainless Imogen, who cried: "What is it to be false?"

And here is the description of the perfect woman:—

"To feed for aye her lamp and flames of love;
To keep her constancy in plight and youth,
Outliving beauty's outward, with a mind
That doth renew swifter than blood decays."

Shakespeare has done more for woman than all the other dramatists of the world.

For my part, I love the Clowns. I love Launce and his dog Crabb, and Gobbo, whose conscience threw its arms around the neck of his heart, and Touchstone, with his lie seven times removed; and dear old Dogberry—a pretty piece of flesh, tedious as a king. And Bottom, the very paramour for a sweet voice, longing to take the part to tear a cat in; and Autolycus, the snapper-up of unconsidered trifles, sleeping out the thought for the life to come. And great Sir John, without conscience, and for that reason unblamed and enjoyed, and who at the end babbles of green fields, and is almost loved. And ancient

Pistol, the world his oyster. And Bardolph, with the flea on his blazing nose, putting beholders in mind of a damned soul in hell. And the poor Fool, who followed the mad king, and went "to bed at noon." And the clown who carried the worm of Nilus, whose "biting was immortal." And Corin, the shepherd, who described the perfect man: "I am a true laborer; I earn that I eat, get that I wear; owe no man hate, envy no man's happiness; glad of other men's good, content with my harm."

And mingling in this motley throng, Lear, within whose brain a tempest raged until the depths were stirred, and the intellectual wealth of a life was given back to memory, and then by madness thrown to storm and night. When I read the living lines I feel as though I looked upon the sea and saw it wrought by frenzied whirlwinds, until the buried treasures and the sunken wrecks of all the years were cast upon the shores.

And Othello—who like the base Indian threw a pearl away richer than all his tribe.

And Hamlet—thought-entangled; hesitating between two worlds.

And Macbeth—strange mingling of cruelty and conscience, reaping the sure harvest of successful crime—"Curses not loud but deep—mouth-honor—breath."

And Brutus, falling on his sword that Cæsar might be still.

And Romeo, dreaming of the white wonder of Juliet's hand. And Ferdinand, the patient log-man for Miranda's sake. And Florizel, who, "for all the sun sees, or the close earth wombs, or the profound seas hide," would not be faithless to the low-born lass. And Constance, weeping for her son, while grief "stuffs out his vacant garments with his form."

And in the midst of tragedies and tears, of love and laughter and crime, we hear the voice of the good friar, who declares that in every human heart, as in the smallest flower, there are encamped the opposed hosts of good and evil; and our philosophy is interrupted by the garrulous old nurse, whose talk is as busily useless as the babble of a stream that hurries by a ruined mill.

From every side the characters crowd upon us—the men and women born of Shakespeare's brain. They utter with a thousand voices the thoughts of the "myriad-minded" man, and impress themselves upon us as deeply and vividly as though they really lived with us.

Shakespeare alone has delineated love in every possible phase, has ascended to the very top, and actually reached heights that no other has imagined. I do not believe the human mind will ever produce or be in a position to appreciate, a greater love-play than "Romeo and Juliet." It is a symphony in which all music seems to blend. The heart bursts into blossom, and he who reads feels the swooning intoxication of a divine perfume.

In the alembic of Shakespeare's brain the baser metals were turned to gold; passions became virtues; weeds became exotics from some diviner land; and common mortals made of ordinary clay outranked the Olympian Gods. In his brain there was the touch of chaos that suggests the infinite; that belongs to genius. Talent is measured and mathematical; dominated by prudence and the thought of use. Genius is tropical. The creative instinct runs riot, delights in extravagance and waste, and overwhelms the mental beggars of the world with uncounted gold and unnumbered gems.

Some things are immortal: The plays of Shakespeare, the marbles of the Greeks, and the music of Wagner.

Shakespeare was the greatest of philosophers. He knew the conditions of success, of happiness; the relations that men sustain to each other, and the duties of all. He knew the tides and currents of the heart, the cliffs and caverns of the brain. He knew the weakness of the will, the sophistry of desire, and that

> "Pleasure and revenge
> Have ears more deaf than adders to the voice
> Of any true decision."

He knew that the soul lives in an invisible world, that flesh is but a mask, and that

> "There's no art
> To find the mind's construction in the face."

He knew that courage should be the servant of judgment, and that

> "When valor preys on reason
> It eats the sword it fights with."

He knew that man is never master of the event, that he is to some extent the sport or prey of the blind forces of the world, and that

> "In the reproof of chance
> Lies the true proof of men."

Feeling that the past is unchangeable, and that that which must happen is as much beyond control as though it had happened, he says:—

> "Let determined things to destiny
> Hold unbewail'd their way."

Shakespeare was great enough to know that every human being prefers happiness to misery, and that crimes are but mistakes. Looking in pity upon the human race, upon the pain and poverty, the crimes and cruelties, the limping travelers on the thorny paths, he was great and good enough to say:—

> "There is no darkness but ignorance."

In all the philosophies there is no greater line. This great truth fills the heart with pity.

He knew that place and power do not give happiness; that the crowned are subject as the lowest to fate and chance.

> "For within the hollow crown,
> That rounds the mortal temples of a king,
> Keeps death his court; and there the antick sits,
> Scoffing his state, and grinning at his pomp;
> Allowing him a breath, a little scene,
> To monarchize, be fear'd, and kill with looks;
> Infusing him with self and vain conceit,
> As if this flesh, which walls about our life,
> Were brass impregnable; and, humor'd thus,
> Comes at the last, and with a little pin
> Bores through his castle wall, and—farewell king!"

So, too, he knew that gold could not bring joy; that death and misfortune come alike to rich and poor, because:—

> "If thou art rich, thou'rt poor;
> For, like an ass whose back with ingots bows,
> Thou bear'st thy heavy riches but a journey,
> And death unloads thee."

In some of his philosophy there was a kind of scorn, a hidden meaning that could not in his day and time have safely been expressed. You will remember that Laertes was about to kill the king, and this king was the murderer of his own brother, and sat upon the throne by reason of his crime. In the mouth of such a king Shakespeare puts these words:—

> "There's such divinity doth hedge a king."

So in "Macbeth":—

> "How he solicits Heaven
> Heaven best knows: but strangely visited people,
> All swollen and ulcerous, pitiful to the eye,
> The mere despairs of surgery, he cures;
> Hanging a golden stamp about their necks.
> Put on with holy prayers: and 'tis spoken,
> To the succeeding royalty he leaves
> The healing benediction. With this strange virtue,
> He hath a heavenly gift of prophecy,
> And sundry blessings hang about his throne,
> That speak him full of grace."

Shakespeare was the master of the human heart; knew all the hopes, fears, ambitions, and passions that sway the mind of man; and thus knowing, he declared that

> "Love is not love that alters
> When it alteration finds."

This is the sublimest declaration in the literature of the world.

Shakespeare seems to give the generalization, the result, without the process of thought. He seems always to be at the conclusion; standing where all truths meet.

In one of the Sonnets is this fragment of a line that contains the highest possible truth:—

"Conscience is born of love."

If man were incapable of suffering, the words right and wrong never could have been spoken. If man were destitute of imagination, the flower of pity never could have blossomed in his heart.

We suffer; we cause others to suffer—those that we love—and of this fact conscience is born.

Love is the many-colored flame that makes the fireside of the heart. It is the mingled spring and autumn—the perfect climate of the soul.

In the realm of comparison Shakespeare seems to have exhausted the relations, parallels, and similitudes of things. He only could have said:—

"Tedious as a twice-told tale
Vexing the ears of a drowsy man."

"Duller than a great thaw."

"Dry as the remainder biscuit
After a voyage."

In the words of Ulysses, spoken to Achilles, we find the most wonderful collection of pictures and comparisons ever compressed within the same number of lines:—

"Time hath, my lord, a wallet at his back,
Wherein he puts alms for oblivion,—
A great-sized monster of ingratitudes:
Those scraps are good deeds passed; which are devour'd
As fast as they are made, forgot as soon
As done. Perseverance, dear my lord,
Keeps honor bright: to have done, is to hang
Quite out of fashion, like a rusty mail
In monumental mockery. Take the instant way;
For honor travels in a strait so narrow,
Where one but goes abreast: keep, then, the path,
For emulation hath a thousand sons,
That one by one pursue: if you give way,
Or hedge aside from the direct forthright,

Like to an enter'd tide, they all rush by,
And leave you hindmost;
Or, like a gallant horse fallen in first rank,
Lie there for pavement to the abject rear,
O'er-run and trampled on. Then, what they do in present,
Tho' less than yours in past, must o'ertop yours;
For Time is like a fashionable host,
That slightly shakes his parting guest by th' hand,
And with his arms outstretch'd, as he would fly,
Grasps in the comer: welcome ever smiles,
And Farewell goes out sighing."

So the words of Cleopatra, when Charmain speaks:—

"Peace, peace!
Dost thou not see my baby at my breast
That sucks the nurse asleep?"

Nothing is more difficult than a definition—a crystallization of thought so perfect that it emits light. Shakespeare says of suicide:—

"It is great
To do that thing that ends all other deeds;
Which shackles accident, and bolts up change."

He defines drama to be:—

"Turning th' accomplishment of many years
Into an hour-glass."

Of death:—

"To lie in cold obstruction, and to rot,
This sensible warm motion to become
A kneaded clod."

Of memory:—

"The warder of the brain."

Of the body:—

"This muddy vesture of decay."

And he declares that

> "Our little life is rounded with a sleep."

He speaks of Echo as

> "The babbling gossip of the air"—

Romeo, addressing the poison that he is about to take, says:—

> "Come, bitter conduct, come unsavory guide!
> Thou desperate pilot, now at once run on
> The dashing rocks thy sea-sick, weary bark!"

He describes the world as

> "This bank and shoal of time."

He says:—

> "Rumor doth double, like the voice and echo."

It would take days to call attention to the perfect definitions, comparisons, and generalizations of Shakespeare. He gave us the deeper meanings of our words; taught us the art of speech. He was the lord of language, master of expression and compression. He put the greatest thoughts into the shortest words; made the poor rich and the common royal.

Production enriched his brain. Nothing exhausted him. The moment his attention was called to any subject—comparisons, definitions, metaphors, and generalizations filled his mind and begged for utterance. His thoughts like bees robbed every blossom in the world, and then with "merry march" brought the rich booty home "to the tent royal of their emperor."

Shakespeare was the confidant of Nature. To him she opened her "infinite book of secrecy," and in his brain were "the hatch and brood of time."

There is in Shakespeare the mingling of laughter and tears, humor and pathos. Humor is the rose, wit the thorn. Wit is a crystallization, humor an efflorescence. Wit comes from the brain, humor from the heart. Wit is the lightning of the soul.

In Shakespeare's nature was the climate of humor. He saw and felt the sunny side even of the saddest things. "You have seen sunshine and rain at once." So Shakespeare's tears fell oft upon his smiles. In moments of peril, in the very darkness of death, there comes a touch of humor that falls like a fleck of sunshine.

Gonzalo, when the ship is about to sink, having seen the boatswain, exclaims:—

> "I have great comfort from this fellow: methinks, he hath no drowning mark upon him; his complexion is perfect gallows."

Shakespeare is filled with the strange contrasts of grief and laughter. While poor Hero is supposed to be dead, wrapped in the shroud of dishonor, Dogberry and Verges unconsciously put again the wedding-wreath upon her pure brow.

The soliloquy of Launcelot, great as Hamlet's, offsets the bitter and burning words of Shylock.

There is no time to speak of Maria in "Twelfth Night," of Autolycus in the "Winter's Tale," of the parallel drawn by Fluellen between Alexander of Macedon and Harry of Monmouth, or of the marvelous humor of Falstaff, who never had the faintest thought of right or wrong—or of Mercutio, that embodiment of wit and humor—or of the grave-diggers who lamented that "great folk should have countenance in this world to drown and hang themselves, more than their even Christian," and who reached the generalization that "the gallows does well because it does well to those who do ill."

There is also an example of grim humor—an example without a parallel in literature, so far as I know. Hamlet having killed Polonius is asked:—

> "Where's Polonius?"
> "At supper."
> "At supper! where?"
> "Not where he eats, but where he is eaten."

Above all others, Shakespeare appreciated the pathos of situation.

Nothing is more pathetic than the last scene in "Lear." No one has ever bent above his dead who did not feel the words uttered by the mad king,—words born of a despair deeper than tears:—

> "Why should a dog, a horse, a rat, have life,
> And thou no breath at all?"

So Iago, after he has been wounded, says:—

> "I bleed, sir; but not killed."

And Othello answers from the wreck and shattered remnant of his life:—

> "I'd have thee live;
> For, in my sense, 'tis happiness to die."

When Trolius finds Cressida has been false, he cries:—

> "Let it not be believ'd for womanhood!
> Think we had mothers."

Ophelia, in her madness, "the sweet bells jangled out o' tune,"says softly:—

> "I would give you some violets; but they withered all when my father died."

When Macbeth has reaped the harvest, the seeds of which were sown by his murderous hand, he exclaims,—and what could be more pitful?—

> "I 'gin to be aweary of the sun."

Richard II feels how small a thing it is to be, or to have been, a king, or to receive honors before or after power is lost; and so, of those who stood uncovered before him, he asks this piteous question:—

> "I live with bread like you; feel want,
> Taste grief, need friends: subjected thus,
> How can you say to me—I am a king?"

Think of the salutation of Antony to the dead Cæsar:—

"Pardon me, thou bleeding piece of earth."

When Pisanio informs Imogen that he had been ordered by Posthumus to murder her, she bares her neck and cries:—

"The lamb entreats the butcher: Where is thy knife?
Thou art too slow to do thy master's bidding
When I desire it."

Antony, as the last drops are falling from his self-inflicted wound, utters with his dying breath to Cleopatra, this:—

"I here importune death awhile, until
Of many thousand kisses the poor last
I lay upon thy lips."

To me, the last words of Hamlet are full of pathos:—

"O, I die, Horatio;
The potent poison quite o'er crows my spirit: . . .
The rest is silence."

Some have insisted that Shakespeare must have been a physician, for the reason that he shows such knowledge of medicine, of the symptoms of disease and death; because he was so familiar with the brain, and with insanity in all its forms.

I do not think he was a physician. He knew too much; his generalizations were too splendid. He had none of the prejudices of that profession in his time. We might as well say that he was a musician, a composer, because we find in "The Two Gentlemen of Verona" nearly every musical term known in Shakespeare's time.

Others maintain that he was a lawyer, perfectly acquainted with the forms, with the expressions familiar to that profession. Yet there is nothing to show that he was a lawyer, or that he knew more about law than any intelligent man should know. He was not a lawyer. His sense of justice was never dulled by reading English law.

Some think that he was a botanist, because he named nearly all known plants. Others, that he was an astronomer, a naturalist, because he gave hints and suggestions of nearly all discoveries.

Some have thought that he must have been a sailor, for the reason that the orders given in the opening of "The Tempest" were the best that could, under the circumstances, have been given to save the ship.

For my part, I think there is nothing in the plays to show that he was a lawyer, doctor, botanist, or scientist. He had the observant eyes that really see, the ears that really hear, the brain that retains all pictures, all thoughts, logic as unerring as light, the imagination that supplies defects and builds the perfect from a fragment. And these faculties, these aptitudes, working together, account for what he did.

He exceeded all the sons of men in the splendor of his imagination. To him the whole world paid tribute, and Nature poured her treasures at his feet. In him all races lived again, and even those to be were pictured in his brain.

He was a man of imagination—that is to say, of genius, and having seen a leaf, and a drop of water, he could construct the forests, the rivers, and the seas. In his presence all the cataracts would fall and foam, the mists rise, the clouds form and float.

If Shakespeare knew one fact, he knew its kindred and its neighbors. Looking at a coat of mail, he instantly imagined the society, the conditions, that produced it and what it, in turn, produced. He saw the castle, the moat, the drawbridge, the lady in the tower, and the knightly lover spurring across the plain. He saw the bold baron and the rude retainer, the trampled serf, and all the glory and the grief of feudal life.

He lived the life of all.

He was a citizen of Athens in the days of Pericles. He listened to the eager eloquence of the great orators, and sat upon the cliffs, and with the tragic poet heard "the multitudinous laughter of the sea." He saw Socrates thrust the spear of question through the shield and heart of falsehood. He was present when the great man drank hemlock, and met the night of death, tranquil as a star meets morning. He listened to the peripatetic philosophers, and was unpuzzled by the sophists. He watched Phidias as he chiseled shapeless stone to forms of love and awe.

He lived by the mysterious Nile, amid the vast and monstrous. He knew the very thought that wrought the form and features of the Sphinx. He heard great Memnon's morning song when marble lips were smitten by the sun. He laid him down with the embalmed and waiting dead, and felt within their dust the expectation of another life, mingled with cold and suffocating doubts —the children born of long delay.

He walked the ways of mighty Rome, and saw great Cæsar with his legions in the field. He stood with vast and motley throngs and watched the triumphs given to victorious men, followed by uncrowned kings, the captured hosts, and all the spoils of ruthless war. He heard the shout that shook the Coliseum's roofless walls, when from the reeling gladiator's hand the short sword fell, while from his bosom gushed the stream of wasted life.

He lived the life of savage men. He trod the forests' silent depths, and in the desperate game of life or death he matched his thought against the instinct of the beast.

He knew all crimes and all regrets, all virtues and their rich rewards. He was victim and victor, pursuer and pursued, outcast and king. He heard the applause and curses of the world, and on his heart had fallen all the nights and noons of failure and success.

He knew the unspoken thoughts, the dumb desires, the wants and ways of beasts. He felt the crouching tiger's thrill, the terror of the ambushed prey, and with the eagles he had shared the ecstasy of flight and poise and swoop, and he had lain with sluggish serpents on the barren rocks uncoiling slowly in the heat of noon.

He sat beneath the bo-tree's contemplative shade, wrapped in Buddha's mighty thought, and dreamed all dreams that light, the alchemist, has wrought from dust and dew, and stored within the slumbrous poppy's subtle blood.

He knelt with awe and dread at every shrine. He offered every sacrifice, and every prayer; felt the consolation and the shuddering fear; mocked and worshipped all the gods; enjoyed all heavens, and felt the pangs of every hell.

He lived all lives, and through his blood and brain there crept the shadow and the chill of every death, and his soul, like Mazeppa, was lashed naked to the wild horse of every fear and love and hate.

The Imagination had a stage in Shakespeare's brain, whereon were set all scenes that lie between the morn of laughter and the night of tears, and where his players bodied forth the false and true, the joys and griefs, the careless shallows and the tragic deeps of universal life.

From Shakespeare's brain there poured a Niagara of gems spanned by Fancy's seven-hued arch. He was as many-sided as clouds are many-formed. To him giving was hoarding, sowing was harvest; and waste itself the source of wealth. Within his marvelous mind were the fruits of all thought past, the seeds of all to be. As a drop of dew contains the image of the earth and sky, so all there is of life was mirrored forth in Shakespeare's brain.

Shakespeare was an intellectual ocean, whose waves touched all the shores of thought; within which were all the tides and waves of destiny and will; over which swept all the storms of fate, ambition, and revenge; upon which fell the gloom and darkness of despair and death and all the sunlight of content and love, and within which was the inverted sky, lit with the eternal stars—an intellectual ocean—towards which all rivers ran, and from which now the isles and continents of thought receive their dew and rain.

THOMAS STARR KING

SUBSTANCE AND SHOW

[Lecture by Starr King, preacher and early lyceum lecturer (born in New York City, December 17, 1824; died in San Francisco, Cal., March 4, 1863), delivered first in December, 1851. Mr. King began lecturing in 1848, when he was pastor of the Hollis-street Church in Boston, and continued in the field for eleven years ranking with the foremost. "Substance and Show" was his second lecture in a series of brilliant discourses ("Goethe" being the subject of the first one) and it is said to have almost equaled in popularity Wendell Phillips' perennial lecture on "The Lost Arts."]

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN:—I propose to speak on the difference between substance and show, or the distinction we should make between the facts of the world and life, and the causal forces which lie behind and beneath them. No mind which comprehends the issues involved in the distinction will fail to see that the topic is vitally practical; for skepticism, or mistaken conceptions of the truth upon this point, must degrade our whole theory of life, demoralize our reverence, and make the region with which our faith should be in constant contact thin, dreamy, and spectral.

Most persons, doubtless, if you place before them a paving-stone and a slip of paper with some writing on it, would not hesitate to say that there is as much more substance in the rock than in the paper as there is heaviness. Yet they might make a great mistake. Suppose that the slip of paper contains the sentence, "God is love"; or, "Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself";

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or, "All men have moral rights by reason of heavenly parentage," then the paper represents more force and substance than the stone. Heaven and earth may pass away, but such words can never die out or become less real.

The word "substance" means that which stands under and supports anything else. Whatever then creates, upholds, classifies anything which our senses behold, though we cannot handle, see, taste, or smell it, is more substantial than the object itself. In this way the soul, which vivifies, moves, and supports the body, is a more potent substance than the hard bones and heavy flesh which it vitalizes. A ten-pound weight falling on your head affects you unpleasantly as substance, much more so than a leaf of the New Testament, if dropped in the same direction; but there is a way in which a page of the New Testament may fall upon a nation and split it, or infuse itself into its bulk and give it strength and permanence. We should be careful, therefore, what test we adopt in order to decide the relative stability of things.

There is a very general tendency to deny that ideal forces have any practical power. But there have been several thinkers whose skepticism has an opposite direction. "We cannot," they say, "attribute external reality to the sensations we feel." We need not wonder that this theory has failed to convince the unmetaphysical common sense of people that a stone post is merely a stubborn thought, and that the bite of a dog is nothing but an acquaintance with a pugnacious, four-footed conception. When a man falls down stairs it is not easy to convince him that his thought simply tumbles along an inclined series of perceptions and comes to a conclusion that breaks his head; least of all, can you induce a man to believe that the scolding of his wife is nothing but the buzzing of his own waspish thoughts, and her use of his purse only the loss of some golden fancies from his memory. We are all safe against such idealism as Bishop Berkeley reasoned out so logically. Byron's refutation of it is neat and witty:—

> "When Bishop Berkeley says there is no matter,
> It is no matter what Bishop Berkeley says."

And yet, by more satisfactory evidence than that which the idealists propose, we are warned against confounding the conception of substance with matter, and confining it to things we can see and grasp. Science steps in and shows us that the physical system of things leans on spirit. We talk of the world of matter, but there is no such world. Everything about us is a mixture or marriage of matter and spirit. A world of matter simply would be a huge heap of sandy atoms or an infinite continent of stagnant vapor. There would be no motion, no force, no form, no order, no beauty, in the universe as it now is; organization meets us at every step and wherever we look; organization implies spirit,—something that rules, disposes, penetrates, and vivifies matter.

See what a sermon Astronomy preaches as to the substantial power of invisible things. If the visible universe is so stupendous, what shall we think of the unseen force and vitality in whose arms all its splendors rest? It is no gigantic Atlas, as the Greeks fancied, that upholds the celestial sphere; all the constellations are kept from falling by an impalpable energy that uses no muscles and no masonry. The ancient mathematician, Archimedes, once said, "Give me a foot of ground outside the globe to stand upon, and I will make a lever that will lift the world." The invisible lever of gravitation, however, without any fulcrum or purchase, does lift the globe, and make it waltz too, with its blond lunar partner, twelve hundred miles a minute to the music of the sun,—ay, and heaves sun and systems and the milky-way in majestic cotillions on its ethereal floor.

You grasp an iron ball, and call it hard; it is not the iron that is hard, but cohesive force that packs the particles of metal into intense sociability. Let the force abate, and the same metal becomes like mush; let it disappear, and the ball is a heap of powder which your breath scatters in the air. If the cohesive energy in nature should get tired and unclench its grasp of matter, our earth—to use an expressive New England phrase—would instantly become "a great slump"; so that what we tread on is not material substance, but matter braced up by a spiritual substance, for which it serves as the form and show.

All the peculiarities of rock and glass, diamond, ice, and crystal are due to the working of unseen military forces that employ themselves under ground,—in caverns, beneath rivers, in mountain crypts, and through the coldest nights, drilling companies of atoms into crystalline battalions and squares, and every caprice of a fantastic order.

When we turn to the vegetable kingdom, is not the revelation still more wonderful? The forms which we see grow out of substances and are supported by forces which we do not see. The stuff out of which all vegetable appearances are made is reducible to oxygen, hydrogen, carbon, and nitrogen. How does it happen that this common stock is worked up in such different ways? Why is a lily woven out of it in one place and a dahlia in another, a grape-vine here, and a honeysuckle there,—the orange in Italy, the palm in Egypt, the olive in Greece, and the pine in Maine? Simply because a subtile force of a peculiar kind is at work wherever any vegetable structure adorns the ground, and takes to itself its favorite robe. We have outgrown the charming fancy of the Greeks that every tree has its Dryad that lives in it, animates it, and dies when the tree withers. But we ought, for the truth's sake, to believe that a life-spirit inhabits every flower and shrub, and protects it against the prowling forces of destruction. Look at a full-sized oak, the rooted Leviathan of the fields. Judging by your senses and by the scales, you would say that the substance of the noble tree was its bulk of bark and bough and branch and leaves and sap, the cords of woody and moist matter that compose it and make it heavy. But really its substance is that which makes it an oak, that which weaves its bark and glues it to the stem, and wraps its rings of fresh wood around the trunk every year, and pushes out its boughs and clothes its twigs with digestive leaves and sucks up nutriment from the soil continually, and makes the roots clench the ground with their fibrous fingers as a purchase against the storm wind, and at last holds aloft its tons of matter against the constant tug and wrath of gravitation, and swings its Briarean arms in triumph over the globe and in defiance of the gale. Were it not for this energetic essence that crouches in the acorn and stretches its limbs every year, there would be no oak; the matter that clothes it would enjoy its stupid slumber; and when the forest monarch stands up in his sinewy lordliest pride, let the pervading life power, and its vassal forces that weigh nothing at all, be annihilated, and the whole structure would wither in a second to inorganic dust. So every gigantic fact in nature is the index and vesture of a gigantic force. Everything which we call organization that spots the landscape of nature is a revelation of secret force that has been wedded to matter, and if the spiritual powers that have thus domesticated themselves around us should be cancelled, the whole planet would be a huge desert of Sahara,—a black sand-ball without a shrub, a grass-blade, or a moss.

As we rise in the scale of forces towards greater subtility the forces become more important and efficient. Water is more intimately concerned with life than rock, air higher in the rank of service than water, electric and magnetic agencies more powerful than air, and light, the most delicate, is the supreme magician of all. Just think how much expenditure of mechanical strength is necessary to water a city in the hot summer months. What pumping and tugging and wearisome trudging of horses with the great sprinklers over the tedious pavement! But see with what beautiful and noiseless force nature waters the cities! The sun looks steadily on the ocean, and its beams lift lakes of water into the air, tossing it up thousands of feet with their delicate fingers, and carefully picking every grain of salt from it before they let it go. No granite reservoirs are needed to hold in the Cochituates and Crotons of the atmosphere, but the soft outlines of the clouds hem in the vast weight of the upper tides that are to cool the globe, and the winds harness themselves as steeds to these silken caldrons and hurry them along through space, while they disburse their rivers of moisture from their great height so lightly that seldom a violet is crushed by the rudeness with which the stream descends.

Our conceptions of strength and endurance are so associated with visible implements and mechanical arrangements that it is hard to divorce them, and yet the stream of electric fire that splits an ash is not a ponderable thing, and the way in which the loadstone reaches the ten-pound weight and makes it jump is not perceptible. You would think the man had pretty good molars that should gnaw a spike like a stick of candy, but a bottle of innocent-looking hydrogen gas will chew up a piece of bar-iron as though it were some favorite Cavendish; and Mr. Faraday, the great chemist, claims to have demonstrated that each drop of water is the sheath of electric force sufficient to charge eight hundred thousand Leyden jars. In spite of Maine liquor laws, therefore, the most temperate man is a pretty hard drinker, for he is compelled to slake his thirst with a condensed thunder-storm. The difference in power between a woman's scolding and a woman's tears is explained now. Chemistry has put it into formulas. When a lady scolds a man has to face only a few puffs of articulate carbonic acid, but her weeping is liquid lightning.

The prominent lesson of science to men, therefore, is faith in the intangible and invisible. Shall we talk of matter as the great reality of the world, the prominent substance? It is nothing but the battle-ground of terrific forces. Every particle of matter, the chemists tell us, is strained up to its last degree of endurance. The glistening bead of dew from which the daisy gently nurses its strength, and which a sunbeam may dissipate, is the globular compromise of antagonistic powers that would shake this building in their unchained rage. And so every atom of matter is the slave of imperious masters that never let it alone. It is nursed and caressed, next bandied about, and soon cuffed and kicked by its invisible overseers. Poor atoms! no abolition societies will ever free them from their bondage, no colonization movement waft them to any physical Liberia. For every particle of matter is bound by eternal fealty to some spiritual lords, to be pinched by one and squeezed by another and torn asunder by a third; now to be painted by this and now blistered by that; now tormented with heat and soon chilled with cold; hurried from the Arctic Circle to sweat at the Equator, and then sent on an errand to the Southern Pole; forced through transmigrations of fish, fowl, and flesh; and, if in some corner of creation the poor thing finds leisure to die, searched out and whipped to life again and kept in its constant round.

Thus the stuff that we weigh, handle, and tread upon is only the show of invisible substances, the facts over which subtle and mighty forces rule.

Next, let us look at ideas as substantial things. If the true definition of substance is causal and sustaining force, then ideas take the first rank as substances, for the whole universe was thought into order and beauty. The word was, "Let there be light, and there was light." Nature is the language and imagery of Divine ideas. A Persian poet said: "The world is a bud from the bower of his beauty; the sun is a spark from the light of his wisdom; the sky is a bubble on the sea of his power." A row of types, as arranged by a compositor, not only present to the eye certain shapes, colors, and other sensible qualities, but also intimate to the mind some thought that once arose in a human intellect, and which they have been selected to represent to others. So all the objects of nature constitute a hieroglyphic alphabet, which states great truths and sentiments that dwell in the Infinite intellect; with this difference, that the objects of nature are created and upheld by the idea or sentiment which possesses them. They would fall away and dissolve if the eternal truth they represent should vanish, just as the body would crumble if the soul should leave it. Not a planet that wheels its circle around its controlling flame, not a sun that pours its blaze upon the black ether, not one of all the constellated chandeliers that burn in the dome of heaven, not a firmament that spots the robe of space with a fringe of light, but is a visible statement of a conception, wish, or purpose in the mind of God, from which it was born, and to which alone it owes its continuance and form. Jonathan Edwards imagined that the Almighty creates and upholds the universe, as a reflection on a mirror is caused and sustained by the person or object that stands before it. The rays fall from the object upon the mirror every moment, and the reflection would cease as soon as the object should remove; so, he conceived, the universe is the continuous image of the Creator's constant thought, and would change instantly if the expression of his purpose varied, and would fade from space if his ideas should be dismissed. The mind cannot entertain a more sublime thought than this, and we learn from it that the man who does not delight in the beauty of the universe, and does not receive into his soul some impressions of the meaning of nature, has no contact with the world of Divine Substance, but lives in a vast baby-house of Show.

Let us see, next, how applicable the principle we are considering is to the world of man and history. All the shows of social life are manifestations of a secret and impalpable substance. Every house, workshop, church, school-room, athenæum, theatre, is the representative of an opinion. What the eye sees of them is built of bricks, iron, wood, and mortar by carpenters, smiths, and masons; but the seed from which they grew and the forces by which they are upheld are ideas, affections, conceptions of utility, sentiments of worship. Strike these out of a people's mind and heart, and its homes, temples, colleges, and art-rooms fall away, like the trunk of the oak when its life-power is smitten, and only the bald, sandy surface of savage life remains.

What a difference it would make in the physical and moral landscape of a new country, whether a race of Saxons or of Turks were dropped upon it! In the latter case the timber and stone are slowly conjured into the form of mosques and minarets, Sultan's palaces and harems, and the various features of a lazy Moslem civilization; while the coming of the Saxon genius bids the forests prepare to be hewn for homes and factories, humble shrines of learning, and thickly strewn domes for Sabbath praise and prayer. The iron can no longer sleep in its hiding-places; the coal—the only black slave whose labor the white man may rightfully impress—must bring its hot temperament to human service; the streams are compelled to pour their strength upon muscular and busy wheels, that weave fabrics of comfort and luxury; valleys are exalted, and mountains bend their necks; steam hurries with monstrous burdens; magnetism shoots thoughts along its slender veins; mighty piles that stand for justice, law, and equal government overlook a thousand cities; and the white wings of commerce, vying in number and in speed with the pinions of the sea-birds, flap in every breeze that stirs the polar, the moderate, or the tropic waves. There may be as many men, as much bodily strength, among the Turks as with the Saxons; but there is not the spirit, there are not the ideas, to make the fingers so cunning and the muscles so strong. It is the hidden spiritual substance in the Saxon frames that makes their bones and blood its purchase and pulleys, to lift up the myriad structures that bear witness to Saxon civilization. All that we see in England and America, so different from what Calcutta and Canton exhibit to the eye, is the clothing and show of different ideas, principles, and sentiments that pervade our vigorous blood.

Thus, each nation of the globe is a huge battery of spiritual forces to which each individual contributes something. The oneness of the nation is the unity of the galvanic current that is generated from the many layers of metal and acid. And the question of the superior power of one nation over another is not at all to be decided by the relative numbers of population and armies, nor by the forts, guns, and magazines, but rather by the relative mental and moral energies of the lands. France, for instance, is a magnificent incarnation of a certain temperament, and the generations that rise up in her borders continually supply the same mental and social forces, thus giving her one character through centuries. England, moreover, is the hive of very different passions and powers, and the point whether, in a long war, giving each side money enough, England or France would triumph, is reduced to the question whether the effervescent impulses and military enthusiasm of the Celtic blood are superior, as spiritual qualities, to the more slow and sullen force, the cautious but persistent resolution, and the tough obstinacy of resistance that make up the power of an Anglo-Saxon army. In the great campaigns of Wellington in Spain, and in the conduct of the struggle at Waterloo, this was the real strife,—a wrestle of certain spiritual qualities with each other. The charge of the French under Ney or Murat, and beneath the eye of Napoleon, was the gathering roll and swing of the storm-waves; whatever was movable must fall before it; but the mind and the resources of Wellington and the temper of the men who served him were the Saxon rock on which those magnificent Celtic surges swung their white wrath in vain. Every charge of Ney's cavalry against Wellington's central position at Waterloo was the beat of a fiery sensibility against a stony patience. The whole scene was less a contest of military science than a visible conflict of different passions and a thorough testing of their strength. It was the old hypothesis, in dramatic play, of an irresistible in contact with an immovable. The irresistible was spent; the immovable stood fast.

All fighting illustrates the same law. In the old Greek days Darius could oppose a hundred spears to each one of Alexander's, and we wonder that the Persians were so easily beaten. The reason is that the fighting in the young Greek general's army was done by spears plus brains, courage, enthusiasm. Discipline in a battalion is of more consequence than numbers, because it adds a spiritual force to that of muscles; fervor is often found superior to the most thorough discipline, for fervor is a higher spiritual force and outweighs the weaker. Bayonets are never so sharp and terrible in the hands of an advancing line, as when they are bayonets that think, as was the case in our own Revolution; and there are no regiments so mighty and dangerous as those which Cromwell headed, where the highest spiritual qualities were drilled into the ranks, and the bayonets could not only think, but pray.

Thus, in all cases, a nation or an army, so far as its persons—all that we can see of it—are concerned, is only a show; the substance of it is the ideas, passions, genius, enthusiasm, that pervade it, and are not seen.

Our doctrine is illustrated, also, by the fact that the power of a nation is made up, in part, by the generations of past years, whose bodily forms long ago moldered to dust. There is no more beautiful or impressive law of history than that by which the past genius, heroism, and patriotic devotedness are woven into the structure of a people, giving it character. The acts and spirit of a person's former years are not lost, but are represented in the face, the habits, the weakness, or the power of the person's mind and heart to-day. In the same way a state has a personality that endures through centuries; all its great men and bad men, its good laws and vile laws, its faithfulness and its crimes, contribute to its character; nothing dies; but what was fact and show in a living generation becomes force and substance when the actors have departed. Look at England, for instance. Is that which we call England composed simply of twenty millions of men and women that inhabit that island now? How truly do the statesmen, patriots, orators, poets, kings, cabinets, and parties of several hundred years, belong to our conception of what England is! The witness of their activity is not only prominent in the literature and art, the castles and cathedrals, the palaces and towers, the liberties and laws, that are visible on the English land and in their society, but an incalculable force has been shed from this background of greatness and genius into the generation of to-day, and through the present will be transmitted into the future. Let a hostile cabinet declare war against England, and try to tread out her spirit and influence, and they would find that a force is needed competent to crush twenty generations. For, though the merchants, traders, and laborers little think of it in time of peace, and perhaps care not half a fig for the men that walked through the streets they tread, two centuries ago, Sidney, Russell, Pym, and Hampden, Newton, and Shakespeare, and Chatham, the great dead of Westminster Abbey, and the honored names of Oxford and Cambridge, still stand in the background, and in an emergency would start forward and give the immense momentum of their spirit to an onset against an invading foe. As the ghost of the hero Theseus appeared, according to the Athenians, on the field of Marathon, and inspirited their ranks against the Persians, the greatness which a nation has enshrined in its traditions is part of its deepest present life; and it often happens that the shades of the fathers are a more substantial rampart for a land than the swords of the children.

See, too, how our revolutionary experience, genius, and fidelity are involved in the character of America. They are not dead facts written in mute annals; they are vital memories of the nation, as though the same men that are now on the stage had once performed them. We take the credit of that wisdom, persistence, and sacrifice partly to ourselves; we are proud of them; and in any crisis our arms would be the stronger, our wit the quicker, our fortitude the more heroic, because of the impulses that would thrill our veins from the beatings of that revolutionary heart. Strike out the idea of America and the hope of America from our people, and a great portion of the force and enthusiasm of our people would be annihilated. That period of our national fortunes is far more than a show in our history; it is part of our present substance. It was not a fact of the past merely; it is a force of our national character.

The most mournful sight in the case of any nation is the evident destitution of any great political sentiments and principles that have grown for centuries, and are rooted in its heads, habits, and hearts. What a sad thing that, on the intellectual and moral soil of France,—beautiful, enthusiastic France, whose genius has been refining for ages like the wine its own vineyards distil,—no ideas of rights and constitutional freedom have grown, that could not be pulled up in a night by a dissolute ruffian, wearing and polluting a splendid name! Think you that in England or here any cowardly conspirator could weave the noose that in one night should drag down the form and the sentiment of Liberty from its sacred niche in the popular affections, and the next day make the people themselves applaud that it was done so well? A Bedouin robber might as well try to lasso and uproot a hickory-tree that had toughened its roots in the ground for a century. Poor France was overgrown with the merest weedy sentiments of liberty; for it is only weeds that bayonets can scratch up.

If we reflect on the sources of national power and prosperity, we shall soon see how its strength rests on an invisible and ideal base, and is developed out of mental and moral resources. Little Greece resisted the flood of Persian arms, and at last conquered the East, because there was more vitality—more courage, genius, enthusiasm—in her people than in the swarming myriads which the bulk of the Persian Empire enclosed. Rome, too, rose to supreme sway by the despotic influence of character, not of legions. When Rome fell she had more troops and fortifications than in the height of her republican supremacy, but she had lost her real and invisible strength, that of temperance, hardihood, valor, moral soundness; internal dissension, luxury, and bad government had unnerved her hands; and therefore her visible defences of battalions and armaments were nothing but empty shell and show. The British dominion is supported now by the strong fibres of Saxon wisdom and pride that run through the whole extent of it. It is those that knit Calcutta and Australia, Gibraltar and Cape Town, to London and Liverpool and the Parliament House.

The most effectual way to paralyze the prosperity of our country at this moment would be to smite an ideal element that interpenetrates the land. The soil over half our area might be blighted, pestilence might decimate our laborers, tornadoes might scatter a great portion of our tonnage in ruins upon the sea, droughts might shrivel the rivers into thin and feeble rills; but all this would be less disastrous than to annihilate the system of credit that pervades the mercantile world. Destroy that impalpable thing, break down the confidence between city and country, the reliance which State feels upon State and East upon West, the trust which man reposes in his neighbor, and it is the same as if you arrest the pitch of waterfalls, and smother the breezes that ruffle the deep, and wilt the fierce energy of steam, and unstring the laborer's arm, and quench the furnace fires, and stop the hum of wheels, and forbid emigrants to seek the West and cities to rise amid the silence of its woods. Our prosperity and our hopes lean back on that moral bond more than they do on nature or on capital; shake it, and there is an earthquake of society; restore it, and order, activity, happiness and wealth return.

As a bond of union for our States, moreover, there is one element more substantial than even the wisdom of our Constitution, the interlocked geographical unity of our territory, and the power of our central government. It is our common memories of a great history, and the one language that is spoken in all our zones and over all the breadth of the lines of longitude, that mark the leagues from the Atlantic to the Pacific shores. It is hardly possible that any wisdom of political structure or administration could hold so many States together against such diversities of social customs, intelligence, and interest, if the different districts of our empire spoke different languages. But our unity of speech,—the common way in which we articulate our breath and write our thoughts, enabling the farthest backwoodsman to feel kindred with the culture of the East, making all commercial correspondence simple and easy, allowing us to read the same books, to read the same speeches with common delight in a common eloquence,—this is like a soul breathed through all the limbs of our confederacy, giving it a stronger unity than its geological skeleton or its political muscles can. Destroy this community of language, give a distinct tongue to each great division of our land, introduce confusion of dialects into our capital, and we could have no more permanent unity than the mechanical one which Nebuchadnezzar's image had, with its head of gold, its breast of silver, its thighs of brass, its legs of iron, and its feet of clay. Its parts might be dislodged from each other. There would not be invisible unity to mold into vital permanence its unity of show.

The politicians every now and then get up their schemes of division, but the common mother tongue drowns them before they swim far. As long as the free soil and the Hunker speeches in Congress are made in the same dialect the danger of their antagonism is greatly abated. Only the old mother tongue does try to tell us, through the dictionaries, that the word "slave" is not Saxon. It came into our speech by foreign immigration; it cannot show any naturalization papers, the Constitution rejected it, and so certainly, according to the present tendencies of party, it ought not to be allowed to gain power and office over the good native American noun "freedom."

I have several times used the word "civilization" in connection with the subject we are considering. Let us see now what light the meaning of that word sheds upon our theme. There are a vast number of things that make up civilization. They are invisible, but they are among the most substantial and potent realities connected with our globe.

Besides the men and women, the houses and wealth, that exist in Christendom, there is such a thing as civilization, which has been growing steadily, and which lives on while the generations die. There is government in the civilized world, there are reverences, laws, manners and habits, tastes and principles, and all these make up the structure of society. Just as the surface of the globe is composed of various layers of clay, sandstone, slate, and granite, with successive geological epochs deposited, and the united strength of which uphold our soil and support our steps, the moral world is constructed of strata of laws, customs, opinions, truths, discoveries, sentiments, which successive races and generations have deposited, and which our souls live upon now. The best life of the nations that are gone is still in our civilization. Influences from the Old Testament, from Grecian literature and character, from Roman heroism and law, are steadily poured into our moral life from countless churches and colleges, although the Hebrew State, the Greek Republics, and the Roman Empire have been buried for centuries. And so from the German barbarians of the Northern forests, from the feudal customs, from the Crusades, from the Catholic Church in its ripe power and glory, from the life of Socrates and the intellect of Augustine, from the speech of Paul on Mars Hill and the thinking of John Huss, from what Bacon wrote and Shakespeare imagined and Faust invented and Newton discovered and Fulton devised; in short, from all the victories of heroes and the blood-sealed fidelity of martyrs and the holy achievements of saints some contributions have been made to that progressive reality we call civilization, and they all exist around us now as beneficent forces that ennoble our lives with privileges and a value which cannot be estimated. Your father may not have left you any legacy of houses and stock, but the whole past is your mental and moral father, and that leaves to every one of us an inheritance which it would be a miserable bargain for us to sell for a fortune of millions on condition of being disentangled from the civilized life of the race.

The poorest man in this neighborhood is immensely rich, so far as attaining the great objects of life is concerned, especially if he has a family, compared with what his poverty would be if he could own a hundred square miles of original nature, and must live on it alone with his family, cut off from all privileges of society and with the wealth of civilized influence forever cancelled from his brain and breast.

Thus we see that the substance of the past lives on and is vitally present with us now. All that is visible of a nation dies, but its soul survives; the truth it discovered and illustrated is preserved; its essence passes into civilization, improves society, and becomes the common property of after times.

In the old furniture shops of Boston you can buy chairs and tables that came out of the Mayflower to an extent that would load a fleet. However much humbug there may be about this, thank Heaven the spiritual cargo that was packed into that little hull is not all unloaded yet. New England liberty and thrift have been disembarked from it; half of New York and Ohio and Illinois and Wisconsin have been heaved out of its hold by invisible stevedores; and there is enough left yet to set up good Constitutions in the farther slopes of the Rocky Mountains and make Kansas free.

Think for a moment, too, of the order in a great city, and how it is preserved. What passions are boiling in London and Boston and the streets of New York! And how is it that we are kept from conspiracies and mobs and devastations of license? How is it that the spirit of our social life is higher in respect of peace than the aggregate of individual lives, which is the splendid mystery of civilization? It is not by direct and visible pressure of resisting force, but by the fine network of interests, opinions, reverences, feelings of honor and shame, fears and loves, disposed over the community, which hold the brutal elements of our nature in check, as Gulliver was made prisoner by the threads which the cunning Lilliputians wove over his body, and one of which they fastened to each of his hairs.

Does any man say that the laws, the courts and sheriffs, uphold our order? Plainly the sanctity of the laws does not consist in their enactments by legislatures, or their preservation in sheep-skin binding (a style of binding, by the way, which many of our laws had when they were yet in the brains of their authors). Sentiments and principles in the people, faith and loyalty, varnish the laws with their real majesty.

Once in a while a great officer of the law comes along, like the venerable Hays, so famous in Boston, who stands forth as a physical Napoleon of police. It is not by his personal finite genius that he wears such terror. But he is a good conductor of the respect for law which is latent in the community. His frame is electric with the potency of civil authority everywhere. We had a marshal in Boston lately that sometimes appeared on a Saturday night in a circle of gamblers, and though he was but one man among a score or two, he changed the game very quick, and he infused a sudden passion for a different shuffle and cut than any laid down in Hoyle. The play shifted by magic from whist and loo to leap-frog and all-fours, because a worthy embodiment of social law, invested with the moral force of civilization, appalled and scattered them. When the lightning strikes a tree there is a stream of electricity from the ground that conspires with the flame from heaven to complete the bolt, else it is harmless; and so the law in the guilty men leaps out and combines with the electric flash from every great officer's form, to do the work of moral paralysis. There was great wisdom sententiously expressed in the exclamation of a little constable I heard of once who went to arrest a burly offender against the statutes, and was threatened with a shaking if he did not "clear out." If it had been a matter of fists and muscles, the majesty of the law would have been miserably bruised. But the intrepid little officer responded: "Do it if you please; only remember, if you shake me you shake the whole State of Massachusetts."

The substance of power is that which sways the minds and hearts of the people; all else is the show of it. And so the highest badge of civic authority now is not the sceptre of a king, not the dress of a president, not the uniform of a general, but the pole of a constable. The English or Yankee policeman wears a badge which society spontaneously respects, which innocence and weakness instinctively rejoice in, which guilt and knavery instinctively fear. What is the authority of Nicholas the Czar, or Louis Napoleon in his rocking-chair of bayonets? (may every point of them prick the tanned hide of his conscience yet!)—what are they but imperial bullies with military bull-dogs to keep the wrath of the human race at bay? Mr. Bumble the beadle sits on the throne of civil power; to him the human race goes down with honest awe upon its knees.

Surely this nation could better afford to part with its armies and navy, its forts, guns, magazines, and military science, than to have an abatement of one per cent. from the regard which the people have for the forms of a town-meeting, their deep reverence for the statutes, their quick submission to a writ, their dread of mobs, their love of home, and the awe that attends the hearing a sentence of death from a judge. In the first case the country would lose some visible facts which represent its strength, and which might be replenished by taxation; in the latter case it would part with forces, inherited from past ages, which are its strength, and by which it is swung over the abyss of lawlessness, as the globe is hurried over the black depths of space by the threads of gravitation that are more subtle than sunbeams.

Finally, character is one of the prominent substances of the world, that is, it is one of the things which do the most as causes to uphold society and quicken it. Character, in the sense of great personal energy, changes the face of nature, digs mines, builds railroads, levels mountains, founds cities, evokes factories, dwarfs the oceans to convenient ponds. And in higher senses, we cannot tell what impress one original soul like David's, so splendid in genius, so sensitive to every breath of circumstance, so sincere in his piety, his sin, and his terrible remorse, leaves on the fortunes of after generations. His great heart has been an electric battery to the bosoms of countless millions of whom he never dreamed. Who of us is acute enough to untwist the whole of our debt to the burly substance of Martin Luther's spirit? Strike him out of the last three centuries, and you tear out the very spine of our liberties and mechanical arts; our railroads and steamships, and most of the material forces of Protestant civilization are rent away with him, for they radiate from his rough generic thought. The Duke of Wellington assented to the estimate which somebody made, that the presence of Napoleon on the field was equal to forty thousand men. See, too, what the character of the Puritans is doing for New England at this moment. It gives it a firmer basis than its granite strata. It is the stamina of the present virtue of those States. It has built and reared their colleges and schools. It is the vigor of their intelligence and the sinew of their piety, and thus is a substantial benefit after the bodily forms that once housed it are crumbled. And advert, for a moment, to what the character of Washington has done, and will yet do, for America and freedom. Better for our country in the crisis of its history to have lost its collected treasures, to have parted with half its territory and half its citizens, than to have been robbed of the heart of Washington. His soldiers derived courage, faith, and food from his serene and hopeful majesty, and during that terrible winter at Valley Forge the nourishment of future ages was in the continuance of the resources in that one breast. His character is part of this Western World forever, as much part of it as our forests and our rocks.

So there is an ascending series of creative and substantial forces, beginning with mechanical energies and running up through chemical affinities, vital powers, perception, will, ideas, to personality. We often use the expression with regard to a person in society, that "he is a man of substance." Generally this phrase conveys the idea that a man has acquired some property. It would be very applicable if it stood for the "real estate" which a man has amassed,—that is, for his personal estate of great qualities, forces of genius, learning, truth, moral power, and influence. For it happens that, in the supreme realm of which we are citizens, and where the eternal laws tax and weigh us, our personal estate, that is, what we are, is our real estate. How absurd to use the word "substance" of a man, and make it signify a house, bank-stock, a heap of guineas, a store full of merchandise; things that do not touch his humanity at all. He is the man of substance that has the noble qualities which belong to human nature packed into him, and that can stand up, strong and solid, if all the accidents, such as fame, position, money, worldly consideration, are stripped away. It would be just as sensible to take a man in the last stages of consumption,—a weak and wasted frame of bones,—and after getting a tailor to dress him up and pad him out large with batting, to call him a man of physical substance, as to use that phrase of persons that only have a market control over some dollars, and are destitute of the forces and resources that belong to a mind, heart, and soul. Your Herschel and Newton are men of intellectual substance, Fénelon and Wesley of spiritual substance, Wilberforce of moral substance, Luther of heroic substance, Howard of affectional substance; and if we are lean in these qualities, we are shadows, and all the bricks and mortar, land deeds, certificates, and doubloons, in London cannot redeem us from being thinner than mush,—a body-load of mist and fog.

Character is the culminating substance of nature; and we may say here that a man may be what he pleases to be. The forms of our activity are prescribed for us by nature, but circumstances do not make the real, central man. Circumstances often determine how much show a man shall make. To be famous depends on some fortuities; to be a president depends on the acute smellers of a few politicians and a mysterious set of wires; to be rich depends on birth or luck; to be intellectually eminent may depend on the appointment of Providence; but to be a man, in the sense of substance, depends solely on one's own noble ambition and determination to live in contact with God's open atmosphere of truth and right, from which all true manliness is inspired and fed. We often talk about ghosts, and wonder, sometimes, at our winter firesides whether any ghost has ever returned from the regions of the dead. For one, I am content to leave that question of revisits to be decided by Mrs. Crowe's "Night Side of Nature" and the vast and increasing crowd of spiritual rappers, who are able to make any luckless spirit beat a tattoo on smooth walnut or mahogany.

Now, the answer we should give if anybody should ask us if we had ever seen a ghost will depend wholly on our standard of what a ghost is. Some men would not be satisfied unless they could shoot a bullet through him without injuring any intestines. Another would want to strike a club at him, and have it pass through as though it were six feet of moonshine. In Dickens's "Christmas Carol" the old miser was satisfied he beheld his dead partner's ghost, when he looked right through his stomach and saw the buttons on the back of his coat. Any test which would prove that an unfortunate being had no body would satisfy most persons of its claim to ghostship. By any such standards we must probably give up the honor of having seen a ghost. And yet the world is plentifully spotted with apparitions; they are all about us, in the streets and the stalls and the stores; they are in the Congress rooms, and editors' chairs, and pulpits, transacting a great deal of the business of the world,—not revisitants of the earth, because they have never left it, but shows of people, human haze and ghastliness, without the substance of energy, virtue, truth, to fill out the plain promise of their clothes. For our popular definition of a ghost is just the reverse of the truth; it makes one consist of a soul without a body, while really a spectre, an illusion, a humbug of the eyesight and the touch, is a human body not vitalized through and through with a soul.

When a person has only money to support his claim to substance, his highest nature is made up of mortgages and rent-rolls, notes and titles,—a man of bank paper, not of realities,—and a commercial revolution would tear him up. Some men's claim to substance depends on a large stock of calicoes; and a fall in the thermometer of trade reduces them to zero. Where station is the sole basis of that claim, the person's soul is a great bladder blown up by popular breath, and a pin-hole of accident will make him collapse. But of all those classes which the world puts forward as its darlings, the dandy is the most removed from the domain of real qualities and takes first rank as a ghost, since he is "a whiskered essence and an organized perfume."

The climax of my purpose in this address will be gained if it will lead any of you to see that the stuff a great soul is made of is the most real and unwasting material of the universe,—something which moth and rust cannot corrupt, nor death with the tooth of its savage chemistry impair. As men walk the streets they seem about alike; the differences they show seem to be the difference of height, weight, complexion, and clothes. But it is not so. As you stand at a little distance from this metropolis, upon a hill that commands its avenues and circuit, you see of what various buildings, differing widely in cost and splendor, its beautiful panorama is composed. And so would its human inhabitants seem, if you could stand on some spiritual eminence and see the realities which their fleshly tenement conceal. . . . Thence would we see the churches of our spiritual city; and over them, kindred but superior, with more intricate grace and capacious measure, the cathedral spirits, like such as Channing, whose voices are bells that call to worship, and whose thoughts, like spires, are always lifted above the world, conversing with light and God, rebuking the vanity of the earth, and shedding over all below the promise of immortality.

CHARLES KINGSLEY

WESTMINSTER ABBEY

[Lecture by Charles Kingsley, canon of Westminster (born in Dartmoor, Devon, June 13, 1819; died in Eversley, Hampshire, England, January 23, 1875), opening his course in America, delivered first in Salem, Mass., before the Essex Institute, February 16, 1874, and repeated in Boston the following evening. A brief personal address preceded the lecture on both occasions. In Salem the prefatory remarks were as follows: "LADIES AND GENTLEMEN:—I cannot but feel somewhat, and more than somewhat nervous in addressing you. I am perfectly aware that I am before a very cultivated and therefore probably a very critical audience. I may need your mercy, and therefore I hope I shall receive it through your generosity. You will understand that in a lecture on Westminster, one of the corporation of which I have the honor to be, I lecture on it from a standpoint which I call, and I think you will call, both international, and let me use the good old word, Puritan. I can never forget that Puritan blood runs in my veins. I can never forget, I should be ashamed to forget, that my own ancestor was an officer in Cromwell's army at the very time when his younger brother came over here with the Pilgrim Fathers to found in New England that family of Kingsleys which, so far as I hear, have kept up worthily the ancient name which they brought with them from across the seas. I, too, am Puritan at heart, and the Puritan instincts in me, I thank God, have delivered me again and again from many an æsthetic and many an ecclesiastical temptation. [Applause.] When I come here to you, whose calling it has been to keep that element, I come here with a certain fear and trembling as to just judges before whom I have to prove that I am not unworthy of my Puritan forefathers' age, and not unworthy, as I hope you are not, of the Puritanism of our race. If the old heathen Roman could say of our old Teutonic ancestors that they considered it beneath the dignity of the Deity to be represented in idols, or to be kept within walls, it is for you and for me to show that we have not degenerated in the last 1800 years." . . . .

In Boston the lecturer was introduced by "Mark Twain" in the following words:

"LADIES AND GENTLEMEN:—I am here to introduce Mr. Charles

Kingsley, the lecturer of the evening, and I take occasion to observe that when I wrote the book called 'Innocents Abroad' [applause] I thought it was a volume which would bring me at once into intimate relation with the clergy. But I could bring evidence to show that from that day to this, this is the first time that I have ever been called upon to perform this pleasant office of vouching for a clergyman [laughter] and give him a good unbiased start before an audience. [Laughter.] Now that my opportunity has come at last, I am appointed to introduce a clergyman who needs no introduction in America. [Applause.] And although I haven't been requested by the committee to indorse him, I volunteer that [laughter], because I think it is a graceful thing to do; and it is all the more graceful from being so unnecessary. But the most unnecessary thing I could do in introducing the Rev. Charles Kingsley would be to sound his praises to you, who have read his books and know his high merits as well as I possibly can, so I waive all that and simply say that in welcoming him cordially to this land of ours, I believe that I utter a sentiment which would go nigh to surprising him or possibly to deafen him, if I could concentrate in my voice the utterance of all those in America who feel that sentiment. [Applause.] And I am glad to say that this kindly feeling toward Mr. Kingsley is not wasted, for his heart is with America, and when he is in his own home, the latchstring hangs on the outside of the door for us. I know this from personal experience; perhaps that is why it has not been considered unfitting that I should perform this office in which I am now engaged. [Laughter.] Now for a year, for more than a year, I have been enjoying the hearty hospitality of English friends in England, and this is a hospitality which is growing wider and freer every day toward our countrymen. I was treated so well there, so undeservedly well, that I should always be glad of an opportunity to extend to Englishmen the good offices of our people; and I do hope that the good feeling, the growing good feeling, between the old mother country and her strong, aspiring child will continue to extend until it shall exist over the whole great area of both nations. I have the honor to introduce to you Rev. Charles Kingsley." [Applause.] Upon coming forward and acknowledging his greeting the canon recalled his remarks of the previous evening, as printed in the morning newspapers, and added: "I approach my audience with profound respect, and no little fear in spite of what Mr. Clemens has said. I shall say also, what would seem rather ungrateful toward him, that if I should fail to please you to-night, you must visit my failure upon him, not upon me. For it befell that wandering through Westminster Abbey with him last autumn, he was discoursing of his impressions of that Abbey during a night visit there with that imagination and with that tenderness which you almost always find combined with a high gift of humor; and he said to me that he had written a lecture on Westminster Abbey, and asked me to write one upon the same subject to present if I should lecture to you, and I said to him, 'My generous sir, you have just made the subject your own, and now throw it over to me.' Whether he thought there was room enough in the world for us both, or whether he was as confident as I am of his power to talk upon that or any other subject far better than I can, he insisted upon my giving a lecture on Westminster Abbey. So I do; and if I fail I only ask you to visit my faults upon his head by making him give his lecture, gratuitously of course, as a punishment for myself." [Applause and laughter.]].

Ladies and Gentlemen:—Reverence for age, at least so it has long seemed to me, reverence for age, I say, is a fair test of the vigor of youth; and conversely, insolence toward the old and the past, whether in individuals or in nations, is a sign rather of weakness than of strength. And the cause, I think, is this. The rich and strong young natures, which feel themselves capable of original thought and work, have a corresponding respect for those who, in the generations gone by, have thought and worked as they hope to do hereafter. And this temper, understand me, so far from being servile, or even merely conservative, usually accompanies true independence of spirit. The young athlete, like the young race-horse, does not despise, but emulates, his sire; even though the old victor be long past his prime. The young soldier admires the old general; the young midshipman the old admiral, just in proportion as he himself is likely to be a daring and able officer hereafter. The son, when grown to man's estate, may say to his father, I look on you still with all respect and admiration. I have learnt, and desire always, to learn from you. But you must be to me now, not a dictator, but an example. You became what you are by following your own line; and you must let me rival you, and do you honor, by following mine.

This, I believe, is true of nations as well as of individuals. I do not hesitate to say that, paradoxical as it may seem, the most original races,—those who have succeeded best and left their stamp most broadly and permanently on the human race—have also been the most teachable, provided they were allowed to learn in their own way and to adapt to their own purposes any higher ancient civilization with which they came in contact. What more striking instances of this truth—for truth it is—than the reverence of the free Republic and Greek for the old despotic civilization of Egypt? and of the free Norseman, our own ancestor, for the old and equally despotic civilization of Rome? These—the two most originative and most progressive races of Europe—had a faith in, an awe of, the supposed or real wisdom of the men of old time, which was often exaggerated into a superstition but never—thanks to their own innate force—degenerated into a bondage.

Pardon me this somewhat dry proemium; and pardon me, too, if it leads me on to a compliment to the American people, which I trust you will not think impertinent. For I have seen, and seen with joy, a like spirit in those Americans whom it has been my good fortune to meet in my own land. I mean this: that I found in them, however self-teaching and self-determining they might be, that genial reverence for antiquity which I hold to be the sign of a truly generous—that is in the right sense of the grand old word—a truly high-bred nature. I have been touched and deeply touched, at finding so many of them, on landing for the first time at Liverpool, hurrying off to our quaint old city of Chester, to gaze on its old girdle of walls and towers; Roman, Mediæval, Caroline; its curious rows of overhanging houses; its fragments of Roman baths and inscriptions; its modest little Cathedral; and the—really very few—relics of English history which it contains. Even two banners of an old Cheshire regiment which had been in the Peninsular war were almost as interesting to some, as an illuminated Bible of the early Middle Ages.

More than once have I had to repress the enthusiasm of some charming lady and say, "But this is nothing. Do not waste your admiration here. Go on. See the British Museum, its marbles and its manuscripts—see the French cathedrals; the ruins of Provence and Italy; the galleries of Florence, Naples, Rome." "Ah, but you must remember," was the answer, "these are the first old things I ever saw."

A mere sentiment? Yes; but as poets know, and statesmen ought to know, it is by sentiment, when well directed—as by sorrow, when well used—by sentiment, I say, great nations live. When sentiment dies out, and mere prosaic calculation of loss and profit takes its place, then comes a Byzantine epoch, a Chinese epoch, decrepitude and slow decay. And so the eagerness of those generous young souls was to me a good augury for the future, of them, and of their native land. They seemed to me—and I say again it touched me, often deeply—to be realizing to themselves their rightful place in the community of the civilized nations of all lands, and of all times,—realizing to themselves that they were indeed—

> "Heirs of all the ages, in the foremost files of time,"

and minded therefore, like wise and noble heirs, not to despise and squander, but to treasure and to use that inheritance, and the accumulated labors of the mighty dead.

I saw this, I say, at Chester. And therefore I was not surprised to find the pleasant experience repeated and to even a higher degree at Westminster. A pleasant experience, I say. I know few more agreeable occupations than showing a party of Americans round our own great Abbey; and sentimentalizing if you will, in sympathy with them, over England's Pantheon.

I pause to confess once more that it is almost an impertinence in me to pay you such a compliment. You have a right to answer me, How could it be otherwise? Are we not educated people? Has not our taste been trained by native authors, who were at least civilized enough to value the great past, without the need of any European crossing the seas to tell us of its wealth? If you reprove me thus, I can but say that the reproof is just and will remain just, as long as your poets are what they are; and as long, above all, as you reverence as much in America, as we do in England, the poetry of Mr. Longfellow. He has not, if I recollect aright, ever employed his muse in commemorating our great Abbey; but that muse is instinct with all those lofty and yet tender emotions which the sight of that great Abbey should call out. He knows as few know on our side of the wide water, the effect, chastening and yet ennobling, of such architecture, consecrated by such association. He has not only perceived and drunk in all that is purest and noblest in the now sleeping last ten centuries; but he has combined it again and again, with that which is purest and noblest in the waking and yearning present; and combined it organically and livingly as leaf and stem combine with flower and fruit. Yes; as long as the poet who could write both the "Belfry of Bruges" and the "Village Blacksmith" is read among you, there is no need for me to bid you reverence the past; and little need, I trust, for me to tell those whom I leave at home to reverence the present. For it is a fact—of which some Americans may not be as well aware as they should be—that your exquisite poet has exercised an influence in Britain it may be as great as, and certainly more varied than, that which he has exercised in his native land. With us, as I presume with you, he has penetrated into thousands of Puritan homes, and awakened tens of thousands of young hearts to the beauty and the nobleness of the old pre-Reformation age, and of that romance and art from which their too exclusive hereditary training had, until his time, shut them out. And he has thus, truly done a sacred deed in turning the hearts of the children to their fathers. That was enough: but that is not the whole. He has, conversely, turned the hearts of the fathers to the children. The world-wide humanity of his poems, and to be just, of all your American poets who have studied in his school, has produced throughout Great Britain a just reverence and affection for the American mind which will have—which has had already—large social and political results.

Be sure, be sure, that in spite of passing jars, our empire will never be long unjust to yours, while Mr. Longfellow and Mr. Lowell remain not merely the household bards, though that is much, but counselors, comforters, and trusted friends to hundreds of thousands of gentle and earnest souls; from the palace to the parsonage, from the little village shop to the farmhouse on the lonely down.

But there is another American author, who was the delight of my own youth, and who should have been my teacher also, for he was a master of our common tongue, and his prose is as graceful and felicitous as poor Elia's own, and it is certainly more manly—another American author, I say, who, with that high-bred reverence for what is old, has told you already more about Westminster Abbey, and told it better than I am likely to tell it.

Need I say that I mean the lamented Washington Irving? Ah, that our authors had always been as just to you as he was just to us; and indeed more than just; for in his courtesy and geniality he saw us somewhat *en beau*, and treated old John Bull too much as the poet advises us to treat young and fair ladies:—

> "Be to their faults a little blind,
> Be to their virtues very kind.'

But what a charming book is that old "Sketch-book." And what a charming essay that on our great Abbey, set with such gems of prose as these: "The sun was pouring down a yellow autumnal ray into the square of the cloisters, beaming upon a scanty spot of grass in the center, and lighting up an angle of the vaulted passage with a kind of dusty splendor. From between the arcades, the eye glanced up to a bit of blue sky, or a passing cloud, and beheld the sun-gilt pinnacles of the Abbey towering into the azure heaven." Or this again, describing the general effect of Henry VII's unrivaled chapel: "The very walls are wrought into universal ornament; encrusted with tracery, and scooped into niches, crowded with the statues of saints and martyrs. Stone seems, by the cunning labor of the chisel, to have been robbed of its weight and density; suspended aloft as if by magic; and the fretted roof achieved with the wonderful minuteness and airy security of a cobweb." "Dusty splendor," "airy security," epithets so unexpected, and yet so felicitous, as to be seemingly accidental. Such are the tokens of that highest art, which is—to conceal its own existence. After such speech as that, what have I to tell you of the great old Abbey?

Yet there are one or two things, I dare to say, which Washington Irving would have written differently had he visited Westminster not forty years ago (1834) but now. I think, in the first place, that if he visited the great Abbey now, he would not have noticed that look of dilapidation at which he hints—and perhaps had a right to hint—some forty years ago. Dilapidation, dirt, and negligence are as hateful to us now, as to the builder of the newest house outside. We, too, for more than a generation past, have felt, in common with the rest of England

and with all the nations of Northern Europe, that awakened reverence for Mediæval Art and Mediæval History, which is, for good and for evil, the special social phenomenon of our times; the natural and, on the whole, useful countercheck to that extreme of revolutionary feeling which issues, as it did in Paris but three years ago—in utter hatred and renunciation of the past, and destruction of its monuments. To preserve, to restore, and if not, to copy, as a sort of filial duty, the buildings which our forefathers have left us, is now held to be the very mark of cultivation and good taste in Britain. It may be that we carry it too far; that by a servile and Chinese exactness of imitation we are crippling what originality of genius may exist among our draughtsmen, sculptors, architects. But we at least confess thereby that we cannot invent and create as could our ancestors five hundred years ago; and as long as that is the case it is more wise in us—as in any people—to exhaust the signification and power of the past, and to learn all we can from older schools of art and thought ere we attempt novelties of our own, which I confess freely, usually issue in the ugly and the ludicrous.

Be that as it may, we of Westminster Abbey have become, like other Englishmen, repairers and restorers. Had we not become so, the nation would have demanded an account of us, as guardians of its national mausoleum, the building of which our illustrious Dean has so well said: "Of all the characteristics of Westminster Abbey, that which most endears it to the nation and gives most force to its name—which has, more than anything else, made it the home of the people of England and the most venerated fabric of the English Church—is not so much its glory as the seat of the coronations, or as the sepulchre of the kings; not so much its school, or its monastery, or its chapter, or its sanctuary, as the fact that it is the resting place of famous Englishmen, from every rank and creed, and every form of genius. It is not only Reims Cathedral and St. Denys both in one; but it is what the Pantheon was intended to be to France—what the Valhalla is to Germany—what Santa Croce is to Italy. . . . It is this which inspired the saying of Nelson, 'Victory or Westminster Abbey.' It is this which has intertwined it with so many eloquent passages of Macaulay. It is this which gives point to the allusions of recent Nonconformist statesmen, least inclined to draw illustrations from ecclesiastical buildings. It is this which gives most promise of vitality to the whole institution. Kings are no longer buried within its walls; even the splendor of pageants has ceased to attract. But the desire to be buried in Westminster Abbey is as strong as ever.

"This sprang, in the first instance, as a natural offshoot from the coronations and interments of the kings. Had they, like those of France, of Spain, of Austria, of Russia—been buried far away in some secluded spot, or had the English nation stood aloof from the English monarchy, it might have been otherwise. The sepulchral chapels built by Henry III and Henry VII might have stood alone in their glory. No meaner dust need ever have mingled with the dust of Plantagenets, Tudors, Stuarts, and Guelphs. But it has been the peculiar privilege of the kings of England that neither in life nor in death have they been parted from their people. As the Council of the Nation and the Courts of Law have pressed into the Palace of Westminster, and engirdled the very throne itself, so the ashes of the great citizens of England have pressed into the sepulchre of the kings, and surrounded them as with a guard of honor after their death. We are sometimes inclined bitterly to contrast the placid dignity of our recumbent kings with Chatham gesticulating from the northern transept, or Pitt from the western door, or Shakespeare leaning on his column in Poet's Corner, or Wolfe expiring by the chapel of St. John. But, in fact, they are, in their different ways keeping guard over the shrine of our monarchs and our laws; and their very incongruity and variety become symbols of that harmonious diversity in unity which pervades our whole commonwealth."

Honored by such a trust, we who serve God daily in the great Abbey are not unmindful of the duty which lies on us to preserve and to restore, to the best of our power the general fabric; and to call on government and on private persons to preserve and restore those monuments for which they, not we, are responsible. A stranger will not often enter our Abbey without finding somewhere or other among its vast arcades, skilled workmen busy over mosaic, marble, bronze, or "storied window richly dight," and the very cloisters which to Washington Irving's eye were "discolored with damp, crumbling with age, and crusted with a coat of hoary moss," are being repaired till "that rich tracery of the arches, and that leafy beauty of the roses which adorn the keystones"—of which he tells—shall be as sharp and bright as they were first, five hundred years ago.

One sentiment again, which was called up in the mind of your charming essayist, at the sight of Westminster Abbey, I have not felt myself: I mean its sadness. "What," says he, "is this vast assembly of sepulchres but a treasury of humiliation? a huge pile of reiterated homilies on the emptiness of renown and the certainty of oblivion." So does that "mournful magnificence" of which he speaks, seem to have weighed on him, that he takes for the motto of his whole essay that grand Elizabethan epigram:—

"When I behold, with deep astonishment,
  To famous Westminster how there resort
Living in brasse or stony monument
  The princes and the worthies of all sort;
Do I not see reformed nobilitie,
  Without contempt, or pride, or ostentation,
And look upon offenseless majestie,
  Naked of pomp or earthly domination?
And how a play-game of a painted stone
  Contents the quiet, now, and silent sprites
Whom all the world, which late they stood upon
  Could not content, nor quench their appetites.
Life is a frost of cold felicities;
  And death the thaw of all our vanities."

True, true—who knows it not, who has lived fifty years in such a world as this? and yet but half the truth.

Were there no after-life, no juster home beyond the grave, where each good deed—so spake the most august of lips—shall in no wise lose its reward,—is it nought, *virum volitare per ora*, to live upon the lips of men, and find an immortality, even for a few centuries, in their hearts? I know what answer healthy souls would have made in every age to that question; and what they will make to the end, as long as the respect of their fellow-creatures is, as our Creator meant that it should be, precious to virtuous men. And let none talk of "the play-game of a painted stone" of "the worthless honors of a bust." The worth of honor lies in that same worthlessness. Fair money wage for fair work done, no wise man will despise. But that is pay, not honor; the very preciousness whereof, like the old victor's parsley crown in the Greek games,—is that it had no value, gave no pleasure, save that which is imperishable, spiritual, and not to be represented by gold nor quintessential diamond.

Therefore, to me at least, the Abbey speaks, not of vanity and disappointment, but of content and peace.

> "The quiet now and silent sprites,"

of whom old Christolero sings, they are content; and well for them that they should be. They have received their nation's thanks, and ask no more, save to lie there in peace. They have had justice done them; and more than one is there who had scant justice done him while alive. Even Castlereagh is there, in spite of Byron's and of Shelley's scorn. It may be that they too have found out ere now, that there he ought to be. The nation has been just to him who, in such wild times as the world had not seen for full three hundred years, did his duty according to his light, and died in doing it; and his sad, noble face looks down on Englishmen as they go by, not with reproach, but rather with content.

Content, I say, and peace. Peace from their toil, and peace with their fellow men. They are at least at rest. *Obdormierunt in pace.* They have fallen asleep in peace. The galled shoulder is freed from the collar at last. The brave old horse has done his stage and lain down in the inn. There are no more mistakes now, no more sores, no more falls, and no more whip, than God, laid on too often when it was least needed and most felt. And there are no more quarrels, too. Old personal feuds, old party bickerings, old differences of creed, and hatreds in the name of the God of love—all those are past, in that world of which the Abbey is to me a symbol and a sacrament. Pitt and Fox, Warren Hastings and Macaulay, they can afford to be near to each other in the Abbey; for they understand each other now elsewhere; and the Romish Abbot's bones do not stir in their grave beside the bones of the Protestant Divine whom he, it may be, would have burned alive on earth.

In the south aisle of Henry VII's chapel, lies in royal pomp she who so long was Britain's bane—"the daughter of debate, who discord still did sow"—poor Mary Queen of Scots. But English and Scots alike have forgotten the streams of noble blood she cost their nations; and look sadly and pityingly upon her effigy—why not?

"Nothing is left of her
Now but pure womanly."

And in the corresponding aisle upon the north, in a like tomb—which the voice of the English people demanded from the son of Mary Stuart—lies even a sadder figure still—poor Queen Elizabeth. To her indeed, in her last days, vanity of vanities—all was vanity. Tyrone rebellion killed her. "This fruit have I of all my labors which I have taken under the sun"—and with a whole book of Ecclesiastes written on her mighty heart, the old crowned lioness of England coiled herself up in her lair, refused food, and died, and took her place henceforth opposite to her "dear cousin" whom she really tried to save from herself, who would have slain her if she could, and whom she had at last, in obedience to the voice of the people of England, to slay against her will. They have made up that quarrel now.

Ay, and that tomb is the sacred symbol of a reconciliation even more pathetic and more strange. Elizabeth lies—seemingly by her own desire—in the same vault as her own sister, Mary Tudor. "Bloody Mary," now, no more. James I, who had no love for either of them, has placed at the head of the monument "two lines" as has been well said, "full of a far deeper feeling than we should naturally have ascribed to him"—

"Fellows in the kingdom and in the tomb, here we sleep;
Mary and Elizabeth the sisters; in hope of the resurrection."

those men were not tyrants, but kings, who swore to keep, I make no comment on these words; or on that double sepulchre. But did I not say well that the great Abbey was a place of peace,—a place to remind hardworked, purblind, and often alas! embittered souls:—

> "For mother Earth she gathers all
> Into her bosom, great and small.
> Ah! could we look into her face,
> We should not shrink from her embrace."

Yes, all old misunderstandings are cleared up by now in that just world wherein all live to God. They live to God; and therefore the great Abbey is to me awful indeed, but never sad. Awful it ought to be, for it is a symbol of both worlds, the seen and the unseen; and of the veil, as thin as cobweb, yet opaque as night, which parts the two. Awful it is; and ought to be—like that with which it grew—the life of a great nation, growing slowly to manhood, as all great nations grow, through ignorance and waywardness, often through sin and sorrow; hewing onward a devious track through unknown wildernesses; and struggling, victorious, though with bleeding feet, athwart the tangled woods and thorny brakes of stern experience.

Awful it is; and should be. And therefore, I, at least do not regret that its very form, outside should want those heaven-pointed spires, that delicate lightness, that airy joyousness, of many a foreign cathedral—even of our own Salisbury and Lichfield. You will see in its outer shape little, if any, of that type of architecture which was, as I believe, copied from scenery with which you, as Americans, must be even more familiar than were the mediæval architects who traveled through the German forests and across the Alps to Rome. True, we have our noble high-pitched snow-roof. Our architect like the rest, had seen the mountain-ranges jut black and bare above the snows of winter. He had seen those snows slip down in sheets, rush down in torrents from the sun, off the steep slabs of rock which coped the hillside; and he, like the rest, has copied in that roof, for use as well as beauty, the mountain rocks.

But he has not, as many another mediæval architect has done, decked his roofs as Nature has decked hers, with the spruce and fir-tree spires, which cling to the hillside of the crag, old above young, pinnacle above pinnacle, whorl above whorl; and clothed with them the sides and summit of the stone mountain which he had raised till, like a group of firs upon an isolated rock, every point of the building should seem in act to grow toward heaven, and the gray leads of the Minster roof stand out amid peaks and turrets rich with carven foliage, as the gray rocks stand out of the primeval woods. That part of the mediæval builder's task was left unfinished, and indeed hardly attempted, by our Westminster architects, either under Henry III, Edward I, or Henry V. Their Minster is grand enough by grave height and severe proportion; and he who enters stooping under that low-browed arch of the north door, beneath the beetling crag of weatherworn and crumbling stone, may feel like one who, in some old northern fairy-tale, enters a cavern in some lone mountain-side where trolls and dragons guard the hoards of buried kings.

And awful it is, and should be still, inside; under that vaulted roof a hundred feet above, all more mysterious and more huge, and yet more soft, beneath the murky London air. But sad I cannot call it. Nor, I think, would you feel it sad when you perceive how richly successive architects have squandered on it the treasures of their fancy; and made it, so they say, perhaps the most splendid specimen in the world of one of those stone forests, in which the men of old delighted to reproduce those leafy minsters which God, not man, has built; where they sent the columns aloft like the boles of giant trees, and wreathed their capitals, sometimes their very shafts, with vines and flowers; and decked with foliage and with fruit the bosses above and the corbels below; and sent up out of those corbels upright shafts along the walls, in likeness of the trees which sprang out of the rocks above their head; and raised those wells into great cliffs; and pierced those cliffs with the arches of the triforium, as with wild creatures' caves or hermits' cells; and represented in the horizontal string-courses and window-sills the strata of the rocks; and opened the windows into wide and lofty glades, broken, as in the forest, by the tracery of stems and boughs, through which were seen, not only the outer, but the upper world. For they craved—as all true artists crave—for light and color; and had the sky above been one perpetual blue, they might have been content with it, and left their glass transparent. But in our dark dank northern clime, rain and snowstorm, black cloud and gray mist, were all that they were like to see outside for six months in the year. So they took such light and color as nature gave in her few gayer moods, and set aloft in their strained-glass windows the hues of the noonday and of the sunset, and the purple of the heather, and the gold of the gorse, and the azure of the bugloss, and the crimson of the poppy; and among them, in gorgeous robes, the angels and the saints of heaven, and the memories of heroic virtues and heroic sufferings, that they might lift up the eyes and hearts of men forever out of the dark sad world of the cold north, with all its coarsenesses and its crimes, toward a realm of perpetual holiness, amid a perpetual summer of beauty and of light; as one, who, from between the black jaws of a narrow glen, or from beneath the black shade of gigantic trees, catches a glimpse of far lands gay with gardens and cottages; and purple mountain ranges; and the far-off sea; and the hazy horizon melting into the hazy sky; and finds his soul led forth into an infinite, at once of freedom and repose.

Awful, and yet not sad; at least to one who is reminded by it, even in its darkest winter's gloom, of the primeval tropic forest at its two most exquisite moments—its too brief twilight and its too brief dawn. Awful, and yet not sad; at least to an Englishman, while right and left are ranged the statues, the busts, the names, the deeds, of men who have helped, each in his place, to make my country, and your country too, that which they are. For am I not in goodly company? Am I not in very deed upon my best behavior? among my betters? and at court? Among men before whom I should have been ashamed to say or do a base or foolish thing? Among men who have taught me, have ennobled me, though they lived centuries since? Men whom I should have loved had I met them on earth? Men whom I may meet yet, and tell them how I love them, in some other world? Men, too, whom I might have hated, and who might have hated me, had we met on this poor piecemeal earth; but whom I may learn to regard with justice and with charity in the world where all shall know, even as they are known? Men, too,—alas! how fast their number grows—whom I have known, have loved, and lost too soon; and all gleaming out of the gloom, as every image of the dead should do, in pure white marble, as if purged from earthly taint? To them too—

"Nothing is left of them
Now but pure manly."

Yes, while their monuments remind me that they are not dead, but living—for all live to God—then awed I am, and humbled; better so: but sad I cannot be in such grand company.

I said, the men who helped to make my country, and yours too. It would be an impertinence in me to remind most of you of that. You know as well as I that you are represented just as much as the English people, by every monument in that Abbey earlier than the Civil Wars and by most monuments of later date, especially by those of all our literary men. You know that, and you value the old Abbey accordingly. But a day may come—a generation may come, in a nation so rapidly increasing by foreign immigration, as well as by home-born citizenship—a generation may come who will forget that fact; and orators arise who will be glad that it should be forgotten—for a while. But if you would not that that evil day should come, then teach your children—That the history and the freedom of America began neither with the War of Independence, nor with the sailing of the Pilgrim Fathers, nor with the settlement of Virginia; but 1,500 years and more before, in the days when our common Teutonic ancestors, as free then as this day, knew how—

"In den Deutschen Forsten,
Wie der Aar zu horsten,"

when Herman smote the Germans in the Teutoburgerwald, and the great Cæsar wailed in vain to his slain general, "Varus, give me back my legions!"

Teach your children that the Congress which sits at Washington is as much the child of Magna-Charta as the

Parliament which sits at Westminster; and that when you resisted the unjust demands of an English king and council, you did but that which the free commons of England held the right to do, and did, not only after, but before, the temporary tyranny of the Norman kings. Show them the tombs of English kings; not of those Norman kings; no Norman king lies buried in our Abbey—there is no royal interment between Edward the Confessor, the last English prince of Cedric's house, and Henry III, the first of the new English line of kings. Tell them, in justice to our common forefathers, that those men were not tyrants, but kings, who swore to keep, and for the most part did keep, like loyal gentlemen, the ancient English laws which they had sworn in Westminster Abbey to maintain; and that the few of them who persisted in outraging the rights or the conscience of the free people of England, paid for their perjury with their crowns or with their lives. And tell them too, in justice to our common ancestors that there were never wanting to the kings, the nobles, or the commons of England, since the days when Simon de Montfort organized the House of Commons in Westminster Hall, on May 2, 1258,—there were never wanting, I say, to the kings, the nobles, or the commons of England, counselors who dared speak the truth and defend the right, even at the risk of their own goods and their own lives.

Remind them, too—or let our monuments remind them—that even in the worst times of the War of Independence, there were not wanting, here in England, statesmen who dared to speak out for justice and humanity; and that they were not only confessed to be the leading men of their own day, but the very men whom England delighted to honor by places in her Pantheon. Show them the monuments of Chatham, Pitt, and Fox—Burke sleeps in peace elsewhere—and remind them that the great earl, who literally died as much in your service as in ours, whose fiery invectives against the cruelties of that old war are, I am proud to say still commonplaces for declamation among our English schoolboys, dared, even when all was at the worst, to tell the English House of Lords—"If I were an American, as I am an Englishman, while a foreign troop was landed in my country, I never would lay down my arms—never! never! never!" Yes,—an American as well as an Englishman may find himself in the old Abbey in right good company.

Yes,—and I do not hesitate to say, that if you will look through the monuments erected in that Abbey, since those of Pitt and Fox—you will find that the great majority commemorate the children, not of obstruction, but of progress; not of darkness, but of light. Holland, Tierney, Mackintosh, Grattan, Peel, Canning, Palmerston, Isaac Watts, Bell, Wilberforce, Sharp, the Macaulays, Fowell, Buxton, Francis Horner, Charles Buller, Cobden, Watt, Rennell, Telford, Locke, Blunel, Grote, Thackeray, Dickens, Maurice—men who, each in his own way, toiled for freedom of some kind; freedom of race, of laws, of commerce, of locomotion, of production, of speech, of thought, of education, of human charity, and of sympathy—these are the men whom England still delights to honor; whose busts around our walls show that the ancient spirit is not dead, and that we, as you, are still, as 1,500 years ago, the sons of freedom and of right.

But, beside these statesmen who were just and true to you, and therefore to their native land, there lie men before whose monuments I would ask thoughtful Americans to pause—I mean those of our old fighters, by land and sea. I do not speak merely of those who lived before our Civil Wars, though they are indeed our common heritage. And when you look at the noble monuments of De Vere and Norris, the fathers of the English infantry, you should remember that your ancestors and mine, or that of any other Englishman, may have trailed pike and handled sword side by side under those very men, in those old wars of the Netherlands, which your own great historian, Mr. Motley, has so well described; or have sailed together to Cadiz fight, and to the Spanish Main, with Raleigh or with Drake.

There are those, again, who did their duty two and three generations later—though one of the noblest of them all, old Admiral Blake, alas! lies we know not where—cast out, with Cromwell and his heroes, by the fanatics and sycophants of the Restoration—whom not only we, but Royalty itself, would now restore, could we recover their noble ashes, to their rightful resting-place.

And these, if not always our common ancestors, were, often enough, our common cousins, as in the case of my own family, in which one brother was settling in New England, to found there a whole new family of Kingsleys, while the other brother was fighting in the Parliamentary army, and helping to defeat Charles at Rowton Moor.

But there is another class of warriors' tombs, which I ask you, if ever you visit the Abbey, to look on with respect, and let me say, affection too. I mean the men who did their duty, by land and sea, in that long series of wars which, commencing in 1739, ended in 1783, with our recognition of your right and power to be a free and independent people. Of those who fought against you I say nought. But I must speak of those who fought for you—who brought to nought, by sheer hard blows, that family compact of the House of Bourbon, which would have been as dangerous to you upon this side of the ocean as to us upon the other; who smote with a continual stroke the trans-Atlantic power of Spain, till they placed her once vast and rich possessions at your mercy to this day; and who—even more important still—prevented the French from seizing at last the whole valley of the Mississippi, and girdling your nascent dominion with a hostile frontier, from Louisiana round to the mouth of the St. Lawrence.

When you see Wolfe's huge cenotaph, with its curious bronze bas-relief of the taking of the heights of Abraham, think, I pray you, that not only for England, but for you, the "little red-haired corporal" conquered and died. Remember, too, that while your ancestors were fighting well by land, and Washington and such as he were learning their lesson at Fort Duquesne and elsewhere better than we could teach them, we were fighting well where we knew how to fight—at sea. And when, near to Wolfe's monument, or in the Nave, you see such names as Cornwallis, Saumarez, Wager, Vernon—the conqueror of Portobello—Lord Aubrey Beauclerk, and so forth—bethink you that every French or Spanish ship which these men took, and every convoy they cut off, from Toulon to Carthagena, and from Carthagena to Halifax, made more and more possible the safe severance from

England of the very colonies which you were then helping us to defend. And then agree, like the generous-hearted people which you are, that if, in after years, we sinned against you—and how heavy were our sins, I know too well—there was a time, before those evil days, when we fought for you, and by your side, as the old lion by the young; even though, like the old lion and the young, we began, only too soon, tearing each other to pieces over the division of the prey.

Nay, I will go further, and say this, paradoxical as it may seem:—When you enter the North Transept from St. Margaret's Church-yard you see on your right hand a huge but not ungraceful naval monument of white marble, inscribed with the names of Bayne, Blair, Lord Robert Manners—three commanders of Rodney's, in the crowning victory of April 12, 1782—fought upon Tropic waters, over which I have sailed, flushed with the thought that my own grandfather was that day on board of Rodney's ship.

Now do you all know what that day's great fight meant for you,—fought though it was, while you, alas! were still at war with us? It meant this. That that day—followed up, six months after, by Lord Howe's relief of Gibraltar—settled, I hold, the fate of the New World for many a year. True, in one sense, it was settled already. Cornwallis had already capitulated at Yorktown. But even then the old lion, disgraced, bleeding, fainting, ready to yield—but only to you, of his own kin and blood—struck, though with failing paw, two such tremendous blows at his old enemies, as deprived them thenceforth of any real power in the New World; precipitated that bankruptcy and ruin which issued in the French and Spanish revolutions; and made certain, as I believe, the coming day when the Anglo-Saxon race shall be the real masters of the whole New World.

Of poets and of men of letters I say nought. They are the heritage, neither of us, nor of you, but of the human race. The mere man of letters may well sleep in the very centre of that busy civilization from which he drew his inspiration: but not the poet—not, at least, the poet of these days. He goes not to the town, but nature, for his inspirations, and to nature when he dies he should return. Such men, artificial, and town-bred, however brilliant, or even grand at times, as Davenant, Dryden, Cowley, Congreve, Prior, Gay—sleep fitly in our care here. Yet even Pope, though one of such in style and heart, preferred the parish church of the then rural Twickenham, and Gray the lonely graveyard of Stoke Pogis. Ben Jonson has a right to lie with us. He was a townsman to the very heart, and a court-poet too. But Chaucer, Spenser, Drayton—such are to my mind, out of place. Chaucer lies here, because he lived hard by. Spenser through bitter need and woe. But I should have rather buried Chaucer in some trim garden, Spenser beneath the forest aisles, and Drayton by some silver stream—each man's dust resting where his heart was set. Happier, it seems to me, are those who, like Shakespeare, Wordsworth and Southey, Scott and Burns, lie far away, in scenes they knew and loved; fulfilling Burke's wise choice: "After all I had sooner slept in the southern corner of a country churchyard than in the tomb of all the Capulets."

Yes, these worthies, one and all, are a token that the Great Abbey, and all its memories of eight hundred years, does not belong to us alone, nor even to the British Empire alone and all its Colonies, but to America likewise! That when an American enters beneath that mighty shade, he treads on common and ancestral ground, as sacred to him as it is to us; the symbol of common descent, common development, common speech, common creed, common laws, common literature, common national interests, and I trust, of a common respect and affection, such as the wise can only feel toward the wise, and the strong toward the strong. Is all this sentiment? Remember what I said just now: by well-used sentiment, and well-used sorrow, great nations live.

ANDREW LANG

Photogravure after a photograph from life

ANDREW LANG

HOW TO FAIL IN LITERATURE

[Lecture by Andrew Lang, author and critic (born in Selkirk, Scotland, March 31, 1844; ———), delivered in the South Kensington Museum, London, in aid of the college for working men and women. In his preface to the small volume in which this lecture subsequently appeared (in 1890), Mr. Lang says that it was printed at the request of his publishers, "who believe, perhaps erroneously, that some of the few authors who were not present may be glad to study the advice proffered"; that it had been rewritten, "and like the kiss which the Lady returned to Rudolphe, is *revu, corrige, et considerablement augmente.*"]

Ladies and Gentlemen:—What should be a man's or a woman's reason for taking literature as a vocation, what sort of success ought they to desire, what sort of ambition should possess them? These are natural questions, now that so many readers exist in the world, all asking for something new, now that so many writers are making their pens "in running to devour the way" over so many acres of foolscap. The legitimate reasons for enlisting (too often without receiving the shilling) in this army of writers are not far to seek. A man may be convinced that he has useful, or beautiful, or entertaining ideas within him, he may hold that he can express them in fresh and charming language. He may, in short, have a "vocation," or feel conscious of a vocation, which is not exactly the same thing. There are "many thyrsus bearers, few mystics"; many are called, few chosen. Still, to be sensible of a vocation is something, nay, is much, for most of us drift without any particular aim or predominant purpose. Nobody can justly censure people whose chief interest is in letters, whose chief pleasure is in study or composition, who rejoice in a fine sentence as others do in a well-modeled limb, or a delicately touched landscape, nobody can censure them for trying their fortunes in literature. Most of them will fail, for, as the bookseller's young man told an author once, they have the poetic temperament, without the poetic power. Still among these whom "Pendennis" has tempted, in boyhood, to run away from school to literature as Marryat has tempted others to run away to sea, there must be some who will succeed. But an early and intense ambition is not everything, any more than a capacity for taking pains is everything in literature or in any art.

Some have the gift, the natural incommunicable power, without the ambition, others have the ambition but no other gift from any Muse. This class is the more numerous, but the smallest class of all has both the power and the will to excel in letters. The desire to write, the love of letters may show itself in childhood, in boyhood, or youth, and mean nothing at all, a mere harvest of barren blossom without fragrance or fruit. Or, again, the concern about letters may come suddenly, when a youth that cared for none of those things is waning, it may come when a man suddenly finds that he has something which he really must tell. Then he probably fumbles about for a style, and his first fresh impulses are more or less marred by his inexperience of an art which beguiles and fascinates others even in their school-days.

It is impossible to prophesy the success of a man of letters from his early promise, his early tastes; as impossible as it is to predict, from her childish grace, the beauty of a woman.

But the following remarks on How to Fail in Literature are certainly meant to discourage nobody who loves books, and has an impulse to tell a story, or to try a song or a sermon. Discouragements enough exist in the pursuit of this, as of all arts, crafts, and professions, without my adding to them. Famine and Fear crouch by the portals of literature as they crouch at the gates of the

Virgilian Hades. There is no more frequent cause of failure than doubt and dread; a beginner can scarcely put his heart and strength into a work when he knows how long are the odds against his victory, how difficult it is for a new man to win a hearing, even though all editors and publishers are ever pining for a new man. The young fellow, unknown and unwelcomed, who can sit down and give all his best of knowledge, observation, humor, care, and fancy to a considerable work has got courage in no common portion; he deserves to triumph, and certainly should not be disheartened by our old experience. But there be few beginners of this mark, most begin so feebly because they begin so fearfully. They are already too discouraged, and can scarce do themselves justice. It is easier to write more or less well and agreeably when you are certain of being published and paid at least, than to write well when a dozen rejected manuscripts are cowering (as Theocritus says) in your chest, bowing their pale faces over their chilly knees, outcast, hungry, repulsed from many a door. To write excellently, brightly, powerfully, with these poor unwelcomed wanderers, returned manuscripts, in your possession, is difficult indeed. It might be wiser to do as M. Guy de Maupassant is rumored to have done, to write for seven years, and show your essays to none but a mentor as friendly severe as M. Flaubert. But all men cannot have such mentors, nor can all afford so long an unremunerative apprenticeship. For some the better plan is not to linger on the bank, and take tea and give good advice, as Keats said, but to plunge at once in mid-stream, and learn swimming of necessity.

One thing, perhaps, most people who succeed in letters so far as to keep themselves alive and clothed by their pens will admit, namely, that their early rejected manuscripts deserved to be rejected. A few days ago there came to the writer an old forgotten beginner's attempt by himself. Whence it came, who sent it, he knows not; he had forgotten its very existence. He read it with curiosity; it was written in a very much better hand than his present scrawl, and was perfectly legible. But readable it was not. There was a great deal of work in it, on an out of the way topic, and the ideas were perhaps not quite without novelty at the time of its composition. But it was cramped and thin, and hesitating between several manners; above all it was uncommonly dull. If it ever was sent to an editor, as I presume it must have been, that editor was trebly justified in declining it. On the other hand, to be egotistic, I have known editors reject the attempts of those old days, and afterward express lively delight in them when they struggled into print, somehow, somewhere. These worthy men did not even know that they had despised and refused what they came afterward rather to enjoy.

Editors and publishers, these keepers of the gates of success, are not infallible, but their opinion of a beginner's work is far more correct than his own can ever be. They should not depress him quite, but if they are long unanimous in holding him cheap, he is warned, and had better withdraw from the struggle. He is either incompetent, or he has the makings of a Browning. He is a genius born too soon. He may readily calculate the chances in favor of either alternative.

So much by way of not damping all neophytes equally; so much we may say about success before talking of the easy ways that lead to failure. And by success here is meant no glorious triumph; the laurels are not in our thoughts, nor the enormous opulence (about a fourth of a fortunate barrister's gains) which falls in the lap of a Dickens or Trollope. Faint and fleeting praise, a crown with as many prickles as roses, a modest hardly-gained competence, a good deal of envy, a great deal of gossip—these are the rewards of genius which constitute a modern literary success. Not to reach the moderate competence in literature is, for a professional man of letters of all work, something like a failure. But in poetry to-day, a man may succeed, as far as his art goes, and yet may be unread, and may publish at his own expense, or not publish at all. He pleases himself, and a very tiny audience: I do not call that failure. I regard failure as the goal of ignorance, incompetence, lack of common sense, conceited dulness, and certain practical blunders now to be explained and defined.

The most ambitious may accept, without distrust, the following advice as to How to Fail in Literature. The advice is offered by a mere critic, and it is an axiom of the Arts that the critics "are the fellows who have failed," or have not succeeded. The persons who really can paint, or play, or compose seldom tell us how it is done, still less do they review the performances of their contemporaries. That invidious task they leave to the unsuccessful novelists. The instruction, the advice are offered by the persons who cannot achieve performance. It is thus that all things work together in favor of failure, which, indeed, may well appear so easy that special instruction, however competent, is a luxury rather than a necessary. But when we look round on the vast multitude of writers who, to all seeming, deliberately aim at failure, who take every precaution in favor of failure that untutored inexperience can suggest, it becomes plain that education in ill-success is really a popular want.

In the following remarks some broad general principles, making disaster almost inevitable, will first be offered, and then special methods of failing in all special departments of letters will be ungrudgingly communicated. It is not enough to attain failure, we should deserve it. The writer, by way of insuring complete confidence, would modestly mention that he has had ample opportunities of study in this branch of knowledge. While sifting for five or six years the volunteered contributions to a popular periodical, he has received and considered some hundredweights of manuscript. In all these myriad contributions he has not found thirty pieces which rose even to the ordinary dead-level of magazine work. He has thus enjoyed unrivaled chances of examining such modes of missing success as spontaneously occur to the human intellect, to the unaided ingenuity of men, women, and children.

He who would fail in literature cannot begin too early to neglect his education, and to adopt every opportunity of not observing life and character. None of us is so young but that he may make himself perfect in writing an illegible hand. This method, I am bound to say, is too frequently overlooked. Most manuscripts by ardent literary volunteers are fairly legible. On the other hand there are novelists, especially ladies, who not only write a hand wholly declining to let itself be deciphered, but who fill up the margins with interpolations, who write between the lines, and who cover the page with scratches running this way and that, intended to direct attention to after-thoughts inserted here and there in corners and on the backs of sheets. To pin in scraps of closely written paper and backs of envelopes adds to the security for failure, and produces a rich anger in the publisher's reader or the editor.

The cultivation of a bad handwriting is an elementary precaution, often overlooked. Few need to be warned against having their manuscripts typewritten; this gives them a chance of being read with ease and interest, and this must be neglected by all who have really set their hearts on failure. In the higher matters of education it is well to be as ignorant as possible. No knowledge comes amiss to the true man of letters, so they who court disaster should know as little as may be.

Mr. Stevenson has told the attentive world how, in boyhood, he practised himself in studying and imitating the styles of famous authors of every age. He who aims at failure must never think of style, and should sedulously abstain from reading Shakespeare, Bacon, Hooker, Walton, Gibbon, and other English and foreign classics. He can hardly be too reckless of grammar, and should always place adverbs and other words between "to" and the infinitive, thus: "Hubert was determined to energetically and on all possible occasions oppose any attempt to entangle him with such." Here, it will be noticed, "such" is used as a pronoun, a delightful flower of speech not to be disregarded by authors who would fail.

But some one may reply that several of our most popular novelists revel in the kind of grammar which I am recommending. This is undeniable, but certain people manage to succeed in spite of their own earnest endeavors and startling demerits. There is no royal road to failure. There is no rule without its exception, and it may be urged that the works of the gentlemen and ladies who "break Priscian's head"—as they would say themselves—may be successful, but are not literature. Now it is about literature that we are speaking.

In the matter of style, there is another excellent way. You need not neglect it, but you may study it wrongly.

You may be affectedly self-conscious, you may imitate the ingenious persons who carefully avoid the natural word, the spontaneous phrase, and employ some other set of terms which can hardly be construed. You may use, like a young essayist whom I have lovingly observed, a proportion of eighty adjectives to every sixty-five words of all denominations. You may hunt for odd words, and thrust them into the wrong places, as where you say that a man's nose is "beetling," that the sun sank in "a caldron of daffodil chaos," and the like. You may use common words in an unwonted sense, keeping some private interpretation clearly before you. Thus you may speak if you like to write partly in the tongue of Hellas, about "assimilating the ethos" of a work of art, and so write that people shall think of the processes of digestion. You may speak of "exhausting the beauty" of a landscape, and, somehow, convey the notion of sucking an orange dry. Or you may wildly mix your metaphors, as when a critic accuses Mr. Browning of "giving the iridescence of the poetic afflatus," as if the poetic afflatus were blown through a pipe, into soap, and produced soap-bubbles. This is a more troublesome method than the mere picking up of every newspaper commonplace that floats into your mind, but it is equally certain to lead—where you want to go. By combining the two fashions a great deal may be done. Thus you want to describe a fire at sea, and you say "the devouring element lapped the quivering spars, the mast, and the sea-shouldering keel of the doomed 'Mary Jane' in one coruscating catastrophe. The sea deeps were incarnadined to an alarming extent by the flames, and to escape from such many plunged headlong in their watery bier."

As a rule, authors who would fail stick to one bad sort of writing; either to the newspaper commonplace, or to the out of the way and inappropriate epithets, or to the common word with a twist on it. But there are examples of the combined method, as when we call the trees round a man's house his "domestic boscage." This combination is difficult, but perfect for its purpose. You cannot write worse than "such." To attain perfection the young aspirant should confine his reading to the newspapers (carefully selecting his newspapers, for many of them will not help him to write ill) and to those modern authors who are most praised for their style by the people who know least about the matter. Words like "fictional" and "fictive" are distinctly to be recommended, and there are epithets such as "weird," "strange," "wild," "intimate," and the rest, which blend pleasantly with "all the time" for "always"; "back of" for "behind"; "belong with" for "belong to"; "live like I do" for "as I do." The authors who combine those charms are rare, but we can strive to be among them.

In short, he who would fail must avoid simplicity like a sunken reef, and must earnestly seek either the commonplace or the bizarre, the slipshod or the affected, the new-fangled or the obsolete, the flippant or the sepulchral. I need not specially recommend you to write in "Wardour-street English," the sham archaic, a lingo never spoken by mortal man, and composed of patches borrowed from authors between Piers Plowman and Gabriel Harvey. A few literal translations of Icelandic phrases may be thrown in; the result, as furniture-dealers say, is a "made-up article."

On the subject of style another hint may be offered. Style may be good in itself, but inappropriate to the subject. For example, style which may be excellently adapted to a theological essay, may be but ill-suited for a dialogue in a novel. There are subjects of which the poet says:—

> *"Ornari res ipsa vetat, contenta doceri."*

The matter declines to be adorned, and is content with being clearly stated. I do not know what would occur if the writer of the Money Article in the "Times" treated his topic with reckless gaiety. Probably that number of the journal in which the essay appeared would have a large sale, but the author might achieve professional failure in the office. On the whole it may not be the wiser plan to write about the Origins of Religion in the style which might suit a study of the life of ballet-dancers; the two MM. Halévy, the learned and the popular, would make a blunder if they exchanged styles. Yet Gibbon never denies himself a jest, and Montesquieu's "Esprit des Lois" was called "L'Esprit sur les Lois." M. Renan's "Historie d'Israel" may almost be called skittish. The French are more tolerant of those excesses than the English. It is a digression, but he who would fail can reach his end by not taking himself seriously. If he gives himself no important airs, whether out of a freakish humor or real humility, depend upon it the public and the critics will take him at something under his own estimate. On the other hand, by copying the gravity of demeanor admired by Mr. Shandy in a celebrated parochial animal, even a very dull person may succeed in winning no inconsiderable reputation.

To return to style, and its appropriateness: all depends on the work in hand, and the audience addressed. Thus, in his valuable "Essay on Style," Mr. Pater says, with perfect truth:—

"The otiose, the facile, surplusage: why are these abhorrent to the true literary artist, except because, in literary as in all other arts, structure is all important, felt or painfully missed, everywhere?—that architectural conception of work, which foresees the end in the beginning, and never loses sight of it, and in every part is conscious of all the rest, till the last sentence does but with undiminished vigor, unfold and justify the first—a condition of literary art, which, in contradistinction to another quality of the artist himself, to be spoken of later, I shall call the necessity of mind in style."

These are words which the writer should have always present to his memory if he has something serious that he wants to say, or if he wishes to express himself in the classic and perfect manner. But if it is his fate merely to be obliged to say something, in the course of his profession, or if he is bid to discourse for the pleasure of readers in the Underground Railway, I fear he will often have to forget Mr. Pater. It may not be literature, the writing of Causeries, of Roundabout Papers, of rambling articles "on a broomstick," and yet again it may be literature! "Parallel, allusion, the allusive way generally, the flowers in the garden"—Mr. Pater charges heavily against these. The true artist "knows the narcotic force of these upon the negligent intelligence to which any diversion, literally, is welcome, any vagrant intruder, because one can go wandering away with it from the immediate subject. . . . In truth all art does but consist in the removal of surplusage, from the last finish of the gem-engraver blowing away the last particle of invisible dust, back to the earliest divination of the finished work to be lying somewhere, according to Michelangelo's fancy, in the rough-hewn block of stone."

Excellent, but does this apply to every kind of literary art? What would become of Montaigne if you blew away his allusions, and drove him out of "the allusive way," where he gathers and binds so many flowers from all the gardens and all the rose-hung lanes of literature? Montaigne sets forth to write an "Essay on Coaches." He begins with a few remarks on sea-sickness in the common pig; some notes on the Pont Neuf at Paris follow, and a theory of why tyrants are detested by men whom they have obliged; a glance at Coaches is then given, next a study of Montezuma's gardens, presently a brief account of the Spanish cruelties in Mexico and Peru, last—*retombons à nos coches*—he tells a tale of the Inca, and the devotion of his Guard: Another for Hector!

The allusive style has its proper place, like another, if it is used by the right man, and the concentrated and structural style has also its higher province. It would not do to employ either style in the wrong place. In a rambling discursive essay, for example, a mere straying after the bird in the branches, or the thorn in the way, he might not take the safest road who imitated Mr. Pater's style in what follows: "In this way, according to the well-known saying, 'The style is the man,' complex or simple, in his individuality, his plenary sense of what he really has to say, his sense of the world: all cautions regarding style arising out of so many natural scruples as to the medium through which alone he can expose that inward sense of things, the purity of this medium, its laws or tricks of refraction: nothing is to be left there which might give conveyance to any matter save that."

Clearly the author who has to write so that the man may read who runs will fail if he wrests this manner from its proper place, and uses it for casual articles: he will fail to hold the vagrom attention!

Thus a great deal may be done by studying inappropriateness of style, by adopting a style alien to our matter and to our audience. If we "haver" discursively about serious, and difficult, and intricate topics, we fail; and we fail if we write on happy, pleasant, and popular topics in an abstruse and intent, and analytic style. We fail, too, if in style we go outside our natural selves. "The style is the man," and the man will be nothing, and nobody, if he tries for an incongruous manner, not naturally his own, for example, if Miss Yonge were suddenly to emulate the manner of Lever, or if Mr. John Morley were to strive to shine in the fashion of Uncle Remus, or if Mr. Rider Haggard were to be allured into imitation by the example, so admirable in itself, of the Master of Balliol.

It is ourselves we must try to improve,—our attentiveness, our interest in life, our seriousness of purpose,—and then the style will improve with the self. Or perhaps, to be perfectly frank, we shall thus convert ourselves into prigs, throw ourselves out of our stride, lapse into self-consciousness, lose all that is natural, *naif*, and instinctive within us. Verily there are many dangers, and the paths to failure are infinite.

So much for style, of which it may generally be said that you cannot be too obscure, unnatural, involved, vulgar, slipshod, and metaphorical. See to it that your metaphors are mixed, though, perhaps, this attention is hardly needed. The free use of parentheses, in which a reader gets lost, and of unintelligible allusions, and of references to unread authors,—the Kalevala and Lycophron, and the Scholiast on Apollonius Rhodius,—is invaluable to this end. So much for manner, and now for matter.

The young author generally writes because he wants to write, either for money, from vanity, or in mere weariness of empty hours and anxiety to astonish his relations. This is well, he who would fail cannot begin better than by having nothing to say. The less you observe, the less you reflect, the less you put yourself in the paths of adventure and experience, the less you will have to say, and the more impossible will it be to read your work. Never notice people's manner, conduct, nor even dress, in real life. Walk through the world with your eyes and ears closed, and embody the negative results in a story or a poem. As to poetry, with a fine instinct we generally begin by writing verse, because verse is the last thing that the public want to read. The young writer has usually read a great deal of verse, however, and most of it bad. His favorite authors are the bright lyrists who sing of broken hearts, wasted lives, early deaths, disappointment, gloom. Without having even had an unlucky flirtation, or without knowing what it is to lose a favorite cat, the early author pours forth laments, just like the laments he has been reading. He has too a favorite manner, the old consumptive manner, about the hectic flush, the fatal rose on the pallid cheek, about the ruined roof-tree, the empty chair, the rest in the village churchyard. This is now a little *rococo* and forlorn, but failure may be assured by traveling in this direction. If you are ambitious to disgust an editor at once, begin your poem with "Only." In fact you may as well head the lyric "Only."—

ONLY

Only a spark of an ember,
  Only a leaf on the tree,
Only the days we remember,
  Only the days without thee.
Only the flower that thou worest,
  Only the book that we read,
Only that night in the forest,
  Only a dream of the dead,
Only the troth that was broken,
  Only the heart that is lonely,
Only the sigh and the token
  That sob in the saying of Only!

In literature this is a certain way of failing, but I believe a person might make a livelihood by writing verses like these—for music. Another good way is to be very economical in your rhymes, only two to the four lines, and regretfully vague. Thus:—

SHADOWS

In the slumber of the winter,
  In the secret of the snow,
What is the voice that is crying
  Out of the long ago?

When the accents of the children,
  Are silent on the stairs,
When the poor forgets his troubles,
  And the rich forgets his cares.

What is the silent whisper
  That echoes in the room,
When the days are full of darkness
  And the night is hushed in gloom?

'Tis the voice of the departed,
  Who will never come again
Who has left the weary tumult,
  And the struggle and the pain.

And my heart makes heavy answer
  To the voice that comes no more
To the whisper that is welling
  From the far-off happy shore.

If you are not satisfied with these simple ways of not succeeding, please try the Grosvenor Gallery style. Here the great point is to make the rhyme arrive at the end of a very long word; you should also be free with your alliterations:—

LULLABY

When the sombre night is dumb,
Hushed the loud chrysanthemum,
        Sister, sleep!
Sleep, the lissom lily saith
Sleep, the poplar whispereth,
        Soft and deep!

Filmy floats the wild woodbine
Jonquil, jacinth, jessamine,
        Float and flow.
Sleeps the water wild and wan,
As in far-off Toltecan
        Mexico.

See, upon the sun-dial,
Waves the midnight's misty pall,
Waves and wakes,
As, in tropic Timbuctoo,
Water beasts go plashing through
Lilied lakes!

Alliteration is a splendid source of failure in this sort of poetry, and adjectives like lissom, filmy, weary, weird, strange, make, or ought to make, the rejection of your manuscript a certainty. The poem should, as a rule, seem to be addressed to an unknown person, and should express regret and despair for circumstances in the past with which the reader is totally unacquainted. Thus:—

GHOSTS

We met at length, as Souls that sit,
At funeral feast, and taste of it,
And empty were the words we said,
As fits the converse of the dead.
For it is long ago, my dear,
Since we two met in living cheer,
Yea, we have long been ghosts, you know
And alien ways we twain must go,
Nor shall we meet in Shadow Land,
Till Time's glass, empty of its sand
Is filled up of Eternity.
Farewell—enough for once to die—
And far too much it is to dream,
And taste not the Lethean stream,
But bear the pain of loves unwed,
Even here, even here, among the dead!

That is a cheerful, intelligible kind of melody, which is often practised with satisfactory results. Every form of imitation (imitating of course only the faults of a favorite writer) is to be recommended.

Imitation does a double service: it secures the failure of the imitator and also aids that of the unlucky author who is imitated. As soon as a new thing appears in literature, many people hurry off to attempt something of the same sort. It may be a particular trait and accent in poetry, and the public, weary of the mimicries, begin to dislike the original.

> "Most can grow the flowers now,
> For all have got the seed;
> And once again the people
> Call it but a weed."

In fiction, if somebody brings in a curious kind of murder, or a study of religious problems, or a treasure hunt, or what you will, others imitate till the world is weary of murders, or theological flirtations, or the search for buried specie, and the original authors themselves will fail, unless they fish out something new, to be vulgarized afresh. Therefore, imitation is distinctly to be urged on the young author.

As a rule, his method is this: He reads very little, but all that he reads is bad. The feeblest articles in the weakliest magazines, the very mildest and most conventional novels, appear to be the only studies of the majority. Apparently the would-be contributor says to himself, or herself, "Well, I can do something almost on the level of this or that maudlin and invertebrate novel." Then he deliberately sits down to rival the most tame, dull, and illiterate compositions that get into print. In this way bad authors become the literary parents of worse authors. Nobody but a reader of manuscripts knows what myriads of fiction are written without one single new situation, original character, or fresh thought. The most out-worn ideas,—sudden loss of fortune, struggles, faithlessness of first lover, noble conduct of second lover, frivolity of younger sister, excellence of mother, naughtiness of one son, virtue of another,—these are habitually served up again and again. On the sprained ankles, the mad bulls, the fires, and other simple devices for doing without an introduction between hero and heroine I need not dwell. The very youngest of us is acquainted with these expedients, which, by this time of day, will spell failure.

The common novels of governess life, the daughters and granddaughters of Jane Eyre, still run riot among the rejected manuscripts. The lively, large family, all very untidy and humorous, all wearing each other's boots and gloves, and making their dresses out of bedroom curtains and marrying rich men, still rushes down the easy descent to failure. The skeptical curate is at large, and is disbelieving in everything except the virtues of the young woman who "has a history." Mr. Swinburne hopes that one day the last unbelieving clergyman will disappear in the embrace of the last immaculate Magdalen as the Princess and the Geni burn each other to nothingness, in the "Arabian Nights." On that happy day there will be one less of the roads leading to failure. If the pair can carry with them the self-sacrificing characters who take the blame of all the felonies that they did not do, and the nice girl who is jilted by the poet, and finds that the squire was the person whom she really loved, so much the better. If not only Monte Carlo, but the inevitable scene in the rooms there can be abolished; if the Riviera and Italy can be removed from the map of Europe as used by novelists, so much the better. But failure will always be secured while the huge majority of authors do not aim high, but aim at being a little lower than the last domestic drivel which came out in three volumes, or the last analysis of the inmost self of some introspective young girl which crossed the water from the States.

These are general counsels, and apply to the production of books. But, when you have done your book, you may play a number of silly tricks with your manuscript. I have already advised you to make only one copy, a rough one, as that secures negligence in your work, and also disgusts an editor or reader. It has another advantage, you may lose your copy altogether, and, as you have not another, no failure can be more complete. The best way of losing it, I think, and the safest, is to give it to somebody you know who has once met some man or woman of letters. This somebody must be instructed to ask that busy and perhaps casual and untidy person to read your manuscript, and "place" it—that is, induce some poor publisher or editor to pay for and publish it. Now the man, or woman of letters, will use violent language on receiving your clumsy brown-paper parcel of illegible wares, because he or she has no more to do with the matter than the crossing-sweeper. The manuscript will either be put away so carefully that it can never be found again, or will be left lying about so that the housemaid may use it for her own domestic purposes, like Betty Barnes, the cook of Mr. Warburton, who seems to have burned several plays of Shakespeare.

The manuscript in short will go where the old moons go.

> And all dead days drift thither,
> And all disastrous things.

Not only can you secure failure thus yourself, but you can so worry and badger your luckless victim, that he too will be unable to write well till he has forgotten you and your novel, and all the annoyance and anxiety you have given him. Much may be done by asking him for "introductions" to an editor or publisher. These gentry don't want introductions, they want good books, and very seldom get them. If you behave thus, the man whom you are boring will write to his publisher:—

> DEAR BROWN:—A wretched creature, who knows my great-aunt, asks me to recommend his rubbish to you. I send it by to-day's post, and I wish you joy of it.

This kind of introduction will do you excellent service in smoothing the path to failure. You can arrive at similar results by sending your manuscript not to the editor of this or that magazine, but to some one who, as you have been told by some nincompoop, is the editor, and who is not. He may lose your book, or he may let it lie about for months, or he may send it on at once to the real editor with his bitter malison. The utmost possible vexation is thus inflicted on every hand, and a prejudice is established against you which the nature of your work is very unlikely to overcome. By all means bore many literary strangers with correspondence; this will give them a lively recollection of your name, and an intense desire to do you a bad turn if opportunity arises.

If your book does, in spite of all, get itself published, send it with your compliments to critics and ask them for favorable reviews. It is the publisher's business to send out books to the editors of critical papers, but never mind that. Go on telling critics that you know praise is only given by favor, that they are all more or less venal and corrupt and members of the Something Club, add that you are no member of a coterie nor clique, but that you hope an exception will be made, and that your volume will be applauded on its merits. You will thus have done what in you lies to secure silence from reviewers, and to make them request that your story may be sent to some other critic. This, again, gives trouble, and makes people detest you and your performance, and contributes to the end which you have steadily in view.

I do not think it is necessary to warn young lady novelists, who possess beauty, wealth, and titles, against asking reviewers to dine, and treating them as kindly, almost, as the Fairy Paribanou treated Prince Ahmed. They only act thus, I fear, in Mr. William Black's novels.

Much may be done by re-writing your book on the proof-sheets, correcting everything there which you should have corrected in manuscript. This is an expensive process, and will greatly diminish your pecuniary gains, or rather will add to your publisher's bill, for the odds are that you will have to publish at your own expense. By the way, an author can make almost a certainty of disastrous failure, by carrying to some small obscure publisher a work which has been rejected by the best people in the trade. Their rejections all but demonstrate that your book is worthless. If you think you are likely to make a good thing by employing an obscure publisher, with little or no capital, then, as some one in Thucydides remarks, congratulating you on your simplicity, I do not envy your want of common sense. Be very careful to enter into a perfectly preposterous agreement. For example, accept "half profits," but forget to observe that, before these are reckoned, it is distinctly stated in your "agreement" that the publisher is to pay himself some twenty per cent. on the price of each copy sold before you get your share.

Here is "another way," as the cookery books have it. In your gratitude to your first publisher, covenant with him to let him have all the cheap editions of all your novels for the next five years, at his own terms. If, in spite of the advice I have given you, you somehow manage to succeed, to become wildly popular, you will still have reserved to yourself, by this ingenious clause, a chance of ineffable pecuniary failure. A plan generally approved of is to sell your entire copyright in your book for a very small sum. You want the ready money, and perhaps you are not very hopeful. But, when your book is in all men's hands, when you are daily reviled by the small fry of paragraphers, when the publisher is clearing a thousand a year by it, while you only got a hundred down, then you will thank me, and will acknowledge that, in spite of apparent success, you are a failure after all.

There are publishers, however, so inconsiderate that they will not leave you even this consolation. Finding that the book they bought cheap is really valuable, they will insist on sharing the profits with the author, or on making him great presents of money to which he has no legal claim. Some persons, some authors, cannot fail if they would, so wayward is fortune, and such a Quixotic idea of honesty have some middlemen of literature. But, of course, you may light on a publisher who will not give you more than you covenanted for, and then you can go about denouncing the whole profession as a congregation of robbers and clerks of St. Nicholas.

The ways of failure are infinite, and of course are not nearly exhausted. One good plan is never to be yourself when you write, to put in nothing of your own temperament, manner, character—or to have none, which does as well. Another favorite method is to offer the wrong kind of article, to send to the "Cornhill" an essay on the evolution of the Hittite syllabary (for only one author could make that popular); or a sketch of cockfighting among the ancients to the "Monthly Record"; or an essay on Ayahs in India to an American magazine; or a biography of Washington or Lincoln to any English magazine whatever. We have them every month in some American periodicals, and our poor insular serials can get on without them: "have no use for them."

It is a minor, though valuable scheme, to send poems on Christmas to magazines about the beginning of December, because in fact, the editors have laid in their stock of that kind of thing earlier. Always insist on seeing the editor, instead of writing to him. There is nothing he hates so much, unless you are very young and beautiful indeed, when, perhaps, if you wish to fail you had better not pay him a visit at the office. Even if you do, even if you were as fair as the Golden Helen, he is not likely to put in your compositions if, as is probable, they fall much below the level of his magazine.

A good way of making yourself a dead failure is to go about accusing successful people of plagiarizing from books or articles of yours which did not succeed, and, perhaps, were never published at all. By encouraging this kind of vanity and spite you may entirely destroy any small powers you once happened to possess, you will, besides, become a person with a grievance, and, in the long run, will be shunned even by your fellow failures. Again, you may plagiarize yourself, if you can; it is not easy, but it is a safe way to fail if you can manage it. No successful person, perhaps, was ever, in the strict sense, a plagiarist, though charges of plagiary are always brought against everybody, from Virgil to Milton, from Scott to Molière, who attains success. When you are accused of being a plagiarist, and shown up in double columns, you may be pretty sure that all this counsel has been wasted on you, and that you have failed to fail, after all. Otherwise nobody would envy and malign you, and garble your book, and print quotations from it which you did not write, all in the sacred cause of morality.

Advice on how to secure the reverse of success should not be given to young authors alone. Their kinsfolk and friends, also, can do much for their aid. A lady who feels a taste for writing is very seldom allowed to have a quiet room, a quiet study. If she retreats to her chill and fireless bed-chamber, even there she may be chevied by her brothers, sisters, and mother. It is noticed that cousins and aunts, especially aunts, are of high service in this regard. They never give an intelligent woman an hour to herself.

"Is Miss Mary in?"

"Yes, ma'am, but she is very busy."

"Oh, she won't mind me, I don't mean to stay long."

Then in rushes the aunt.

"Over your books again, my dear! You really should not overwork yourself. Writing something?" Here the aunt clutches the manuscript, and looks at it vaguely.

"Well, I dare say it's very clever, but I don't care for this kind of thing myself. Where's your mother? Is Jane better? Now, do tell me, do you get much for writing all that? Do you send it to the printers, or where? How interesting! And that reminds me, you that are a novelist, have you heard how shamefully Miss Baxter was treated by Captain Smith? No? Well you might make something out of it."

Here follows the anecdote, at prodigious length, and perfectly incoherent.

"Now, write that, and I shall always say I was partly the author. You really should give me a commission, you know. Well, good-bye, tell your mother I called. Why, there she is, I declare. Oh, Susan, just come and hear the delightful plot for a novel that I have been giving Mary."

And then she begins again, only further back, this time.

It is thus that the aunts of England may and do assist their nieces to fail in literature. Many and many a morning do they waste, many a promising fancy have they blighted, many a temper have they spoiled.

Sisters are rather more sympathetic: The favorite plan of the brother is to say, "Now, Mary, read us your new chapter."

Mary reads it, and the critic exclaims, "Well, of all the awful rot! Now, why can't you do something like Bootles' Baby?"

Fathers never take an interest in the business at all: they do not count. The sympathy of a mother may be reckoned on, but not her judgment, for she is either wildly favorable, or, mistrusting her own tendencies, is more diffident than need be. The most that relations can do for the end before us is to worry, interrupt, deride, and tease the literary member of the family. They seldom fail in these duties, and not even success, as a rule, can persuade them that there is anything in it but "luck."

Perhaps reviewing is not exactly a form of literature. But it has this merit that people who review badly, not only fail themselves, but help others to fail, by giving a bad idea of their works. You will, of course, never read the books you review, and you will be exhaustively ignorant of the subjects which they treat. But you can always find fault with the title of the story which comes into your hands—a stupid reviewer never fails to do this. You can also copy out as much of the preface as will fill your eighth of a column, and add, that the performance is not equal to the promise. You must never feel nor show the faintest interest in the work reviewed, that would be fatal. Never praise heartily, that is the sign of an intelligence not mediocre. Be vague, colorless, and languid, this deters readers from approaching the book. If you have glanced at it, blame it for not being what it never professed to be; if it is a treatise on Greek Prosody, censure the lack of humor; if it is a volume of gay verses, lament the author's indifference to the sorrows of the poor, or the wrongs of the Armenians. If it has humor, deplore its lack of thoughtfulness; if it is grave, carp at its lack of gaiety.

I have known a reviewer of half a dozen novels denounce half a dozen kinds of novels in the course of his two columns; the romance of adventure, the domestic tale, the psychological analysis, the theological story, the detective's story, the story of "Society," he blamed them all in general, and the books before him in particular, also the historical novel. This can easily be done, by dint of practice, after dipping into three or four pages of your author. Many reviewers have special aversions, authors they detest. Whatever they are criticising, novels, poems, plays, they begin by an attack on their pet aversion, who has nothing to do with the matter in hand. They cannot praise A, B, C, and D, without first assailing E. It will generally be found that E is a popular author. But the great virtue of a reviewer, who would be unreadable and make others unread, is a languid, ignorant lack of interest in all things, a habit of regarding his work as a tedious task, to be scamped as rapidly and stupidly as possible.

You might think that these qualities would displease the reviewer's editor. Not at all. Look at any column of short notices, and you will occasionally find that the critic has anticipated my advice. There is no topic in which the men who write about it are so little interested as contemporary literature. Perhaps this is no matter to marvel at. By the way, a capital plan is not to write your review till the book has been out for two years. This is the favorite dodge of the ——, that distinguished journal.

If any one has kindly attended to this discourse, without desiring to be a failure, he has only to turn the advice outside in. He has only to be studious of the very best literature, observant, careful, original, he has only to be himself and not an imitator, to aim at excellence, and not be content with falling a little lower than mediocrity. He needs but bestow the same attention on this art as others give to the other arts and other professions. With these efforts, and with a native and natural gift, which can never be taught, never communicated, and with his mind set not on his reward but on excellence, on style, on matter, and even on the not wholly unimportant virtue of vivacity, a man will succeed, or will deserve success. First, of course, he will have to "find" himself, as the French say, and if he does not find an ass, then, like Saul the son of Kish, he may discover a kingdom. One success he can hardly miss, the happiness of living, not with trash, but among good books, and "the mighty minds of old."

In an unpublished letter of Mr. Thackeray's, written before he was famous, and a novelist, he says how much he likes writing on historical subjects, and how he enjoys historical research. "The work is so gentlemanly," he remarks. Often and often, after the daily dreadful lines, the bread and butter winning lines on some contemporary folly or frivolity, does a man take up some piece of work hopelessly unremunerative, foredoomed to failure as far as money or fame go, some dealing with the classics of the world, Homer or Aristotle, Lucian or Molière. It is like a bath after a day's toil, it is tonic and clean; and such studies, if not necessary to success, are, at least, conducive to mental health and self-respect in literature.

To the enormous majority of persons who risk themselves in literature, not even the smallest measure of success can fall. They had better take to some other profession as quickly as may be, they are only making a sure thing of disappointment, only crowding the narrow gates of fortune and fame. Yet there are others to whom success, though easily within their reach, does not seem a thing to be grasped at.

Of two such, the pathetic story may be read, in the memoir of a Scotch Probationer, Mr. Thomas Davidson, who died young, an unplaced minister of the United Presbyterian Church in 1869. He died young, unaccepted by the world, unheard of, uncomplaining, soon after writing his latest song on the first gray hairs of the lady whom he loved. And she, Miss Alison Dunlop, died also, a year ago, leaving a little work newly published, "Anent Old Edinburgh," in which is briefly told the story of her life. There can hardly be a true tale more brave and honorable, for those two were eminently qualified to shine with a clear and modest radiance, in letters. Both had a touch of poetry, Mr. Davidson left a few genuine poems, both had humor, knowledge, patience, industry, and literary conscientiousness. No success came to them, they did not even seek it, though it was easily within the reach of their powers. Yet none can call them failures, leaving, as they did, the fragrance of honorable and uncomplaining lives, and such brief records of these as to delight, and console, and encourage us all. They bequeath to us the spectacle of a real triumph far beyond the petty gains of money or of applause, the spectacle of lives made happy by literature, unvexed by notoriety, unfretted by envy.

What we call success could never have yielded them so much, for the ways of authorship are dusty and stony, and the stones are only too handy for throwing at the few that, deservedly or undeservedly, make a name, and therewith about one-tenth of the wealth which is ungrudged to physicians, or barristers, or stock-brokers, or dentists, or electricians. If literature and occupation with letters were not its own reward, truly they who seem to succeed might envy those who fail. It is not wealth that they win, as fortunate men in other professions count wealth; it is not rank nor fashion that come to their call nor come to call on them. Their success is to be let dwell with their own fancies, or with the imaginations of others far greater than themselves; their success is this living in fantasy, a little remote from the hubbub and the contests of the world. At the best they will be vexed by curious eyes and idle tongues, at the best they will die not rich in this world's goods, yet not unconsoled by the friendships which they win among men and women whose faces they will never see. They may well be content, and thrice content, with their lot, yet it is not a lot which should provoke envy, nor be coveted by ambition.

It is not an easy goal to attain, as the crowd of aspirants dream, nor is the reward luxurious when it is attained. A garland, usually fading and not immortal, has to be run for, not without dust and heat.

MARY ASHTON LIVERMORE

THE BATTLE OF LIFE

[Lecture by Mrs. Mary A. Livermore, author, editor, platform advocate of reforms (born in Boston, Mass., December 19, 1820; ——), delivered first in the West in her husband's pulpit as a sermon, and afterward arranged for the lecture platform. The circumstance of the first delivery Mrs. Livermore thus relates: "My husband was a clergyman, as you know, all his life, and he and I used to talk a good deal about subjects for sermons, and their arrangements. I had made a draft of a sermon on the words, 'War a Good Warfare,' (I Timothy 1-18), and we had a talk about it. A little after, he sprained his ankle early one Sunday morning, when it was impossible for a supply to be obtained, and impossible for him to get to the church, or to stand, if he got there. The leading men of the parish urged me to take his place, and my husband seconded their entreaties, and I consented. This was just at the close of the Civil War, during which I had had much experience in public speaking, without any previous preparation." The sermon was turned into a lecture when Mrs. Livermore began lecturing in regular lyceum courses, in 1872, and it was changed from time to time to adapt it to varying circumstances. It has been repeated nearly two hundred and fifty times, in localities lying between Maine and Santa Barbara, and the Atlantic and Pacific. For thirty years Mrs. Livermore lectured an average of from six to eight months of the year, mostly in the winter season, but also during the summer, when the Chautauqua Assemblies and Summer Schools were in session.]

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN:—Our estimates of earthly life vary according to our positions and experiences. To one life is a "vale of tears." His nature is pitched on a minor key, so that he becomes very sensitive to the undertones of complaint and sorrow with which the world is filled. He identifies himself with the unhappy and dissatisfied, and like the river sponge, is forever saturated

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with the passing streams of other people's woes. To another life is a "pilgrimage to a better country," and he counts off the days as they fleet by, satisfied, for each one brings him nearer to his destination. To a third, life is only an "inscrutable mystery," a problem that cannot be solved, a riddle whose meaning is past finding out. To him, the oft-propounded questions: "Who are we? Whence came we? Whither are we going?" have no satisfactory answer. A fourth is overwhelmed by a sense of the brevity of life. It is a "tale that is told"; "a dream of the night"; "the mist of the morning"; "the grass that flourisheth in the morning, and which, at night, is cut down, and withered." Others will tell you that "life is a great game," and that they are the skilful players who win;—that it is "a time of probation, in which we may escape from hell, and flee to heaven";—that it is a brief "gala day," when we should "eat, drink, and be merry, since to-morrow we die";—and so on, through the whole range of metaphor and symbolry.

But when it is declared that life is a battle, a statement is made that appeals to every one who has reached adult life; aye, and to a great multitude who are only a little way across its threshold. As our experience deepens we realize that the whole world is one vast encampment, and that every man and woman is a soldier. We have not voluntarily enlisted into this service with an understanding of the hardness of the warfare, and an acceptance of its terms, and conditions, but have been drafted into the conflict and cannot escape taking part in it. We were not even allowed to choose our place in the ranks, but have been pushed into life, to our seeming, arbitrarily, and cannot be discharged, until mustered out by death. Nor is it permitted us to furnish a substitute, though we have the wealth of a Rockefeller at command, and the powerful and far-reaching influence of the Czar of all the Russias. We may prove deserters, or traitors, and straggle to the rear during the conflict, or go over to the enemy and fight under the black flag of wrong. But the fact remains that we are all drafted into the battle of life, and are expected to do our duty according to the best of our ability.

Do you ask: "Why should life be packed so full of conflict? Why was it not planned to be harmonious and congenial?" I am unable to answer that question, and do not propose in this address to discuss the "origin of evil," which has vexed the various schools of philosophy. I accept the fact that the whole world has been a scene of conflict as far back as we know anything about it. The literature of every nation resounds with it, and the poets, teachers, philosophers, and historians of all languages bear uniform and universal testimony to the fact that "the whole creation has always groaned, and travailed in pain." Victory has alternated with defeat, and every experience of development in the animal creation has been purchased with a sharp emphasis of pain. For the world has many lives poured into it which are sustained only as "each living thing is up with bill, or beak, or tooth, or claw, or toilsome hand, or sweating brow, to conquer the means of a living."

We cannot look at the world as it is to-day, a scene of vast and universal conflict, without believing it to be organic, and the design of the Creator. We cannot study history and see how every step of progress made by the human race has been won by the hardest efforts, and represents ages of conflict behind it,—how every great truth of religion, or science, every social reform, and every noble interpretation of liberty has fought its way to supremacy in the face of hindrance, detraction, persecution, and death, and conclude that this has been accidental, or contrary to the will of God. We cannot escape the deduction that the world has been purposely constructed, not as a harmonious machine, but as a vast realm of experience, where effort and struggle, trouble and sorrow, are appointed as the necessary educators of the race;—and this, not through the malevolence, but the benignity of the Creator.

"There is a simple and central law which governs this matter," says a scientific writer; "and that is this: every definite action is conditioned upon a definite resistance, and is impossible without it. We are only able to walk, because the earth resists the foot, and are unable to tread the air and water, because they deny the foot the opposition which it requires. The bird and the steamer are hindered by air and water, which presses upwards, downwards, laterally, and in all directions. But the bird with its wings, and the steamer with its paddle, apply themselves to this hindrance to their progress and overcome it. So, were not their motion obstructed, progress would be impossible.

"The same law governs not actions only, but all definite effects whatever. If the air did not resist the vibrations of a resonant object, and strive to preserve its own form, the sound-waves could not be created and propagated. If the tympanum of the ear did not resist those waves of sound, it would not transmit their suggestiveness to the brain. If any given object does not resist the sun's rays,—in other words reflect them,—it will not be visible. These instances might be multiplied *ad libitum,* since there is literally no exception to the law. Some resistance is indispensable, although this is by no means alone indispensable, nor are all modes and kinds of resistance of equal value."

Is it not possible, then, that the hindrances which arrest our progress, and the obstacles that lie broadly in our path, are the divinest agents of help which our Creator could give us? And that "man is better cared for when he is not cared for too much?" The painful struggles to overcome and remove them develop in us strength, courage, self-reliance, and heroism. They are the hammer and chisel that release the statue from the imprisoning marble,—the plow and the harrow that break up the soil, and mellow it for the reception of the seed that shall yield an abundant harvest. Perfection lies that way.

It is not difficult to see what makes our earthly life a battle. When a child is ushered into the world, he is born ignorant of everything. His health and happiness depend on his obedience to the laws of nature, of which he knows nothing, and of which he can know nothing for months and years. Some one with knowledge and experience protects him, at first, from violating laws which would injure or destroy him, and slowly he learns to care for himself. By putting his hand in the fire, he learns that fire burns. By tumbling downstairs in a heap, he takes his first lesson in gravitation, and learns to descend the stairway in an orderly fashion, in safety. It is only through stumbling and bruising and constant physical injury that he becomes acquainted with the simplest material laws, and learns to obey them. He enters on a scene of more or less conflict as soon as he is born. To acquire any considerable self-knowledge and self-control, to understand the social environment into which he is born, with its civil, industrial, and economic laws, only intensifies the struggle, and lifts the campaign to a higher warfare.

Not only is the child ignorant of himself at birth, but he is entrusted to the care of parents and guardians who are wofully lacking in the same kind of knowledge. He does not come into the world with a bill of items that state his mental and moral make-up. If we could know in advance what were his mental and moral qualities, in what direction he was richly endowed, and in what he was weak, in what part of his nature he needed to be fortified, and in what to be restrained, we might be wiser in our educational training. But in our ignorance we put one in the shop whom nature intended for the studio, and force another through college whose tastes would have taken him to the farm and cattle-ranch, and so poorly equip both for the battle of life. [Applause.] We load them down with a mass of crude misinformation, which they unlearn before they have attained their majority, and throw away as useless impedimenta.

The newly-born child is not an original creature, as we sometimes assume; he is not the first of a series. Instead of this, he is one of a long series that reaches far back into a pre-historic antiquity, and there are in him hereditary tendencies, which have come down to him from progenitors of whom he never heard. And as by a general law of heredity, "the inheritance of traits of character is persistent in proportion to the length of time they have been inherited," it is easy to account for the facts, that in members of the same family, there reappear incongruities of physique and of mentality, generation after generation, which it is not easy to eradicate. Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes says that "our bodies are vehicles in which our ancestors ride." And he might have included our souls in this statement, without fear of contradiction.

Sometimes the child is born with a body which is only "organized disease." It is the result of the vicious lives of his predecessors, and will hamper him in all the struggles of life. Another comes into life a wailing bundle of feebleness. He is constitutionally tired from the beginning, and the battle is sure to go against him. Others are children of vice and crime. They were mortgaged to the devil before they were born, and will become the determined foes of society, unless the wise and philanthropic can accomplish their early regeneration. Others are born with defective physiques. They lack the sense of vision which no oculist can ever give them. Or, they are denied the sense of hearing and are deaf alike to the tones of joy or sorrow, to the language of love or hate. Or, nature has withheld from them powers of locomotion and they swing through life painfully, on crutches, or are wheeled in invalid chairs.

"The problem of life is indeed hard to solve," said Harriet Martineau, the foremost literary Englishwoman of the century now closing, "when out of five senses one is endowed with but two." She spoke from experience, for she was defrauded of the senses of taste, smell, and hearing, and, in addition, was an invalid all her life. And yet, so indomitable was the royal soul imprisoned in this defective and distempered body, that she overcame all obstacles, and came off victorious in her wrestling with herself, and an adverse fate, that would have crushed a less heroic spirit. She became a benefactor to society—one of the leaders of her age—and not only identified herself actively with all movements for the public welfare, but at her death left nearly one hundred and fifty volumes on the shelves of the booksellers, every one of which she had written to help the world, and through every one of which there runs a high moral purpose.

During the late Civil War a man did not become a soldier of the United States army by simply entering his name in the book of the recruiting office. That only signified his willingness to serve his country. He was then conducted to the office of the examining surgeon, where he passed through a most rigorous inspection. If he was defective in vision, had lost front teeth and could not bite off the end of a cartridge, a right thumb and could not cover the vent-hole of a cannon, if he was color-blind, and could not distinguish the colors of flags, uniforms, and signal lights; if his heart was weak, or his lungs lacked soundness, that he could not keep up on the march;—if, indeed, there was any discoverable unhealth in his physical organization, he was rejected by the inspecting officer, and could not don the blue of the Union Army. Only those whose physiques showed health, and promised a continuity of physical force, were mustered into the service. For the warfare was to be severe and protracted, and would tax the strongest and most enduring. But of the countless host who are drafted into the battle of life, from which there is no discharge until death, fully one-half are badly equipped for the struggle by the shabby bodies into which they are born. And for that, we must ever remember, they are not to blame. [Applause.]

The fact that we are obliged to provide for our physical needs, and for those who are dependent on us, makes of life a perpetual struggle. Nature has not dealt with us as with her brute children. For them, in the habitat to which they are native, there is food, water, clothing, and shelter. Everything is provided for them. But with us nature has dealt otherwise. She has given us light for our eyes, air for our lungs, earth from which to win food, clothing and shelter, and water for our thirst. Everything else that we need, or wish we must win by the hardest effort. As civilization has progressed, we have lost two of our natural rights, possession of land and water, and must pay the price demanded for them. And if men by business combination could take possession of air and light, we should lose those also, and be allowed only as much air to breathe, and light for our eyes, as we were able to pay for. [Applause.]

In our battle for physical existence there are times when the elements of nature seemed arrayed against us. The farmer plows and harrows his fields, and with bountiful hand sows his carefully selected seed, and prophesies a harvest. But the clouds withhold their rain, the heavens become brass, and the earth iron, and a fierce drought parches the soil of a whole kingdom, and burns the growing grain to stubble,—and there is a famine. The accidental upsetting of a lamp starts a tiny fire. Combustibles feed it, winds fan it, and it becomes a roaring conflagration, in which granite and iron melt like lead, a city is consumed by the devouring flames, and hundreds of thousands are rendered homeless and helpless. We launch our proud ship into which have gone the strength of oak, the tenacity of iron, and the skilful workmanship of honorable men. We give to its transportation an argosy of wealth, and to its passengers we gaily toss a "good-bye," confident of their speedy arrival at their destination. But days pass by, then weeks and months, and no message reaches us from this traveler of the sea, and its fate is a matter of conjecture alone. Some iceberg of the North has crushed it, or it has succumbed to the fury of the tempest, or some unrevealed weakness of construction has betrayed it to ruin in mid-ocean. Volcanoes and earthquakes, cyclones, storms, and tempests,—how helpless we are when overtaken by their wrath, and how heedless they are of human suffering.

When we enter the world of trade and commerce, the business world, to use the vernacular of the day, we find the battle of life raging intensely. The fierce competition that leads one man to tread down others that he may rise on their ruin,—the financial panics, which recur decade after decade, of whose cause and cure the wisest and shrewdest are ignorant,—the business dishonesty, which at times threatens to make dishonesty and business interchangeable terms, the insane and vulgar greed for riches that actuates corporations, monopolies, trusts, and other like organizations, whose tendency is to deprive the wage-earner of a fair share of the wealth that he helps create, that their gains may be larger and increase more rapidly, —all these, and many other practices which obtain in the money-making world, embitter the struggle for existence, and render the failure of the majority inevitable. [Applause.]

Only two or three weeks ago two men in the town of my residence committed suicide on the same day, and for the same reason,—the battle went sore against them, and they could not continue the hopeless conflict longer. One had been discharged from a position that he had held for twenty-seven years, to make room for a younger man. The other had been out of employment for months, and there seemed no need of him, and no place for him in any workshop. Both were about fifty years of age, both had families that loved them, both had always been temperate and industrious men, and yet neither of them left money enough to pay his funeral expenses.

To my thinking, the business civilization of the day is antagonistic to Christianity. The essential principle of the Christian religion requires individuals, and the aggregations of individuals we call nations, to do as they would be done by. It proclaims the duty of strength to assist weakness; that wealth should lend a hand to the helping of poverty; that prosperity should take care of misfortune. "The Golden Rule," said a college president, in a recent baccalaureate address, "is fundamental to all right relations. Applied to the adjustment of the serious problems of America, they could be settled in five minutes." Christianity has extended itself very widely in intellectual directions. It has incorporated itself in creeds, and churches, but the time has not yet come when nations are molded by it.

It is yet to conquer the realm of trade and commerce, and to readjust all the relations of man with man, on the basis of human brotherhood. It will not then be possible for a million or more of men, with hungry wives and children, to beg for work, which will be refused them by millionaire employers, living in luxury. We shall not read of women and children starving and freezing in the midst of our nation's abundance, nor of daily suicides in our great cities, because of homelessness, lack of friends, inability to obtain work, and utter despair of any change for the better. Our papers will not drip as now with the foul accounts of business frauds and betrayal of trusts, with reports of defalcations and embezzlements, and the dishonesty of trusted officials. Armenians will not be hunted like "partridges on the mountains," and tortured and slaughtered by Moslem hate, while all the civilized world stands idly looking on. [Applause.] It will then be possible for an inferior race to live comfortably amid dominant Anglo-Saxon people, with no danger of being enslaved or destroyed by them.

There is another factor that enters into the battle of life. No matter how large or small the community in which we live,—a city, a town, a village, or a hamlet,—

there are public questions always coming to the front, which challenge our interest. It may be a small evil that is likely to grow to a nuisance, and must be nipped in the bud. Or it may be a matter of town sanitation, a question of drainage and sewerage, the problem of a pure water supply, town lighting, or good roads, or the duty of providing for public school education, with all the weighty consideration connected with this question. If we have any public spirit in us,—and we are comparatively valueless if we are indifferent to the public welfare,—we are compelled to throw our influence on the right side of the discussions that decide the action of the community. If it be a question of public morals, and the town is threatened with the establishment of legalized liquor saloons, gambling resorts, or other public places of immorality, there is a peremptory call to all who stand for a higher civilization to enter the lists against these moral pest-houses. No fiercer battle rages in the world than that now in progress between the friends and foes of a loftier standard of municipal and national life. [Applause.]

There are few of us whose inmost souls are not the arena of a life-long conflict, known only to ourselves and God. Passion and appetite, which should be the driving wheels of the human creature, struggle for mastery of him. Selfishness, that asks all for itself; anger, that leaps like a tiger from the jungle, with words of fury and deeds of savagery; envy and hate, that burn out the soul and poison the life; revenge, that like a sleuth-hound, follows the track of those who have injured us; sensuality, that converts the beautiful body into a charnel house, full of inconceivable horrors,—how these plunge us into unrest and sorrow, and abase us in our own estimation! [Applause.] We never recount to others the story of our conflicts with ourself. No one hears the self-reproaches we heap on our own weakness and cowardice, nor sees the tears we shed over the humiliation of our defeat. All through youth and middle life the struggle continues. Happy are we when the prolonged conflict ends in self-conquest, and we are masters of ourselves. Then have we indeed learned the lesson of life, and been taught " how divine a thing it is to suffer and be strong."

We do not live many years in the world before we understand that every one is anchored shoulders deep in trouble and care. There is almost no exception to the statement. If, on a superficial acquaintance we think we have discovered that impossible personage who "has never had an ungratified wish" and "never known a sorrow," we are by and by undeceived; for there comes a day when the shining veil that has masked him is rent, and we behold him buffeting his way against head winds, and bearing heavy burdens, in common with the universal humanity. One would think that this knowledge would incline us to a general kindliness of spirit, and a large tolerance for each other's peculiarities; that instead of dealing out denunciation upon the blundering and erring, we should be pitiful, and lend a helping hand to those who come in our way, weak, stumbling and ready to perish. There is too much intentional wounding of our comrades in life. Many who are in the main charitable are yet sharp, brusque, and quick to blame one who comes to grief. Henry Ward Beecher used to say they were like "the bee that goes head-foremost into a flower for honey, but is always sure to carry a sting thrust out for the pleasure of wounding."

I remember, during the war, going in an ambulance some twenty miles to visit field hospitals. It was not long after the battle of Murfreesboro, and a division of the army that had encamped in the neighborhood, was soon to break camp for a march in the direction of my own route. I was ordered to move with it for safety, as guerillas were reported very numerous along the way. We kept beside the straggling column, that was not compelled to march with exactness, but traveled as was most comfortable. As we moved along I observed the profanity of the men. Their speech was so interlarded with oaths as to render it almost unintelligible. When the chaplain rode to my ambulance he said, "How terribly these men swear! When they meet the enemy they are in search of, there will be a battle. Think how unprepared they are to die!" At first I sympathized with the remark; and I wondered if I was not manifesting a quixotic spirit, in leaving my home and pursuits for these rough scenes of disorder, amid coarse and foul-mouthed men.

But the day grew hot, and the dust became intolerable. The men began to drop, one after another, in a state of exhaustion. The ambulances picked them up till they were filled. Then here and there an officer would dismount, and the fallen soldier would be lifted to his seat, with a stronger comrade behind in charge of him. When nothing else could be done, the feeble fellows were left in the shade of a clump of trees, or in "the shadow of a great rock in a weary land," with canteens of water, and supplies of rations and healthy men to care for them, who were to bring them on to the bivouac for the night, when the torrid day had grown cooler, and the wilted men had rallied. Not a man was left behind on the march to die. Not once did the officers regard the fallen soldiers with indifference, and command the marching column to leave them where they fell. And when we were bestowed in our tents for the night, and the drum had beat the tattoo for retiring, I heard the soldiers who had been detailed to the service of their weaker comrades as they came into camp, bringing them with them.

All the while these men, to whom so much care was given, were good for nothing for soldiering purposes, and the officers and many of the rank and file knew it. If their physical condition had been understood by the examining surgeon, they would not have been mustered into the army. Their future could easily be predicted. They would be permanent fixtures in the hospital after a little time, a care to doctors and attendants, an expense to the government, dying slowly, or discharged and sent home to their kindred and friends. And yet the brotherly feeling that prevailed in the ranks forbade their being left on the march uncared for. And I said to the chaplain: "These men in the army, rough fellows though they be, are better than we who remain at home, and never defile our lips with coarseness and profanity. We continually tread down the people who are weak, and because they cannot keep step with those who are strong, we hold them in contempt, and think them unworthy of assistance. But see the rough tenderness with which these soldiers treat the feeblest and most worthless of their number." [Applause.]

When you travel in Switzerland, in the neighborhood of the high mountains, you will sometimes come across a group of people in the valley, who are intently observing some object through a powerful glass. On inquiry, you will learn that a company of tourists, with guides, are making the ascent of Mount Blanc. You take your place amidst the sight-seers. And while you watch the group slowly making their perilous way along the dizzy heights, two or three lose their footing, drop suddenly out of sight, and are gone. Your heart stops its beating;—you are sure they have fallen to a horrible death, down the steep, jagged rocks into the inaccessible depths below. You look again. No, they are not lost; one is restored to his place in the long line of climbers, and slowly the others struggle up into view, and cautiously they resume their upward march. What is the explanation?

Before they came to the dangerous places they tied themselves together with strong ropes, both the tourists and the guides, and braced themselves at every step with their steel-pointed alpen-stocks, which they planted firmly in the frozen snow and ice. Those who dropped down behind the treacherous ridges were held by the strength of their companions on either side, who, firmly braced, arrested their descent into the horrors below, and drew them back into line, in safety. So it is in life. Many a one is saved from ruin by the wise and strong love of the friends who retain their hold upon him, and halt him in his downward plunge. They will not allow him to destroy himself, but will gradually win him back to their own safe vantage ground. And if he shall fall again, they will again interpose for his redemption,—not twice only, but again and again, as often as his stumbling feet may require. Alas, for him who has neither friend nor lover, and who is struggling for the mastery! For human nature requires so much mothering, and is so dependent on love and sympathy, that he must be of the divinest calibre who wins in the conflict of life, with none to be glad of his victory, and none who would sorrow over his defeat.

As much as we criticise the world, there is a vast amount of good in it. The transition from barbarous to civilized life has been made very gradually, by slow ascents of progress, through thousands of years. Every advance of the race in the mastery of the material world has been accompanied by a corresponding development of intellectual power, and the conquest of man by himself. Then came a comprehension of right and wrong, and a moral standard was uplifted, which has been immeasurably advanced during the last century. It has come at last to include the golden rule, which is as fundamental in the world of duty and happiness as is Newton's law of gravitation in the world of matter. It has organized our charities, enlarged our system of education, abolished slavery, infused itself into society, it seeks the extinction of war, and calls for the elimination of public abuses, and the purification of government. It will yet relieve the battle of life of its hardness, its hopelessness, and its brutality. [Applause.]

We are approaching the era when war shall be no more. The world is ready for it. Unconsciously, and unintentionally, the powers that be have been preparing for it. For they have increased the destructive power of the enginery of war so marvelously, that the nations employing it against each other will both suffer almost irreparable injury. When a handful of men can blow up a navy, and another handful can annihilate an army, war ceases to be war, and becomes assassination. If we should wake to-morrow to find that all civilized nations had agreed to arbitrate their quarrels, that all armies were to be disbanded, all fortifications to be dismantled, and the giant battleships transformed into vessels for peaceful uses, how much the world would gain by the change! [Applause.]

Ten millions of soldiers, in European camps, or in readiness for war, now withdrawn from productive industries, would be returned to their families, and to the farms and workshops of the world. The women of Europe, now dewomanized and dehumanized by being thrust into the employments of men, unsuitable for them, would drop back into home life, or would seek their livelihood in occupations that would not destroy their feminine nature. The prophecy of two thousand years ago that there should be "peace on earth and good-will to men," would begin to be verified. Between two and three billions of dollars, now wrung annually from the people by exorbitant taxation, for the support of armies, and for military purposes, would not then be called for, and would increase the resources of the masses, and add to their material comforts. How the certainty that war had ceased forever would loosen the brakes now held down on the wheels of the world's progress!

If we should wake on some other morning to find that every grog-shop in the country was closed forever, and all distilleries and breweries had abandoned the manufacture of alcoholic liquors for drinking purposes, that men had lost the appetite for intoxicating beverages, and would henceforth be sober and in their right minds, how that would add to the gains of the world! The American nation would be richer at the close of every year than it now is by nine hundred million dollars, which is the sum total of its annual drink-bill. With all that vast sum saved, how the comfort of the toiling masses could be increased! Their poverty would be translated to competence, their homes made hygienic and comfortable, industrial and scientific schools established for them, and the immitigable sorrows of their wives and children would be comforted. The prisons and penitentiaries of the present time would be relieved of three-fifths of their inmates, the insane asylums would be depleted, and fewer children would come into life with defective minds and bodies. [Applause.]

If these two reforms were carried,—the peace reform and the temperance reform,—the world would take a mighty leap forward into "the good time coming." They will probably never eventuate as we have planned them, nor accomplish just what we anticipate, but they will prove an immense gain to the race, and will eliminate from the battle of life many of its worst and most dreaded features. Believe me, both of these reforms are coming up the steps of time, and are yet to be verities. Some of you will live to behold the near approach of their full fruition, and will catch the foregleam of the glory of the Lord as it breaks on the world. Whoever works for the bettering of humanity, for the lessening of the evil things in life, and the increase of what is good and helpful, has his hand in the hand of God, and takes on something of God's almightiness. Those who work with God will always win, and though victory may be postponed for a time, the right ultimately triumphs. [Applause.]

Already the distinguished characteristic of our Nineteenth century civilization is its intense humaneness. It looks steadily to the redressing of all wrongs, to the righting of every form of error and injustice, and an intense and prying philanthropy, which is almost omniscient, is one of the marked features of the age. It has multiplied charitable institutions till they cover almost every form of suffering and want, and it gives to the poor the tonic of friendship and hope. It demands that international arbitration shall take the place of war, and reiterates the immortal declaration of Charles Sumner, "that the true grandeur of nations is peace." It bombards the legal enactments that make for drunkenness with million-voiced petitions, and pursues the inebriate with kind and loving persuasion. It hears the demand of Howard, the philanthropist, sounding down the century, and re-formulates his plea that "prisons be made over into moral reformatories,—schools for fallen humanity."

Not only does the spirit of helpfulness invade the realm of material want and suffering, it enters the list against ignorance and mental poverty. It not only establishes schools for children, but for adults also who were defrauded of education in early life. It has opened colleges and universities to women which have been closed to them through all ages, and has provided for them professional and technical schools, where they compete with men. The doors of art and science, of professions and trades, and of industries and gainful callings are no longer closed against them, and they are rising from the ranks of dependence and subjection, into those of dignified self-support. It seeks the education of the hand and of the body in its provisions for physical culture and manual training. It establishes free libraries for the people, art museums, natural history rooms, free reading-rooms, free lectures, open-air concerts, free baths and swimming-schools, and free parks, where nature ministers to the distempered and desponding. There are noble men and women in all communities who thrill with a divine passion to help the world; and there are millionaires who dare not die till they have put a portion of their wealth to the service of the public welfare. [Applause.]

This new spirit of helpfulness which is making itself felt in the world is not limited to any community or nation. It is extending itself throughout civilized life. A few years since, and shortly after the close of the Civil War, Memphis was sorely smitten with a pestilence. The living were not sufficient to care for the sick, nor to bury the dead, and all egress from the city was forbidden, lest the contagion might spread. The North forgot the four years' war with the embattled South, and sent to its relief volunteer physicians and nurses who were unafraid of death, and millions of money, and Memphis was purified and rehabilitated, and the pestilence stamped out.

Floods washed away the city of Johnstown and buried thousands of its inhabitants under the debris. Hardly had the waters subsided, when a great tide of benevolence set toward the ruined town. Relief committees were despatched to the suffering people, to whom *carte blanche* was given as to methods and means. Hospitals were opened for the wounded, and those whom fright and loss of home and friends had demented. And so abundant was the largess bestowed on those who survived the horror of the flood, that a new city has risen on the wreck of the old one, and, except in the memories of those who experienced its ruin, no traces of it remain.

Have we forgotten when Chicago lay burning in a roaring conflagration, that stretched seven miles along the lake-shore, while a hundred thousand of her people were encamped on the shelterless prairie? Telegrams flashed the sad news to every State and Territory of the nation, and cablegrams wailed it to the Old World, when lo, the marvel! The astonished earth rolled on its axis, belted and re-belted with telegrams and cablegrams promising help. So royally were these promises kept, that after those who had applied for relief received it, and the Relief Committee had placarded the streets for three months with the information that there was aid for those who needed it, there remained in bank nearly a million and a half of the relief funds in excess of applications for help. [Applause.] The world could not have afforded to have missed the conflagration of Chicago. It was the greatest investment ever made by disaster, for it burned two hundred millions of property into ashes. But it was a poor, cheap, paltry price to pay for the great knowledge that made the world rich. For when Chicago was melting away in the heat of its great conflagration, we touched the hour when all the world believed in human brotherhood. [Applause.]

These instances are indications of the better day that is dawning. As when in the East we see the first faint tinges of light brightening the horizon, we foretell the coming day, so can we predict a higher and nobler civilization that shall yet include the race, when we see what divineness has here and there interpenetrated the last half century. I am not prophesying any quick-coming millennium. It has taken God a millennium of millenniums to bring us where we are; and He need not be in a hurry, as He has all eternity to work in. I only speak as one—

> "Who, rowing hard against the stream,
> Sees distant gates of Eden gleam,
> And does not deem it all a dream."

But as I count over the gains of the world in the past, and see how the mightiest forces of the age are moral, and realize that the Immanent God who works for righteousness is the unseen Commander who directs the battle of life, I am sure that—

> "In the long days of God,
> In the world's paths untrod,
> The world will yet be led,
> Its heart be comforted.
>
> "Others may sing the song,
> Others will right the wrong—
> Finish what we begin,
> And all we fail of, win.
>
> "The airs of heaven blow o'er us,
> And visions rise before us,
> Of what mankind will be—
> Pure, generous, grand, and free.

"Then ring, bells, in unreared steeples,
The joy of unborn peoples;
Sound, trumpets, far-off blown,—
Your triumph is our own."

[Loud applause.]

DAVID ROSS LOCKE

(" PETROLEUM V. NASBY ")

IN SEARCH OF THE MAN OF SIN

[Lecture by David R. Locke—" Petroleum V. Nasby, P. M., wich is postmaster, of Confedrit X Roads, Ky."—satirist (born in Vestal, Broome County, N. Y., September 20, 1833; died in Toledo, Ohio, February 15, 1888), delivered originally in Music Hall, Boston, December 29, 1870. Mr. Locke's satirical writings, first in letters, and later in lectures, devoted mostly to political subjects and public wrong-doings, had a special vogue during the Civil War and the subsequent reconstruction period. Charles Sumner, in his introduction to Mr. Locke's collected papers, quotes the saying of President Lincoln—" For the genius to write these things I would gladly give up my office."]

Ladies and Gentlemen:—I do not wish to be considered egotistic, for of all junior blemishes in human nature egotism is to my mind the most objectionable. He who stands perpetually and perpendicularly as the capital letter I, with an exclamation point after it (the latter calling attention to the former), is an unmixed nuisance to society at large, and a particular and especial nuisance to all with whom he may come into more immediate contact. The honesty that needs self-proclamation will bear watching; the man who blows his own trumpet generally plays a solo; and besides, he adds falsehood to egotism, for he seldom has the virtues he proclaims. Honest merit is always retiring and shrinking,—which explains the cause of my being so little known. [Laughter and applause.] Yet a man may at times properly speak of himself; and this is one of the times. That you may start fairly with me I must refer

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to myself; but I shall do it with that modesty for which I—and George Francis Train—are so celebrated [laughter], and touch it as lightly, briefly and delicately as possible.

I am a most excellent man—indeed, I know of no one who has more qualities to be commended, and fewer to be condemned. I commenced being good at a very early age, and built myself up on the best models. I was yet an infant when I read the affecting story of the hacking down of the cherry-tree by George Washington, and his manly statement to his father that he could not tell a lie. I read the story, and it filled me with a desire to surpass him. I was not going to allow any such boy as George Washington, if he did afterwards get to be a President, to excel me in the moralities. Immediately I seized an axe and cut down the most valuable cherry-tree my father had; and more, I dug up the roots and burned the branches, so that by no means could the variety be preserved; and I went skating one Sunday that I might confess the two faults and be wept over and forgiven on account of my extreme truthfulness. The experiments were I regret to say, partial failures. I was very much like George Washington but the trouble was my father didn't resemble George Washington's father to any alarming extent, which was essential to the success of the scheme. [Laughter.]

"Did you cut down that cherry-tree?" asked he.

"Father, I cannot tell a lie. I did it with my little hatchet," I answered, striking the proper attitude for the old gentleman to shed tears on me. But he didn't shed. He remarked that he had rather I had told a thousand lies than to have cut down that particular tree, and he whipped me till I was in a state of exasperating rawness. [Laughter and applause.] As he gave me the last cut, he remarked that the next time I wanted to give my virtues an airing I had better select a less valuable tree. My skating idea was no less a failure. I broke through the ice that Sunday and was pulled out with difficulty,—and a boat-hook. As I lay sick for a month with a fever, I didn't get a chance to get off the Washingtonian remark that time. [Applause.]

In addition to my excellence—I might say, absolute perfection—of character (I put it, you see, as mildly as possible, for modesty prevents me from saying all that I might of myself) to these qualities of the heart, I have wisdom—natural and acquired. Natural wisdom, for I was born in Maine, which is proof positive, for doth not the Scriptures say the wise men came from the East? Their leaving the East was then, as now, the great proof of their wisdom. [Applause.] Acquired wisdom, in proof of which I cite the fact that I went to Indiana a married man, and after a residence of two years returned with the same wife. I also went to the far West, and came back without investing in a single corner lot. I might also say that I am able to put those champion nuisances of the age, life insurance agents, to rout, but I will not, for you wouldn't believe it. [Laughter.]

I am a friend of humanity. I weep with such ease, and so continuously, at the sight of distress, that I am known among my intimate friends as that "benevolent old hydraulic ram." No man living has shed more tears over the woes of humanity, and no man has collected more money—of his neighbors—to relieve those woes. [Laughter.] That I am a patriot, I showed by not volunteering in the late war after I was drafted, but by sending a substitute. So much did I desire the success of the national cause, that I wanted only good men at the front. The company that I was to have gone in thought as I did, as the resolution they passed, thanking me fervently for sending a man, instead of going myself, sufficiently attests. [Laughter.]

I have lived for many years in an obscure village in Vermont in which I am a man of some note. It don't take much of a man to be of some note in a village of six hundred people. I have a house there, in which I dwell all alone with my books and my virtues,—studying the one with profit, and contemplating the other with delight. I have a farm and a stone quarry there, though it puzzles visitors to determine just where the farm ends and the stone quarry begins [laughter]; and though I don't raise much, I manage to eke out a comfortable existence by selling one thousand-dollar sheep and Early Rose potatoes to Western farmers, and acting as solicitor for a theological seminary, lecturing on temperance, and organizing Sunday-schools, sandwiching in between the two the selling of washing-machines. [Laughter.]

I was entirely satisfied that I was devoid of sin, and believed (not going out much) that there was none to speak of in my neighbors. But I was aware that outside of our little world wickedness had a vigorous existence and was rampant. "There are," I said to myself, "1,000,000,000 of people in the world, my village included, of whom 999,999,400 are morally bound to share the fate of the wicked; five hundred and ninety-nine may possibly get through by a close shave, and one will be certain of a blissful future. I had no doubt of the triumphant escape of one from all the evils which follow wickedness, nor need I say that that one, that perfectly pure man—was myself. [Laughter.]

But the existence of sin, even at a distance, worried me. I desired to have the whole world as pure, as good, at least, as my neighbors; nay, I would, were such a thing possible, have the whole world as pure and as good as myself, though I dared not to hope for so much. I determined to reform the world, or at least do something towards it. Knowledge of what one is to do is essential to success, and that I might get that knowledge I deliberately left my home and wandered out in search of the man of sin.

Where should I go? To the islands of the sea, where the rude islanders disport themselves on the burning sands, in wretched ignorance of pantaloons, and the cheerful fact that there is a lake of fire and brimstone in which they will eventually be plunged? No! The missionaries convey to them the catechism, and teach them to make themselves uncomfortable in pantaloons; the merchant follows quickly with that other civilizing agent, rum, which to their untutored stomachs is lightning, and those not converted by the one are killed by the other. The islanders are provided for. To Rome? To Paris? To Boston? To the Indians of the West? No! The Italians don't know any better, so they are not responsible; the Parisians may plead temptations too great to be resisted, for they have the plucking of all the rich idiots in the world. I asked a Boston man and he indignantly denied that there had been any sin in Boston since

Fulton's time [the Rev. Justin Fulton]; and, as the Indians of the West generally confine their tonsorial operations to government agents, their love of murder becomes a virtue.

I went to none of these. He who goes in search of sin purchases a ticket for New York—that is, if he desires to see the article in all its native fierceness. Some one said to me that New York was the place to find original sin; but I do not so believe. I found there none but the improved article. [Applause.]

When boys of experience go swimming, they plunge into the water all over, that they may take the shock at once and be done with it. With the same idea, I wanted to see first the hugest and largest specimen of wickedness I could find—the Ichthyosaurus of iniquity—before taking the whales, the porpoises, and the smaller fry.

"Show me the largest thing you have in wickedness," said I to my friend, who immediately tossed up a copper to determine whether he should introduce me to a Wall Street gold speculator, a railroad manager, a ward politician, or a burglar. It was, he said, an even thing between them. The railroad manager was indicated by the fall of coin, and I was introduced to one. I found him at ten in the morning managing a road to which he had not the ghost of a title; at eleven lunching with the ballet-girls and their hangers-on, who found employment at his theatre, which, by the way, was purchased with money earned by the railroad which the stockholders did not get; at twelve, remorselessly ruining a score of brokers who trusted his word; in the afternoon, dining with his corps of ballet-girls and his own professional bullies; and going to his bed in the morning, not for sleep, but for the quiet it afforded him to devise new and more startling rascalities. This man was a rascal born. He was possessed of not a particle of principle; there wasn't about him the slightest odor of honesty—he would have said "taint" in place of odor. He wallowed in infamy, not from any necessity, but because he preferred and liked it. He owned courts of justice and controlled them; he had judges in his hands and sheriffs at his beck, and with these as his instruments he committed outrages the lightest of which in a decently governed community, would have consigned him to a cell in a penitentiary, and on the frontier would have made him ornament a limb of a tree. Yet this man was, and is, courted and flattered and feasted; statesmen sit at his table; judges lunch with him, and New York feels honored by his being a citizen.

I interviewed James Gordon Bennett, and spent two days in Wall Street. That I might know how deep politicians dive, I attended a Democratic caucus in the Sixth Ward, and a few days after stood around the polls and saw the repeaters vote. I saw the Hon. John Morrissey, and made the acquaintance of a dozen street contractors. My friend, who knew the object of my coming, invited me to visit Water Street, and see men of the John Allen stripe, and also to explore the Peter Funk auction shops, but I declined. Why go from the greater to the smaller? Why investigate small scoundrels after going through the big ones? I made the acquaintance of a distinguished pugilist who was in training for a congressional nomination. He had committed a magnificent burglary, which was complicated somewhat with murder, had killed a man in a bar-room fight, and was about to appear in the prize-ring.

It was also a blessed thing for me that I got out of New York as I did. I hadn't been there three days before I felt an almost irresistible desire to steal something; the fourth day I could lie like a telegraph despatch, and I suppose in a week I should have got to be as bad as the rest of them. [Applause.]

It was also a blessed thing that I did not go to Washington during the administrations of Johnson or Buchanan. Going when I did I saw enough. In that virtuous city my investigations were confined to the three classes which make up its resident population—namely, those who have been in office, those who are in office, and those who want to be in office. They may be distinguished by the paper collars they wear: the first and last class always wear dirty ones. The first class spends its whole time in devising means to get away; the second, in getting their salaries raised that they may live on them, and in making their stay perpetual; the third, in getting something to eat till they get into the second class. My investigations were principally among the office-holders and the highest of them.

I saw cadetships sold for dollars; in fact, I was present at one transaction of the kind where the buyer and the representative who had the place for sale disagreed about twenty-five dollars, the difference being almost enough to split the trade. The man who wanted the cadetship swore roundly that he could get one cheaper. The representative swore with equal vehemence that it was impossible, as the vacancies had been mostly sold, and there were but few in the market. The scene reminded me so much of an encounter between two keen horse-jockeys in my beloved Vermont, that, like the Swiss soldier who hears the music of his native mountains, I wept. [Laughter.] The buyer insisted that he had been offered them for less, whereupon the representative let him into a congressional trade trick. He revealed the fact that members who were in arrears for board were in the habit of selling cadetships which they didn't have. "Go," said the virtuous member, "go and buy a cadetship of one of them, but demand proof that your son will be appointed before you pay your money. You'll come back to me quick enough, and be glad to deal with an honest man." [Laughter.] The difference was finally compromised. The buyer was one of the aristocracy of America, a manufacturer of patent medicines, and he had some millions of circulars which he desired to send through the mails. He paid the twenty-five dollars and in consideration thereof had the use of the member's frank for twenty days.

I met judges of courts in the Southern States, who, ten years ago, were hostlers in livery stables in the North, and whose knowledge of criminal law they had gained from standing in the prisoner's dock. I met other carpetbaggers equally meritorious, who overrun the conquered South like locusts, and who were just as voracious. Here the simile ends. They did not devour the green things they came upon—they preserved them carefully for the sake of their votes. [Applause.]

I saw men who had the reputation of being tolerably honest at home, voting away millions of acres of public lands to swindling corporations; but I did not see the transfer to them of their slice of the plunder. If I had seen this part of the play, I would not have exclaimed against their stupidity and carelessness, as I did at the time. In characterizing them as stupid and careless I did them great injustice. Every man of them knew what he was about; in fact, no one but a man who knows what he is about can live in a gorgeous mansion, drink champagne, and maintain such luxuries as carriages and servants, in a high-priced city like Washington, on a salary of five thousand dollars per year. It is true they have mileage in addition, and it is true also that members from New York go to Washington by way of New Orleans, and members from Kentucky by way of Bangor, Maine, but that will not account for their ability to meet such enormous expenditures. It is a cruel injustice to stigmatize a man as stupid who goes to Washington poor and returns rich on that salary. [Applause.]

I was particularly interested in men who had managed to maintain their seats in Congress twelve years by riding one hobby, and howling all those terrible years one cry. These men were incapable of voting intelligently on any question, and had not sense enough to know that, when the institution, the denunciation of which had made them, was dead, that they were dead, also. They were political corpses; but instead of being content to rest quietly in their graves, as gentlemanly and well-regulated corpses do, they insisted upon walking up and down the earth with their cerements clinging to them. They insisted upon renominations and reëlections, shrieking, that their fidelity to principle, as they termed their extreme fidelity to themselves, entitled them to a life-lease of a position in which they might rattle round, but could never fill.

One man, who had represented an advanced anti-slavery district, every voter in which was way beyond Wendell Phillips in his abolitionism, claimed the admiration of the world for having never wavered in his devotion to freedom, and the people yielded their praise, forgetting that had he ever wavered as much as a hair's breadth it would have been his political death. Because he had always voted with his party on the slavery question, which any man who can distinguish between right and wrong may comprehend, he asked to be allowed to continue in Congress and vote upon such questions as banks, tariffs, and other nice points in governmental matters, upon which men of ability have spent years of earnest thought. One of this class, who was on the Committee of Ways and Means, knowing me to be a man of business, asked me to tell him something about the National Debt.

This legislator explained to me his method of doing the business of the public. He said that it was easy enough in 1866 to vote on the "nigger question," even if it did get complicated sometimes, for all he had to do was to vote as Thad Stevens and Shellabarger did. The roll is called alphabetically, R, S, T, etc. His name was fortunately Thompson, and could only be called after Stevens. Had it been Adams, or Albright, or Banning, or Brown, or Curtis, or Channing, he would have been compelled to resign. But being Thompson, and T coming in the alphabet after S, it was easy enough. Stevens, yea; Shellabarger, yea; Thompson, yea; and vice versa. [Applause.] But the poor man was now in a bad way. Stevens is dead, and gone where all good men go. After a stormy life he is at last in heaven and at peace. In heaven, for he always fought for the right; at peace, for there are no pro-slavery Democrats there for him to fight. Stevens is dead, and Shellabarger is out of Congress, and the two Republican Representatives in the House whose names begin with S, are on different sides on all questions of the day. [Laughter.] Puzzled which side to take, he turned to the platforms of the party, but found, to his disgust, that they covered both sides, as all platforms do. He had observed that the platforms were always made by Federal office-holders, and singularly enough that whatever else they might contain, they invariably indorsed the administration of President Grant, and he went to that great man to find out if possible, what the principles of the party were.

"With which wing do you hold?" asked the perplexed Thompson.

"With which wing do I hold? I believe that 'Dexter' is the fastest trotting horse in America," was the clear and satisfactory response of this master of statecraft. [Applause.]

I met another class of politicians, who, to some extent, deceived me. I observed a baker's dozen who damned, with a vehemence that was edifying, Slavery and all its outgrowths. They denounced it as vile, unholy, and unchristian, and the least of its consequences as ruinous and destructive. They stood a long way in advance of Garrison and Phillips, and elbowed out of the way the oldest and most consistent anti-slavery men, on the score of their lack of Radicalism. I was lost in admiration, but I recovered myself when I learned the fact that these men were, as late as March 1861, defending slavery from the Bible, and damning with equal fervency, every one who doubted its divinity, its righteousness, or its expediency. Men who were ferocious, fire-eating, pro-slavery men as late as March 1861, by a sudden shift a month later, won the opportunity of making sad failures as Major-Generals, and afterwards by out-Heroding Herod in their devotion to liberty and equality, managed to occupy high seats in the Republican synagogue, from which sublime heights they looked down compassionately upon the old-time Liberty-party men of 1836, and with contempt upon the Free-soilers of 1848, and the Republicans of 1856. From this I gathered a valuable lesson, namely, that in politics it is well to do the right thing and be a good man provided you don't commence doing right and being good too soon. [Laughter and applause.]

I was in Washington in the time of a lunatic named Jencks, of Rhode Island, who, notwithstanding his experience in the House, fancied he could get a bill through it that had common sense in it. Laboring under that delusion, he introduced a bill requiring persons aspiring to positions under the government to appear before a Board of Examiners, and show that they had fitness therefor. He called it a Civil Service bill. The principle of the bill was so clearly right—so necessary indeed—that I supposed, in my innocence, it would become law at once. I supposed that members would chafe at the delay in pushing it through committees, and would worry at the time necessary to be sacrificed to red tape before they could get at it. I was the more certain that it would go through, for I knew of persons occupying responsible positions who never would have been trusted by the men who procured their appointments with any business of their own. I knew of common gamblers and common swindlers in places where they had the handling of government money, and as they were buying farms in their native counties, on salaries of eighteen hundred dollars per year, it was evident that they handled to advantage. I found, in all the departments, mediocres, imbeciles, incompetents, nothings, rakes, gamblers, peculators, plunderers, scoundrels; and as this bill of Mr. Jencks was intended to cure all this, I supposed, of course, that it would pass—indeed, I wondered that it had not been made law before. But it did not pass. One Representative was shocked that any one could be so heartless as to propose it. When I intimated that the interests of the people demanded it, he promptly replied, with a show of much indignation, that take away his patronage, which this bill did, and he couldn't hold his position at all—indeed, without it he couldn't be renominated.

"But," said I, "I know of a Revenue Officer of your appointing who is as complete a scoundrel as ever went unhung."

"True," was the reply. "I know it, too; but he can carry the delegates of the third ward of my city at any time, and without him at my back I stand no chance whatever."

I did not tell him, as perhaps I should have done, that while a failure to secure a renomination might work badly for the Representative himself, and possibly for his wife and eldest daughter, and the ring of followers the possession of the offices gave him, nevertheless the rest of the world would manage to get along in some way if he were not renominated. [Applause.] I did not intimate, which I might have done, that the very fact that he could not be renominated but for the influence given him by the offices he controlled, was a good reason why he should not be renominated; indeed, a sufficient one. But this Representative was laboring under the delusion that he was in Washington solely for his own benefit, and I discovered that perhaps half his associates cherished the same idea. I did suggest to him that he might go out of Congress and go home.

"But what could I do at home?" he asked.

The conundrum was too heavy for me, and I gave it up. I couldn't really see what such a man could do at home. [Applause.] And as I saw so many like him, it occurred to me that in half the districts, at least, whenever they found a man absolutely good for nothing among them they sent him to Congress, on the principle that there must be some use for all men. And in filling other official positions, the rule adopted was precisely opposite that which governed men in the selection of men to do their own business. The question of fitness was never raised, and the strongest thing that could be said for a man, was that he couldn't get a living at anything else. The offices of the country were made into so many hospitals for genteel imbecility. [Applause.]

I stayed in Washington long enough to witness an effort to repeal the franking privilege. I saw it stated—nay, proven—that members had sold the use of their franks to lottery dealers, to bogus publishers, to patent medicine men—to all, in short, who desired the free use of the mails. I waded through columns of figures, showing the cost of delivery of thousands of tons of that delightful and improving literature—Patent Office Reports and Statistics of Commerce—to the people (the statistics of commerce going invariably to farmers, and the agricultural reports to merchants), the printing and carrying of which was to be charged directly to this privilege. I saw tons of public documents in their original wrappers, piled up in the shops of the dealers in old paper, all of which the government paid a dozen prices for, as it does for everything else. I knew one young man in my native town, born of poor but honest parents, who had ambition to rise. He supposed that a careful reading and study of the reports was necessary to his being well informed, and, with a heroism that would have made him great had it been properly directed, he did read all that his Congressman sent him. [Laughter.] In one year that hapless youth was in a lunatic asylum, and his Representative wasn't much of a man for sending documents either. I saw the poor fellow a week ago sitting by a table in a state of hopeless lunacy, muttering to himself something about the imports of hides from Brazil. [Laughter.]

As in the case of the Civil Service bill, I supposed the repeal would pass at once, but I was undeceived one night. I was present at a caucus called to strangle it by the loudest-mouthed advocates of the measure. I was made aware that the proposition to repeal was merely a tub thrown to that stupid whale, the public, with which it should amuse itself till the throwers got safely away with the plunder they had previously grabbed. I saw the same thing done with other measures in other ways. I knew one member who had been elected by pledging himself to the repeal of a law obnoxious to the people of his district, who called a meeting of members to insure its defeat as soon as he should introduce it. He secured enough votes to defeat it certainly, and then brought in his bantling and made a sham fight over it, in which there was much beating of rhetorical gongs, and much blowing of oratorical trumpets, and he pretended to weep with rage when it was strangled. The ingenious man was of course applauded by his constituency for his manly struggle in defence of the right, and triumphantly re-elected. His constituents denounced bitterly, by resolution, the members who voted against the measure, but as they represented other districts it didn't hurt them much.

"Why," I exclaimed in wonder, "doesn't some honest member expose these scoundrelly practices?"

"Where will you find the honest member?" was the pertinent interrogatory in answer.

I saw offices created for the sole purpose of making places for the adherents of members. I attended caucuses, and found that in the discussion of pending measures, the only question was, "How will this affect the party?" I saw measures, the success of which seemed to me to be of the highest and gravest importance, slaughtered mercilessly that the re-election of one member might be assured; and I saw the nation made absurd in the eyes of the world, because one member had a thousand Irish votes in his district which he was trying to catch by baiting them with thin buncombe. I saw members from one State agree to vote for swindles proposed by members from other States, upon condition that the favor should be returned on demand.

When I went to Washington I leaned towards the idea of universal salvation—I left as rigidly orthodox as the most rigid could desire. [Laughter and applause.] I was convinced that if there was no lake of fire and brimstone and a very hot one, in the future, there had been a gross error made. Afterwards I returned to my original belief; but in view of the fact that even Congressmen were to be eventually saved with others, I had to recall the other fact that the thieves on the cross were pardoned, before I could comprehend the depths and breadth of infinite mercy. [Applause.]

My soul was debilitated with the quantity and quality of the depravity I had taken in, and I wanted a moral tonic. I left Washington and went to Trenton, the capital of New Jersey, to recuperate. I tarried in Trenton, believing that members of the State Legislature being chosen from the rural population,—in coming to a State capital I had struck the right shop for virtue. I was undeceived—indeed, I was in the business of being undeceived. Before I had been about the State-House a day I saw enough stupidity, peculation, and corruption to make me almost despair of popular government.

"Thank God," I exclaimed, "that Japanese customs do not prevail in New Jersey."

"To what particular customs do you allude?" asked a New Jersey man, who had spent a whole winter in a vain attempt to restrain a monopoly which was devouring his substance.

"I allude to that one which compels a Japanese official to commit hara-kiri the moment he commits a blunder or a crime. I thanked the Lord that it did not obtain here, for if it did, there never would be a quorum in the New Jersey legislature." [Applause.]

Never shall I forget the look of indignation that venerable man fixed upon me. "You are a man," said he, "and doubtless had a mother. Can you cherish such a hatred of the people of New Jersey as to thank God that the lack of a custom so wholesome as the one you mention entails upon them such a legislature?" And he lifted up his hands in horror.

I saw a bill introduced contracting the privilege of a monopoly. I saw the attorney of that monopoly meet the members who had introduced and avocated the bill, and ask in plain, unvarnished English without circumlocution or attempt at disguise, how many dollars paid in hand they would take to kill it. One new member—he was in his first session, and was therefore virtuous [laughter]—opposed the sale vigorously. He was offered one hundred dollars, but he refused, denouncing the monopoly as odious. At two hundred and fifty dollars, he wasn't quite certain that it was a monopoly; at five hundred dollars, he knew it wasn't a monopoly, but he thought that the interests of the people demanded a curtailment of privilege, at least in part; at seven hundred and fifty dollars, he really did not know what to do about it—it was a puzzling thing, and required thought; at one thousand dollars he swore that the company was a blessing to the State, and that the attempt to injure it by imposing legislative restrictions was an outrage, and he voted against the bill with thundering emphasis. This man's sense of right, like an old musket, was honeycombed, and not strong enough at the breech to bear a severe trial without bursting. One thousand dollars was too much pressure on the square inch, and it exploded. [Applause.] The money was paid, the bill was defeated by the men who introduced it, and that night the hotels swam in champagne.

"If there is no virtue in rural legislators," I asked myself, "where will you look for it?" I pondered on this conundrum, and finally got an answer. Less should be expected of a ruralist than of the more wealthy dweller in cities. Human nature is the same in city and country. It takes less to make a yeoman rich than it does a banker or merchant, and consequently it takes less to buy him.

"But don't the perpetrators of all this iniquity get fearful sometimes of being brought to account?" I asked.

"No," was the answer. "Firm in the belief that mankind is divided into two classes, rascals and ninnies, they march on confident and secure. They fleece the ninnies, and divide with the rascals, which is the sum total of New Jersey legislation."

"But reputation?" I said, inquiringly.

My friend replied with an anecdote after the manner of Lincoln. Two fellows were in a lock-up one night, a policeman having picked them up for being drunk and disorderly. One of them was in that peculiar stage of drunkenness in which the victim feels he is abused.

"This is infamous," he said. "My reputation is lost!"

"Lost!—your reputation's lost!" exclaimed the other with a thick voice, as he clung swaying to the bars. "Your reputation's lost! There ain't nothing mean about me, Harry; take mine!" [Laughter.]

"There isn't," said the cynic, "a member of the body who wouldn't be glad to trade his reputation for anybody else's."

I went sadly on. Sadly, for in my investigations I had found a thousand times more of iniquity than I had any idea could have existed. I had not calculated on the certainty of the crop or the enormity of the yield. I started out, like the naturalist, in search of what I supposed to be a rare plant, and I found myself in a wilderness of it. I expected to browse about the world, taking here a nip and there a nip of iniquity, but I found myself, whichever way I turned, in broad meadows of it, like a horse in clover. I had found the man of sin honored in business circles in New York, honored and applauded at the National capital, and in the State capitals. He had been introduced to me as a merchant, as a railroad manager, as a banker, as a representative; I found him in the Senate, in the Cabinet, and on the Supreme Bench; I saw him sitting in force in both branches of a State legislature; I found him everywhere.

On my way home I stumbled into a convocation of reformers, who had gathered to organize for the promotion of an object in which I could see great good. I seated myself as gladly in their midst as a traveler in the great desert sits down by the side of running water and under the grateful shade of trees. Here, I thought, there can be neither envy, malice, ambition, or self-seeking, for these labor for humanity; each will insist, not upon his own good, but the preferment of others. I expected to find so much of self-abnegation that I was troubled when I thought how much valuable time would be wasted in vain attempts to organize, as each would be determined to force the honor of the movement upon others. There were seventy present, and it was agreed to elect the officers of the association by ballot. Alas! for my belief. When the ballots were counted out it was found that sixty-nine of the seventy had each just one vote for president, and the handwriting on the ballots betrayed the awkward fact that each had voted for himself. One had two votes,—his own, and mine,—which elected him; whereupon the meeting broke up in disorder, and each of the sixty-nine started a society of his own, of which he could be the head. [Laughter and applause.]

All my life I had occupied what might be called a neutral position on the Woman question. I had been what might be called a Conservative-Radical; or, to state my position more definitely, for I like to be accurate, a Radical-Conservative. I had not so high an opinion of the sex as some of my friends, or so low as others. There are those who are so crazy in their adoration of the sex as to assert that no man ever met a woman without being the better for it. These I always crushed by asking them if Adam was the better for having met Eve? On the other hand, when a railer at the weaknesses of the sex would assert that no woman ever kept a secret, I crushed him by demanding the name and post-office address of any unmarried woman above twenty-five who had ever divulged her age, or any woman, married, single, or divorced, who ever confided to any one the fact that her hair, teeth, or complexion were artificial. [Laughter.] I held, and had always held, that the virtues were inherent in woman, and so believing felt it unnecessary to look for sin among them, that is, to any alarming extent.

My experience in New York, Washington, and Trenton shook my faith in woman somewhat. I discovered that women can be wicked, and when they are wicked they are very wicked. I found that they are not all truthful; and that when they set out to lie, they do it with an ease, a grace, a smoothness that sugar-coats the most audacious falsification, and makes it go down as easily as the sweetest truth. I found them horribly insincere in everything relating to the stronger sex. They would flirt and trifle with them, and I never heard but one who even condemned the practice, and her condemnation, severe as it was, did not count when I cited it, for she was thirty-nine, and had had smallpox, and cross-eyes, and wore a wig, and was thin and angular, and had freckles, and very sandy hair, and her nose turned up, and her teeth were bad, and she didn't know how to dress, and had large feet, and very large bony hands, and a stoop in her shoulders, and some other defects in her person unnecessary to enumerate, as from what I have said regarding her you may infer that she was not the belle of her native village. She protested vehemently against this thing of ensnaring young men, and when they had lost all control of themselves in their adoration, of casting them off heartlessly. She had never done it, nor never would—she had always blasted their budding hopes at the beginning. When I repeated this noble resolution to a bevy of girls, dressed artlessly in ringlets and white muslin, they winked at each other and tittered. The noble example I set before them did not produce the effect I hoped. [Laughter.]

I found them vain. I knew women between the ages of eighteen and twenty-four who habitually consumed four hours each day in adorning their persons, that they might enjoy the ecstasy of a half hour's promenade to show their feathers. They never returned in good humor—they were invariably disappointed. If there should be no crowd to gaze upon them, they lost the object of their going; if there was a crowd, they always encountered some woman arrayed still more gorgeously, which was poison. Then, again, they lack judgment as to the man upon whom to lavish their admiration. They esteem appearance and pretension more than they do real manly beauty and intellect. I have known them to pass ME by with the merest and coldest nod, and blossom out all over with smiles at the approach of a fop, whose mustache was like a baseball club, nine on a side, and whose other points were as weak as his mustache. [Laughter.]

But these were the lightest of the sins I found I would have to charge to them. I found that they were sometimes avaricious, and that when avaricious, for absolute downright stinginess and closeness the most intense miser was an infant beside them. As their capacity for good was greater and higher than man's, so was their capacity for evil, which made me thank the Lord that physically they are weaker, and that home influences set the most of their heads in the right direction, and the lack of opportunity keeps them following their noses.

My attention was, however, directed more particularly to their intolerable extravagance and recklessness in expenditure, at which my soul groaned. I observed women whose chignons were larger than themselves, whose ordinary dress cost more than an ordinary farm, and whose habits had become so luxurious as to make the support of one a matter of grave consideration. Particularly was I shocked to notice in all cases that trimming—the mere ornamentation—cost twice or thrice as much as the dress itself, and that the labor of making and attaching this ornamentation was more than either. I saw genius employed, not in permanently beautifying the world, but in decking a weak woman for an afternoon walk or drive. I wept bitter tears as I saw on their heads false hair, on their cheeks artificial color, and over all dress, the primary object of which was appearance. I cast up in my mind the cost of apparel which would serve all the real uses of clothing, namely, the protection of the body from the elements, and sighed as I compared it with the bills of the dressmaker. And all this extravagant expenditure in a world in which there are thousands in darkness for want of means to enlighten them, and thousands starving for want of food.

When I reached home I thanked the Lord that I brought with me a moral constitution sound and unimpaired. As I neared my village, and saw the spire of the church rising above the grove in which it nestled, I involuntarily thanked Heaven that I could lay me down that night where there was no sin.

During my absence I had acquired a habit of observation which I could not help indulging, and I commenced making notes of what few trifling departures came under my notice.

I did observe that Seth Robinson—Deacon Robinson,

—one of our two merchants, was given to covetousness, and nourished too strong a desire for worldly goods. To get gain he would rise every morning at the unchristian hour of four to set his store in order, and the hours between four and seven he passed in nervous misery, waiting for customers who were yet taking that delicious nap before rising which all properly constituted and evenly-balanced men and women so highly appreciate. Then he pursued his business all day so eagerly, was so careful that in every transaction the odd penny should be turned in his favor, held open his place of business so late in the night to catch the last late buyer, and finally closed so regretfully to think that eight long hours would elapse before there could be more money-getting.

Of all this I could hardly approve. It is well for the new beginner to have all this care, and be at all these pains for dollars, for he has his fortune to make. It would be well for one advanced in years, who was accumulating money for some great charity, to be thus eager in pursuit of coppers; but the Deacon is not only rich, but he is sixty. He can't enjoy the money he has on this earth; he can't take it with him; and if he could it would do him no good—it would melt! He will hold to every dollar he can make so long as there is strength in his fingers. Money-getting, in his case, is simply avarice,—the desire to get money for the sake of money,—which is about the lowest and the meanest of the vices. What better is the Deacon than Fisk or Vanderbilt, save in the extent of their operations? The one grasps dollars, the other pennies; but they both grasp, and therein is the sin. The Deacon is a small Vanderbilt; but unfortunately sins are estimated as are eggs—by count, not weight. The sin is as heinous if it does not produce such great results.

I turned from Robinson, and contemplated his rival in business—Bibney. Bibney was the opposite of Robinson, and to me a more pleasing picture to look upon. He was noted for his charity, and was regarded by his neighbors as one whose soul melted with love to all mankind. I saw him give five dollars to a poor man who had fallen on the street, and I warmed towards him, for the man was needy, and I was exercised in my mind for fear that some of my neighbors would not relieve him. I would have liked it better had he slipped the money quietly in his hand and passed on. I thought at the time that he was rather loud-mouthed in his pity, and that he brandished his bank-note in the faces of the crowd that had gathered twice or thrice too many times, but he gave the five dollars. I was astonished, and confess grieved, on tracking this charity to its hole—for it ended in a hole—to find that he paid the village editor twice the amount of the gift to have a circumstantial account of the transaction published to the world. I was more astonished and grieved at unearthing the fact that he had arranged with the mendicant to fall where he did, that a crowd might be gathered to witness his generosity. I noticed also that the fifteen dollars had been well expended, for his store was crowded for a week.

Bibney's wife belonged to the Presbyterian church, but he attended them all. He had the reputation of giving liberally to all, but the acute man managed to maintain a reputation for liberality without giving to any. The Presbyterians never got anything, "for you know," he would say, "I have to give to all of them, and really it is too much of a tax." To the others he would plead his wife's membership with the Presbyterians, and the fact that it took all that he could afford from other charities to keep "our own church going." I saw him once walk a square out of his way for a week to avoid the necessity of dropping a small coin into the box of a disabled soldier, who was grinding a livelihood out of an exasperating hand-organ.

I found an admirable contrast to Bibney in Mrs. Virginia Swan, the gifted writer of spiritual hymns. "There," said I to myself, "must be a perfect character. These outgushings of love for her kind, these verses swelling with love, gentleness and goodness, can only flow from a pure soul. The fountain must be pure if the stream is." I found that this theory will do better in the matter of streams than in souls—that very barren souls are full of sentiment and gush, and gush, and do nothing else. When I got to the bottom of it, I found that Mrs. Swan wrote her beautiful spiritual hymns in the coldest-blooded business way imaginable. She panted for fame, and had the knack of writing hymns. Determined to make a name, she commenced writing comic songs, and would have continued had she made a success. But she did not; and she attempted blood-and-thunder novels, till Sylvanus Cobb drove her from that field, when she struck the spiritual vein, and worked it to great advantage. She would have written bacchanalian odes just as soon if it would have given her the same notoriety. The soul of the poetess would shed the sweetest charity, and pity, and love, and so forth, but the hand of the poetess never shed bread and meat and potatoes enough to keep her servant-girl plump in her clothes. I was compelled to give her up. Spiritual hymns can't be offset against starving servant-girls, until the reading of spiritual hymns will make them as plump as will the meat and potatoes they ought to have.

The Reverend Elnathan Black, I thought, would help me out of my trouble, for he had always been to me the chief among ten thousand, and the one altogether lovely. I supposed him to be a perfect man, if such there could be on the face of the earth. But, alas! I was mistaken in this as in everything else. A close examination—a little stripping off of veneering here, and a little digging out of putty there, showed me the ugliest and most ungainly piece of moral furniture I had ever seen. He had plastered pretence over meanness, and his protestations of goodness covered his daily violation of everything good. He wore his piety on the same principle that governed the Quaker when he said to his son, "John, if thee has a particularly bad horse to trade off, put on thy broadest hat." The elder always had a bad horse to trade off, and he wore, habitually, a broad hat, and an ugly looking sinner he was without it.

Deacon Kitt served to prolong my investigation just a minute. Professing temperance in all things, he was a glutton, and carried a red nose. He took his rations regularly, but not honestly. He did not confess to himself that he really loved stimulants, but he was perpetually persuading himself that he had the dyspepsia, and needed them. He wasn't ingenious even in his excuses for drinking, for when reproached with taking liquor raw, he stammeringly replied that he didn't dare to put water in it for fear of dropsy. [Laughter.] His entire devotion to drink I noticed the first time the unsophisticated man was given a mint julep, which he said he took for dyspepsia. With the taste of the delicious compound titillating his palate,—the coolness of the ice struggling with the genial warmth of the liquor,—the fragrance of the mint assailing one sense, while the other ingredients held mastery over the others, the poor man dropped his glass and burst into tears. "And there ain't none of this in the next world," gasped he. "I never dreaded death as much as now." [Laughter.] He was trying to deceive the world, and succeeded, as is always the case, in deceiving himself. His neighbors were certain of his being a confirmed drunkard, long before he began to suspect it.

I was by this time in a state of disgust. I had gone abroad for sin, and had found it; and I had found under my very nose almost every sin that had startled me abroad. But one thought gave me comfort—there could be no political iniquity in our community.

Walking out one afternoon, I found myself in a crowd who were listening to an orator, who proved to be none other than Cicero Leatherlungs, my cousin, who had served one term in Congress, and was a candidate for re-election. I had never given Cicero credit for being much of a patriot, and was therefore delighted at the amount of it he exhibited, as well as with the eloquence with which he adorned it. He denounced, in burning words, the corruption of which his opponent had been guilty—the said denunciation including not only the particular species of corruption his opponent was charged with practising, but all other kinds. Particularly was the use of money in elections denounced as anti-republican, and calculated to sap the very foundations of the government. I was so delighted at this, that the very moment he had finished I rushed up to congratulate him. "Your noble sentiments," I said,—but I never finished the sentence. He hurried away to a tavern hard by to meet his committee. I followed and got inside just in time to see that breast pocket a plethoric pocket-book, and distribute money to the most villainous and brutish men I had ever seen, and of whose existence I had been ignorant up to this moment. He gave this one one hundred dollars to be offered Jones for the use of his doggery on election day; that one fifty dollars to keep the Irish laborers in Johnson's stone-quarry drunk till after they had voted; another one hundred dollars for carriages and men to bring to the polls the idiots and lunatics from such of the county poorhouses as were under the control of his friends; winding up with the remark, as he put up his pocket-book, that by the time he got the other four counties fixed, he would have spent every last cent of the money he got for his vote in favor of the Aurora Borealis Railroad Land Grant.

These things had all been charged upon Cicero, and I discovered that the best and most intelligent of his supporters knew the charges to be true; but they were supporting him nevertheless, for he was "our candidate." "But how came so bad a man to be our candidate?" I asked; the answer to which was that when he was nominated the first time his worthlessness was not known; that when his bad qualities were discovered, he declined to be dropped. He had the appointing of all the Federal officers in the District;—these officials were strong and active enough to control the conventions that nominate candidates for the elective offices, and these two classes of officials control the Congressional nominating convention. In short, I ascertained the important fact, that, let a bad man once get into Congress, he can, if he is shrewd, stay there a long time, for the government kindly furnishes him the means to perpetuate his stay.

By this time I had determined in my own mind that there wasn't a particle more of sin abroad than at home. Every sin that I discovered abroad I found duplicated at home, and its growth was just as rank and vigorous. The plant was native to all soils; the only difference was in size, resulting from the strength or weakness of the soil in which it was planted.

Grieved as I was, I took comfort in the thought that I, at least, was free from it. That thought gave me unspeakable happiness and I determined that my household should be as free from it as myself.

My wife was a woman, and I noticed that she nourished all the follies of the sex. She was as extravagant in dress as any of her friends, and I took her to task for it. I told her that there were thousands of suffering poor in the world whose necessities could be relieved by a tithe of what she wore that was unnecessary. I reminded her of the fact that flounces, furbelows, jewelry, false hair, etc., were totally useless, and could be dispensed with as well as not, and how much better would it be to use the money they cost in charitable works. And I showered over her much wisdom of this kind. She was an obedient wife, and bowing her head submissively, retired to her room, from which she emerged in a few minutes. She had carried out my wishes to the letter. She was without hoops and her dress hung limp about her person. Her chignon, which was her crowning glory, was gone, and her natural hair was twisted into a small and insignificant knot at the back of her head. She had no collar, no cuffs, no rings, pins, in short she was divested of all those helps to figure and form which the sex know so well how to employ.

Ordinarily she was counted a handsome woman;—as she stood before me in that shape, I confess I was astounded at her superlative ugliness.

"Come," said she, meekly. "It is time we were on our way to the concert."

I did not go to the concert with my wife in that guise. On the contrary, with much hemming and hawing,—for no man likes to go back on himself,—I meekly asked her to resume her natural garb.

My experiment at reform with the female part of my household had the appearance of a failure. I was compelled to confess that, after all, we, the stronger sex, who rail at the extravagance of women, are in the main responsible for it; that the average woman dresses herself more to please the average man than to please herself; and further, that the average man likes her a thousand times better for the additional beauty and grace that dress gives her, all of which she perfectly understands. [Applause.]

Still I felt that the wants of the poor must be relieved, and that the relief ought to come out of our superfluities. I therefore nerved myself to make a sacrifice. I sold my gold watch and purchased a silver one in its stead, and the difference—I invested in government bonds, which were at that time at a discount, with a certainty of a rise. [Laughter and applause.]

My habit of investigation had got possession of me. While I was congratulating myself on my righteousness and deploring every one else's sin, it so happened that I was bargaining for a piece of real estate adjoining my own. In the course of the making of the bargain, I caught myself deliberately underrating the property, and most zealously endeavoring to get it for less than I knew it to be worth. My late experience had given me a sharp scent for sin, and I had learned to detect it at sight. I was astonished at the richness of the vein I struck, even in myself. I found that in my own case I had mistaken dyspepsia for humility, obstinacy for devotion to principle, and conceit for righteousness generally. I found, for instance, that my sternness in withstanding public opinion was not so much the willingness to be sacrificed for the sake of right, as it was a mule-like disposition to stay where I had planted my hoofs from sheer stubbornness in refusing to admit that I had ever been or ever could be in the wrong. I recalled the conversation I had with my neighbor on the subject of the land, and, to my horror, I found that within twenty-four hours I had told sixty lies direct; one hundred and thirty, by implication, and had made two hundred misrepresentations, which the recording angel doubtless counted as lies, though in this world of gigantic falsification they hardly rise to that dignity. I lied because I coveted my neighbor's land—two sins in one. In what am I better than Robinson?

The very next day I found myself paying too close attention to the wife of my neighbor Ames—Ames being in California and Mrs. Ames being a beautiful woman; and one more of the pillars of my self-righteousness was knocked out from under me. That same afternoon, in paying a note, I permitted a mistake made by the holder thereof in computing interest to go uncorrected, and I was compelled to confess myself a thief.

The next day I tarried two hours and a half at dinner, which stamped me as much of a glutton as Kitt. When the blessing was asked, reference was made therein to

Providence for his good gifts. I only thought how good Providence was that gave us asparagus in the spring, then in succession green peas, strawberries, grapes, oysters, spareribs, hot whisky, and so on, an unending round of something good to eat and drink. I was no better in this than Kitt—not a particle. That very evening I colored the statement of the trouble of a neighbor whom I did not like, to his great disadvantage, and brought myself in guilty of bearing false witness against my neighbor; I caught myself in church estimating the probable profits of a business operation I had just concluded; which satisfied me that I had other gods than the one Living One; in short, I discovered the alarming fact that every day of my life I committed all the sins in the Decalogue. I had been horrified at the sin I had seen away; more so at learning that all I had seen abroad was going on regularly at home; and still more so to find that all I had found away and at home existed in full force and vigor in myself; that I cherished and practised in one form or another every sin that I had seen in anybody else. And what humbled me was the fact that the knowledge that I had all these moral blemishes was not confined to myself. My discovery of the fact was recent —my neighbors had always known it.

I at last found the man of sin. I was the man. I am now busily engaged in reforming,—not the world, but myself, and I hope I am succeeding. I succeeded in checking myself in time to save lies only yesterday; I am now correcting all errors in accounts that are in my favor; in short, by dint of hard work and careful watching, I have got to a point of excellence where it is perfectly safe to say that I am no longer distinctively "the man of sin." My hearers, all of you who try hard enough and watch closely enough may in the course of a great many years, if you are gifted and have patience, get to be as good as I am. I know you will shrink from a task so apparently hopeless, but I assure you the reward is great enough to justify the trial. [Applause.]

JOHN LORD

OLIVER CROMWELL

[Lecture by Dr. John Lord, clergyman and historical lecturer (born in Berwick, Maine, September 10, 1809; died in Stamford, Connecticut, December 15, 1894), one of his series on the great epochs and master minds of civilization, delivered in numerous cities and towns, during the latter part of his career as a lecturer on historical subjects, which extended over half a century.]

Ladies and Gentlemen:—The most difficult character in history to treat critically, and the easiest to treat rhetorically, perhaps, is Oliver Cromwell; after two centuries and more he is still a puzzle: his name, like that of Napoleon, is a doubt. Some regard him with unmingled admiration; some detest him as a usurper; and many look upon him as a hypocrite. Nobody questions his ability; and his talents were so great that some bow down to him on that account, out of reverence for strength, like Carlyle. On the whole he is a popular idol, not for his strength, but for his cause, since he represents the progressive party in his day in behalf of liberty,—at least until his protectorate began. Then new issues arose; and while he appeared as a great patriot and enlightened ruler, he yet reigned as an absolute monarch, basing his power on a standing army.

But whatever may be said of Cromwell as a statesman, general, or ruler, his career was remarkable and exceedingly interesting. His character, too, was unique and original; hence we are never weary of discussing him. In studying his character and career, we also have our

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minds directed to the great ideas of his tumultuous and agitated age, for he, like Napoleon, was the product of revolution. He was the offspring of mighty ideas,—he did not create them; original thinkers set them in motion, as Rousseau enunciated the ideas which led to the French Revolution. The great thinkers of the Sixteenth and Seventeenth centuries were divines, the men whom the Reformation produced. It was Luther preaching the right of private judgment, and Calvin pushing out the doctrine of the majesty of God to its remotest logical sequence, and Latimer appealing to every man's personal responsibility to God, and Gustavus Adolphus fighting for religious liberty, and the Huguenots protesting against religious persecution, and Thomas Cromwell sweeping away the abominations of the Papacy, and the Geneva divines who settled in England during the reign of Elizabeth,—it was all these that produced Oliver Cromwell.

He was a Puritan, and hence he was a reformer, not in church matters merely, but in all those things which are connected with civil liberty,—for there is as close a connection between Protestantism and liberty as between Catholicism and absolutism. The Puritans intensely hated everything which reminded them of Rome, even the holidays of the Church, organs, stained-glass, cathedrals, and the rich dresses of the clergy. They even tried to ignore Christmas and Easter, though consecrated by the early Church. They hated the Middle Ages, looked with disgust upon the past, and longed to try experiments, not only in religion, but in politics and social life. The only antiquity which had authority to them was the Jewish Commonwealth, because it was a theocracy, and recognized God Almighty as the supreme ruler of the world. Hence they adhered to the strictness of the Jewish Sabbath, and baptized their children with Hebrew names.

Now to such a people, stern, lofty, ascetic, legal, spiritual,—conservative of whatever the Bible reveals, yet progressive and ardent for reforms,—the rule of the Stuarts was intolerable. It was intolerable because it seemed to lean towards Catholicism, and because it was tyrannical and averse to changes. The King was ruled by favorites; and these favorites were either bigots in religion, like Archbishop Laud, or were tyrannical or unscrupulous in their efforts to sustain the King in despotic measures and crush popular agitations, like the Earl of Strafford, or were men of pleasure and vanity like the Duke of Buckingham. Charles I was detested by the Puritans even more than his father James. They looked upon him as more than half a Papist, a despot, utterly insincere, indifferent to the welfare of the country, intent only on exalting himself and his throne at the expense of the interests of the people, whose aspirations he scorned and whose rights he trampled upon. In his eyes they had no *rights*, only *duties;* and duties to him as an anointed sovereign, to rule as he liked, with parliaments or without parliaments; yea, to impose taxes arbitrarily, and grant odious monopolies: for the State was his, to be managed as a man would manage a farm; and those who resisted this encroachment on the liberties of the nation were to be fined, imprisoned, executed, as pestilent disturbers of the public peace. He would form dangerous alliances with Catholic powers, marry his children to Catholic princes, appoint Catholics to high office, and compromise the dignity of the nation as a Protestant State. His ministers, his judges, his high officials were simply his tools, and perpetually insulted the nation by their arrogance, their venality, and their shameful disregard of the Constitution. In short, he seemed bent on imposing a tyrannical yoke, hard to be endured, and to punish unlawfully those who resisted it, or even murmured against it. He would shackle the press, and muzzle the members of parliament.

Thus did this King appear to the Puritans,—at this time a large and influential party, chiefly Presbyterian, and headed by many men of rank and character, all of whom detested the Roman Catholic religion as the source of all religious and political evils, and who did not scruple to call the Papacy by the hardest names, such as the "Scarlet Mother," "Antichrist," and the like. They had seceded from the Established Church in the reign of Elizabeth, and became what was then called Non-conformists. Had they been treated wisely, had any respect been shown to their opinions and rights,—for the right of worshipping God according to individual conscience is the central and basal pillar of Protestantism,—had this undoubted right of private judgment, the great emancipating idea of that age, been respected, the Puritans would have sought relief in constitutional resistance, for they were conservative and loyal, as English people ever have been, even in Canada and Australia.

They were not bent on revolution; they only desired reform. So their representatives in Parliament framed the famous "Petition of Rights," in which were reasserted the principles of constitutional liberty. This earnest, loyal, but angry Parliament, being troublesome, was dissolved, and Charles undertook for eleven years to reign without one,—against all precedents,—with Strafford and Laud for his chief advisers and ministers. He reigned by Star-chamber decrees, High-commission courts, issuing proclamations, resorting to forced loans, tampering with justice, removing judges, imprisoning obnoxious men without trial, insulting and humiliating the Puritans, and openly encouraging a religion of "millineries and upholsteries," not only illegally, but against the wishes and sentiments of the better part of the nation,—thus undermining his own throne; for all thrones are based on the love of the people.

The financial difficulties of the King—for the most absolute of kings cannot extort all the money they want—compelled him to assemble another Parliament at an alarming crisis of popular indignation which he did not see, when popular leaders began to say that even kings must rule by the people and not without the people.

This new Parliament, with Hampden and Pym for leaders, though fierce and aggressive, would have been contented with constitutional reform, like Mirabeau at one period. But the King, ill-advised, obstinate, blinded, would not accept reform; he would reign like the Bourbons, or not at all. The reforms which the Parliament desired were reasonable and just. It would abolish arbitrary arrests, the Star-chamber decrees, taxes without its consent, cruelty to Non-conformists, the ascendency of priests, irresponsible ministers, and offensive symbols of Romanism. If these reforms had been granted,—and such a sovereign as Elizabeth would have yielded, however reluctantly,—there would have been no English revolution. Or even if the popular leaders had been more patient, and waited for their time, and been willing to carry out these reforms constitutionally, there would have been no revolution. But neither the King nor Parliament would yield, and the Parliament was dissolved.

The next Parliament was not only angry, it was defiant and unscrupulous. It resolved on revolution, and determined to put the King himself aside. It began with vigorous measures, and impeached both Laud and Strafford,—doubtless very able men, but not fitted for their times. It decreed sweeping changes, usurped the executive authority, appealed to arms, and made war on the government. The King also on his part appealed to the sword, which now alone could settle the difficulties. The contest was inevitable. The nation clamored for reform; the King would not grant it; the Parliament would not wait to secure it constitutionally. Both parties were angry and resolute; reason departed from the councils of the nation; passion now ruled, and civil war began. It was not, at first, a question about the form of government,—whether a king or an elected ruler should bear sway; it was purely a question of reforms in the existing government, limiting of course the power of the King,—but reforms deemed so vital to the welfare of the nation that the best people were willing to shed their blood to secure them; and if reason and moderation could have borne sway, that angry strife might have been averted. But people will not listen to reason in times of maddening revolution; they prefer to fight, and run their chances and incur the penalty. And when contending parties appeal to the sword, then all ordinary rules are set aside, and success belongs to the stronger, and the victors exact what they please. The rules of all deadly and desperate warfare seem to recognize this.

The fortune of war put the King into the hands of the revolutionists; and in fear, more than in vengeance, they executed him,—just what he would have done to their leaders if he had won. "Stone-dead," said Faulkland, "hath no fellow." In a national conflagration we lose sight of laws, even of written constitutions. Great necessities compel extraordinary measures, not such as are sustained either by reason or precedents. The great lesson of war, especially of civil war, is, that contending parties might better make great concessions than resort to it, for it is certain to demoralize a nation. Heated partisans hate compromise; yet war itself generally ends in compromise. It is interesting to see how many constitutions, how many institutions in both Church and State, are based on compromise.

Now, it was amid all the fierce contentions of that revolutionary age,—an age of intense earnestness, when the grandest truths were agitated; an age of experiment, of bold discussions, of wild fanaticisms, of bitter hatreds, of unconquerable prejudices, yet of great loftiness and spiritual power,—that the star of Oliver Cromwell arose. He was born in the year 1599, of a good family. He was a country squire, a gentleman farmer, though not much given to fox-hunting or dinner hilarities, preferring to read political pamphlets, or to listen to long sermons, or to hold discussions on grace, predestination, free-will, and foreknowledge absolute. His favorite doctrine was the second coming of Christ and the reign of the saints, the elect,—to whom of course he belonged. He had visions and rhapsodies, and believed in special divine illumination. Cromwell was not a Presbyterian, but an Independent; and the Independents were the most advanced party of his day, both in politics and religion. The progressive man of that age was a Calvinist, in all the grandeur and in all the narrowness of that unfashionable and misunderstood creed. The time had not come for "advanced thinkers" to repudiate a personal God and supernatural agencies. Then an atheist, or even a deist, and indeed a materialist of the school of Democritus and Lucretius, was unknown. John Milton was one of the representative men of the Puritans of the seventeenth century,—men who colonized New England, and planted the germs of institutions which have spread to the Rocky Mountains.

Cromwell on his farm, one of the landed gentry, had a Cambridge education, and was early an influential man. His sagacity, his intelligence, his honesty, and his lofty religious life marked him out as a fit person to represent his county in parliament. He at once became the associate of such men as Hampden and Pym. He did not make very graceful speeches, and he had an ungainly person; but he was eloquent in a rude way, since he had strong convictions and good sense. He was probably violent, for he hated the abuses of the times, and he hated Rome and the prelacy. He represented the extreme left; that is, he was a radical, and preferred revolution to tyranny. Yet even he would probably have accepted reform if reform had been possible without violence. But Cromwell had no faith in the King or his ministers, and was inclined to summary measures. He afterwards showed this tendency of character in his military career. He was one of those earnest and practical people who could not be fooled with. So he became a leader of those who were most violent against the Government. During the Long Parliament, Cromwell sat for Cambridge; which fact shows that he was then a marked man, far from being unimportant. This was the Parliament, assembled in 1640, which impeached Strafford and Laud, which abolished the Star-chamber, and inaugurated the civil war, that began when Charles left Whitehall, January, 1642, for York. The Parliament solicited contributions, called out the militia, and appointed to the command of the forces the Earl of Essex, a Presbyterian, who established his headquarters at Northampton, while Charles unfurled the royal standard at Nottingham.

Cromwell was forty-two when he buckled on his sword as a volunteer. He subscribed five hundred pounds to the cause of liberty, raised a troop of horse, which gradually swelled into that famous regiment of one thousand men, called "Ironsides," which was never beaten. Of this regiment he was made colonel in the spring of 1643. He had distinguished himself at Edgehill in the first year of the war, but he drew upon himself the eyes of the nation at the battle of Marston Moor, July, 1644,—gained by the discipline of his men,—which put the north of England into the hands of Parliament. He was then lieutenant-general, second in command to the Earl of Manchester. The undecisive battle of Newbury, in October, furnished Cromwell, then one of the most influential members of Parliament, an occasion to complain of the imbecility of the noblemen who controlled the army, and who were Presbyterians. The "self-denying ordinance," which prohibited members of Parliament from command in the army, was a blow at Presbyterianism and aristocracy, and marked the growing power of the Independents. It was planned by Cromwell, although it would have deprived him also of his command; but he was made an exception to the rule, and he knew he would be, since his party could not spare him.

Then was fought the battle of Naseby, June 14, 1645, in which Cromwell commanded the right wing of the army, Fairfax (nominally his superior general) the centre, and Ireton the left; against Prince Rupert and Charles. The battle was won by the bravery of Cromwell, and decided the fortunes of the King, although he was still able to keep the field. Cromwell now became the foremost man in England. For two years he resided chiefly in London, taking an important part in negotiations with the King, and in the contest between the Independents and Presbyterians,—the former of which represented the army, while the latter still had the ascendency in Parliament.

On the sixteenth of August, 1648, was fought the battle of Preston, in which Cromwell defeated the Scotch army commanded by the Duke of Hamilton, which opened Edinburgh to his victorious troops, and made him commander-in-chief of the armies of the Commonwealth. The Presbyterians, at least of Scotland, it would seem, preferred now the restoration of the King to the ascendency of Cromwell with the army to back him, for it was the army and not the Parliament which had given him supreme command.

Then followed the rapid conquest of the Scots, the return of the victorious general to London, and the suppression of the liberty of Parliament, for it was purged of its Presbyterian leaders. The ascendency of the Independents began; for though in a minority, they were backed by an army which obeyed implicitly the commands and even the wishes of Cromwell.

The great tragedy which disgraced the revolution was now acted. The unfortunate King, whose fate was sealed at the battle of Naseby, after various vicissitudes and defeats, put himself into the hands of the Scots and made a league with the Presbyterians. After Edinburgh was taken, they virtually sold him to the victor, who caused him to be brought in bitter mockery to Hampton Court, where he was treated with ironical respect. In his reverses Charles would have made any concessions; and the Presbyterians, who first took up arms against him, would perhaps have accepted them. But it was too late. Cromwell and the Independents now reigned,—a party that had been driven into violent measures, and which had sought the subversion of the monarchy itself.

Charles is brought to a mock trial by a decimated Parliament, is condemned and executed, and the old monarchy is supplanted by a military despotism. "The roaring conflagration of anarchies" is succeeded by the rule of the strongest man.

Much has been written and said about that execution, or martyrdom, or crime, as it has been variously viewed by partisans. It simply was the sequence of the revolution, of the appeal of both parties to the sword. It may have been necessary or unnecessary, a blunder or a crime, but it was the logical result of a bitter war; it was the cruel policy of a conquering power. Those who supported it were able men, who deemed it the wisest thing to do; who dreaded a reaction, who feared for themselves, and sought by this means to perpetuate their sway. As one of the acts of revolution, it must be judged by the revolution itself. The point is, not whether it was wrong to take the life of the King, if it were a military necessity, or seemed to be to the great leaders of the day, but whether it was right to take up arms in defence of rights which might have been gained by protracted constitutional agitation and resistance. The execution proved a blunder, because it did not take away the rights of Charles II, and created great abhorrence and indignation, not merely in foreign countries, but among a majority of the English people themselves,—and these, too, who had the prestige of wealth and culture. I do not believe the Presbyterian party, as represented by Hampden and Pym, and who like Mirabeau had applied the torch to revolutionary passions, would have consented to this foolish murder. Certainly the Episcopalians would not have executed Charles, even if they could have been induced to cripple him.

But war is a conflagration; nothing can stop its ravages when it has fairly begun. They who go to war must abide the issue of war; they who take the sword must be prepared to perish by the sword. Thus far, in the history of the world, very few rights have been gained by civil war which could not have been gained in the end without it. The great rights which the people have secured in England for two hundred years are the result of an appeal to reason and justice. The second revolution was bloodless. The Parliament which first arrayed itself against the government of Charles was no mean foe, even if it had not resorted to arms. It held the purse-strings; it had the power to cripple the King, and to worry him into concessions. But if the King was resolved to attack the Parliament itself, and coerce it by a standing army, and destroy all liberty in England, then the question assumed another shape; the war then became defensive, and was plainly justifiable, and Charles could but accept the issue, even his own execution, if it seemed necessary to his conquerors. They took up arms in self-defense, and war, of course, brought to light the energies and talents of the greatest general, who as victor would have his reward. Cromwell concluded to sweep away the old monarchy, and reign himself instead; and the execution of the King was one of his war measures. It was the penalty Charles paid for making war on his subjects, instead of ruling them according to the laws. His fate was hard and sad; we feel more compassion than indignation. In our times he would have been permitted to run away; but those stern and angry old revolutionists demanded his blood.

For this cruel or necessary act Cromwell is responsible more than any man in England, since he could have prevented it if he pleased. He ruled the army, which ruled the Parliament. It was not the nation, or the representatives of the nation, who decreed the execution of Charles. It was the army and the purged Parliament, composed chiefly of Independents, who wanted the subversion of the monarchy itself. Technically, Charles was tried by the Parliament, or the judges appointed by them; really, Cromwell was at the bottom of the affair, as much as John Calvin was responsible for the burning of Servetus, let partisans say what they please. There never has a great crime or blunder been committed on this earth which bigoted, or narrow, or zealous partisans have not attempted to justify. Bigoted Catholics have justified even the slaughter of St. Bartholomew. Partisans have no law but expediency. All Jesuits, political, religious, and social, in the Catholic and Protestant churches alike, seem to think that the end justifies the means, even in the most beneficent reforms; and when pushed to the wall by the logic of opponents, will fall back on the examples of the Old Testament. In defence of lying and cheating they will quote Abraham at the court of Pharaoh. There is no insult to the human understanding more flagrant than the doctrine that we may do evil that good may come. And yet the politics and reforms of the Sixteenth and Seventeenth centuries seem to have been based on that miserable form of Jesuitism. Here Machiavelli is as vulnerable as Escobar, and Burleigh as well as Oliver Cromwell, who was not more profound in dissimulation than Queen Elizabeth herself. The best excuse we can render for the political and religious crimes of that age is, that they were in accordance with its ideas. And who is superior to the ideas of his age?

On the execution of the King, the supreme authority was nominally in the hands of Parliament. Of course all kinds of anarchies prevailed, and all government was unsettled. Charles II was proclaimed King by the Scots, while the Duke of Ormond, in Ireland, joined the royal party to seat Charles II on the throne. In this exigency Cromwell was appointed by the Parliament Lord-Lieutenant of Ireland.

Then followed the conquest of Ireland, in which Cromwell distinguished himself for great military abilities. His vigorous and uncompromising measures, especially his slaughter of the garrison of Drogheda (a retaliatory act), have been severely commented on. But war in the hands of masters is never carried on sentimentally: the test of ability is success. The measures were doubtless hard and severe; but Cromwell knew what he was about: he wished to bring the war to a speedy close, and intimidation was probably the best course to pursue. Those impracticable Irish never afterwards molested him. In less than a year he was at leisure to oppose Charles II in Scotland; and on the resignation of Fairfax he was made Captain-General of all the forces in the empire. The battle of Dunbar resulted in the total defeat of the Scots; while the "crowning mercy" at Worcester, September 3, 1651, utterly blasted the hopes of Charles, and completely annihilated his forces.

The civil war, which raged nine years, was now finished, and Cromwell became supreme. But even the decimated Parliament was jealous, and raised an issue,—on which Cromwell dissolved it with a file of soldiers, and assembled another, neither elective nor representative, composed of his creatures, without experience, chiefly Anabaptists and Independents; which he soon did away with. He then called a council of leading men, who made him Lord Protector, December 13, 1653. Even the shadow of constitutional authority now vanishes, and Cromwell rules with absolute and untrammelled power, like Julius Cæsar or Napoleon Bonaparte. He rules on the very principles which he condemned in Charles I. The revolution ends in a military despotism.

If there was ever a usurpation, this was one. Liberty gave her last sigh on the remonstrance of Sir Harry Vane, and a military hero, by means of his army, stamps his iron heel on England. He dissolves the very body from which he received his own authority; he refuses to have any check on his will; he imposes taxes without the consent of the people,—the very thing for which he took up arms against Charles I; he reigns alone, on despotic principles, as absolute as Louis XIV; he enshrouds himself in royal state at Hampton Court; he even seeks to bequeath his absolute power to his son. And if Richard Cromwell had reigned like his father Oliver, then the cause of liberty would have been lost.

All this is cold, unvarnished history. We cannot get over or around these facts; they blaze out to the eyes of all readers, and will blaze to the most distant ages. Cromwell began as a reformer, but ended as a usurper. Whatever name he goes by, whatever title he may have assumed, he became, by force of his victories and of his army, the absolute ruler of England, as Cæsar did of Rome, and Napoleon of Paris. We may palliate or extenuate this fact; we may even excuse it on the ground that the State had drifted into anarchy; that only he, as the stronger man, could save England; that there was no other course open to him as a patriot; and that it was a most fortunate thing for England that he seized the reins, and became a tyrant to put down anarchies. But whatever were the excuses by which Cromwell justified himself, or his admirers justify him, let us not deny the facts. It may have been necessary, under his circumstances, to reign alone, by the aid of his standing army. But do not attempt to gloss over the veritable fact that he did reign without the support of Parliament, and in defiance of all constitutional authorities. It was not the nation which elevated him to supreme power, but his soldiers. At no time would any legitimate Parliament, or any popular voice, have made him an absolute ruler. He could not even have got a plebiscitum, as Louis Napoleon did. He was not liked by the nation at large,—not even by the more enlightened and conservative of the Puritans, such as the Presbyterians; and as for the Episcopalians, they looked upon him not only as a usurper but as a hypocrite.

It is difficult to justify such an act as usurpation and military tyranny by the standard of an immutable morality. If the overturning of all constitutional authority by a man who professed to be a reformer, yet who reigned illegally as a despot, can be defended, it is only on the principle of expediency, that the end justifies the means, —the plea of the Jesuits, and of all the despots who have overturned constitutions and national liberties. But this is rank and undisguised Cæsarism. The question then arises, Was it necessary that a Cæsar should reign at Hampton Court? Some people think it was; and all admit that after the execution of the King there was no settled government, nothing but bitter, intolerant factions, each of which wished its own ascendency, and all were alike unscrupulous. Revolution ever creates factions and angry parties, more or less violent. It is claimed by many that a good government was impossible with these various and contending parties, and that nothing but anarchy would have existed had not Cromwell seized the reins, and sustained himself by a standing army, and ruled despotically.

Again, others think that he was urged by a pressure which even he could not resist,—that of the army; that he was controlled by circumstances; that he could do no otherwise unless he resigned England to her fate,—to the anarchy of quarrelling and angry parties, who would not listen to reason, and who were too inexperienced to govern in such stormy times. The Episcopalians certainly, and the Presbyterians probably, would have restored Charles II,—and this Cromwell regarded as a great possible calamity. If the King had been restored, all the fruit of the revolution would have been lost; there would have been a renewed reign of frivolities, insincerities, court scandals, venalities, favorites, and disguised Romanism,—yea, an alliance would have been formed with the old tyrants of Europe.

Cromwell was no fool, and he had a great insight into the principles on which the stability and prosperity of a nation rested. He doubtless felt that the nation required a strong arm at the helm, and that no one could save England in such a storm but himself. I believe he was sincere in this conviction,—a conviction based on profound knowledge of men and the circumstances of the age. I believe he was willing to be aspersed, even by his old friends, and heartily cursed by his enemies, if he could guide the ship of state into a safe harbor. I am inclined to believe that he was patriotic in his intentions; that he wished to save the country even, if necessary, by illegal means; that he believed there was a higher law for him, and that an enlightened posterity would vindicate his name and memory. He was not deceived as to his abilities, even if he were as to his call. He knew he was the strongest man in England, and that only the strongest could rule. He was willing to assume the responsibility, whatever violence he should do to his early principles, or to the opinions of those with whom he was at first associated. If there was anything that marked the character of Cromwell, it was the abiding sense, from first to last, of his personal responsibility to God Almighty, whose servant and instrument he felt himself to be. I believe he was loyal to his conscience, if not to his cause.

He may have committed grave errors, for he was not infallible. It may have been an error that he ruled virtually without a Parliament, since it was better that a good measure should be defeated than that the cause of liberty should be trodden under foot. It was better that parliaments should wrangle and quarrel than that there should be no representation of the nation at all. And it was an undoubted error to transmit his absolute authority to his son, for this was establishing a new dynasty of kings. One of the worst things which Napoleon ever did was to seat his brothers on the old thrones of Europe. Doubtless, Cromwell wished to perpetuate the policy of his government, but he had no right to perpetuate a despotism in his own family: that was an insult to the nation and to the cause of constitutional liberty. Here he was selfish and ambitious, for, great as he was, he was not greater than the nation or his cause.

But I need not dwell on the blunders of Cromwell, if we call them by no harsher name. It would be harsh to judge him for his mistakes or sins under his peculiar circumstances, his hand in the execution of Charles I, his Jesuitical principles, his cruelties in Ireland, his dispersion of parliaments, and his usurpation of supreme power. Only let us call things by their right names; we gain nothing by glossing over defects. The historians of the Bible tell us how Abraham told lies to the King of Egypt, and David caused Uriah to be slain after he had appropriated his wife. Yet who were greater and better, upon the whole, than these favorites of Heaven?

Cromwell earned his great fame as one of the wisest statesmen and ablest rulers that England ever had. Like all monarchs, he is to be judged by the services he rendered to civilization. He was not a faultless man, but he proved himself a great benefactor. Whether we like him or not, we are compelled to admit that his administration was able and beneficent, and that he seemed to be actuated by a sincere desire to do all the good he could. If he was ambitious, his ambition was directed to the prosperity and glory of his country. If he levied taxes without the consent of the nation, he spent the money economically, wisely, and unselfishly. He sought no inglorious pomps; he built no expensive palaces; he gave no foolish fêtes; nor did he seek to disguise his tyranny by amusing or demoralizing the people, like the old

Roman Cæsars. He would even have established a constitutional monarchy, had it been practicable. The plots of royalists tempted him to appoint major-generals to responsible situations. To protect his life, he resorted to guards. He could not part with his power, but he used it for the benefit of the nation.

If he did not reign by or through the people, he reigned for the people. He established religious liberty, and tolerated all sects but Catholics and Quakers. The Presbyterians were his enemies, but he never persecuted them. He had a great regard for law, and appointed the ablest and best men to high judicial positions. Sir Matthew Hale, whom he made chief-justice, was the greatest lawyer in England, an ornament to any country. Cromwell made strenuous efforts to correct the abuses of the court of chancery and of criminal law. He established trial by jury for political offenses. He tried to procure the formal re-admission of the Jews to England. He held conferences with George Fox. He snatched Biddle, the Socinian, from the fangs of persecutors. He fostered commerce and developed the industrial resources of the nation, like Burleigh and Colbert. He created a navy, and became the father of the maritime greatness of England. He suppressed all license among the soldiers, although his power rested on their loyalty to him. He honored learning and exalted the universities, placing in them learned men. He secured the union between England and Scotland, and called representatives from Scotland to his parliaments. He adopted a generous policy with the colonies in North America, and freed them from rapacious governors. His war policy was not for mere aggrandizement. He succeeded Gustavus Adolphus as the protector of Protestantism on the Continent. He sought to make England respected among all the nations; and, as righteousness exalts a nation, he sought to maintain public morality. His court was simple and decorous; he gave no countenance to levities and follies, and his own private life was pure and religious,—so that there was general admiration of his conduct as well as of his government.

Cromwell was certainly very fortunate in his régime. The army and navy did wonders; Blake and Monk gained great victories; Gibraltar was taken,—one of the richest prizes that England ever gained in war. The fleets of Spain were destroyed; the trade of the Indies was opened to his ships. He maintained the "balance of power." He punished the African pirates of the Mediterranean. His glory reached Asia, and extended to America. So great was his renown that the descendants of Abraham, even on the distant plains of Asia, inquired of one another if he were not the servant of the King of Kings, whom they were looking for. A learned Rabbi even came from Asia to London for the purpose of investigating his pedigree, thinking to discover in him the "Lion of the tribe of Judah." If his policy had been followed out by his successors, Louis XIV would not have dared to revoke the Edict of Nantes; if he had reigned ten years longer, there would have been no revival of Romanism.

I suppose England never had so enlightened a monarch. He was more like Charlemagne than Richelieu. Contrast him with Louis XIV, a contemporaneous despot: Cromwell devoted all his energies to develop the resources of his country, while Louis did what he could to waste them; Cromwell's reign was favorable to the development of individual genius, but Louis was such an intolerable egotist that at the close of his reign all the great lights had disappeared; Cromwell was tolerant, Louis was persecuting; Cromwell laid the foundation of an indefinite expansion, Louis sowed the seeds of discontent and revolution. Both indeed took the sword,—the one to dethrone the Stuarts, the other to exterminate the Protestants. Cromwell bequeathed to successors the moral force of personal virtue, Louis paved the way for the most disgraceful excesses; Cromwell spent his leisure hours with his family and with divines, Louis with his favorites and mistresses; Cromwell would listen to expostulations, Louis crushed all who differed from him. The career of the former was a progressive rise, that of the latter a progressive fall. The ultimate influence of Cromwell's policy was to develop the greatness of England; that of Louis, to cut the sinews of national wealth, and poison those sources of renovation which still remained. The memory of Cromwell is dear to good men in spite of his defects; while that of Louis, in spite of his graces and urbanities, is a watchword for all that is repulsive in despotism. Hence Cromwell is more and more a favorite with enlightened minds, while Louis is more and more regarded as a man who made the welfare of the State subordinate to his own glory. In a word, Cromwell feared only God; while Louis feared only hell. The piety of the one was lofty; that of the other was technical, formal, and pharisaical. The chief defect in the character of Cromwell was his expediency, or what I call *jesuitism*,—following out good ends by questionable means; the chief defect in the character of Louis was an absorbing egotism, which sacrificed everything for private pleasure or interest.

The difficulty in judging Cromwell seems to me to be in the imperfection of our standards of public morality. We are apt to excuse in a ruler what we condemn in a private man. If Oliver Cromwell is to be measured by the standard which accepts expediency as a guide in life, he will be excused for his worst acts. If he is to be measured by an immutable standard, he will be picked to pieces. In regard to his private life, aside from cant and dissimulation, there is not much to condemn, and there is much to praise. He was not a libertine like Henry IV, nor an egotist like Napoleon. He delighted in the society of the learned and the pious; he was susceptible to grand sentiments; he was just in his dealings and fervent in his devotions. He was liberal, humane, simple, unostentatious, and economical. He was indeed ambitious, but his ambition was noble.

His intellectual defect was his idea of special divine illumination, which made him visionary and rhapsodical and conceited. He was a Second-Adventist, and believed that Christ would return, at no distant time, to establish the reign of the saints upon the earth. But his morals were as irreproachable as those of Marcus Aurelius. Like Michelangelo, he despised frivolities, though it is said he relished rough jokes, like Abraham Lincoln. He was conscientious in the discharge of what he regarded as duties, and seemed to feel his responsibility to God as the sovereign of the universe. His family revered him as much as the nation respected him. He was not indeed lovable, like Saint Louis; but he can never lose the admiration of mankind, since the glory of his administration was not sullied by those private vices which destroy esteem and ultimately undermine both power and influence. He was one of those world-heroes of whom nations will be proud as they advance in the toleration of human infirmities,—as they draw distinction between those who live for themselves and those who live for their country,—and the recognition of those principles on which all progress is based.

Cromwell died prematurely, if not for his fame, at least for his usefulness. His reign as Protector lasted only five years, yet what wonders he did in that brief period! He suppressed the anarchies of the revolution, he revived law, he restored learning, he developed the resources of his country; he made it respected at home and abroad, and shed an imperishable glory on his administration,—but "on the threshold of success he met the inexorable enemy."

It was a stormy night, August 30, 1658, when the wild winds were roaring and all nature was overclouded with darkness and gloom, that the last intelligible words of the dying hero were heard by his attendants: "O Lord! though I am a miserable sinner, I am still in covenant with Thee. Thou hast made me, though very unworthy, an instrument to do Thy people good; and go on, O Lord, to deliver them and make Thy name glorious throughout the world!" These dying words are the key alike to his character and his mission. He believed himself to be an instrument of the Almighty Sovereign in whom he believed, and whom, with all his faults and errors, he sought to serve, and in whom he trusted.

And it is in this light, chiefly, that the career of this remarkable man is to be viewed. An instrument of God he plainly was, to avenge the wrongs of an insulted, an indignant, and an honest nation, and to impress upon the world the necessity of wise and benignant rulers. He arose to vindicate the majesty of public virtue, to rebuke the egotism of selfish kings, to punish the traitors of important trusts. He arose to point out the true sources of national prosperity, to head off the troops of a renovated Romanism, to promote liberty of conscience in all matters of religious belief. He was raised up as a champion of Protestantism when kings were returning to

Rome, and as an awful chastiser of those bigoted and quarrelsome Irish who have ever been hostile to law and order, and uncontrollable by any influence but that of fear. But, above all, he was raised up to try the experiment of liberty in the Seventeenth century.

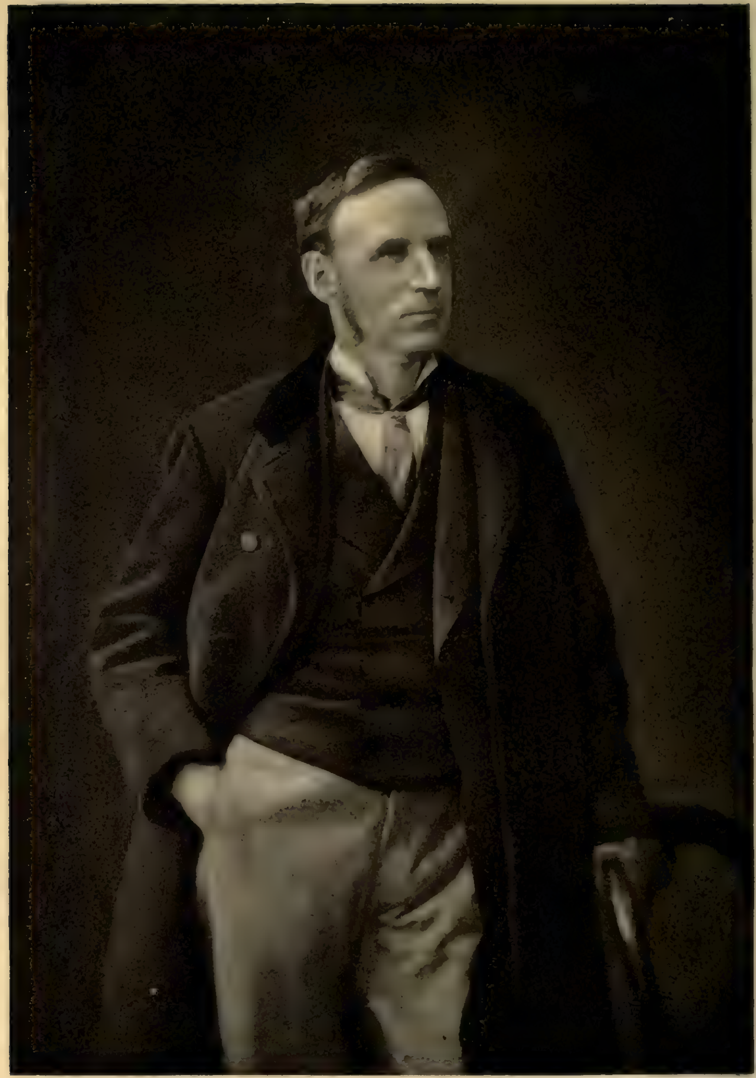
That experiment unfortunately failed. All sects and parties sought ascendency rather than the public good; angry and inexperienced, they refused to compromise. Sectarianism was the true hydra that baffled the energy of the courageous combatant. Parliaments were factious, meddlesome, and inexperienced, and sought to block the wheels of government rather than promote wholesome legislation. The people hankered for their old pleasures, and were impatient of restraint; their leaders were demagogues or fanatics; they could not be coerced by mild measures or appeals to enlightened reason. Hence coercive measures were imperative; and these could be carried only by a large standing army,—ever the terror and menace of liberty; the greatest blot on constitutional governments,—a necessity, but an evil, since the military power should be subordinate to the civil, not the civil to the military. The iron hand by which Cromwell was obliged to rule, if he ruled at all, at last became odious to all classes, since they had many rights which were ignored. When they clamored for the blood of an anointed tyrant, they did not bargain for a renewed despotism more irksome and burdensome than the one they had suppressed. The public rejoicings, the universal enthusiasm, the brilliant spectacles and fêtes, the flattering receptions and speeches which hailed the restoration of Charles II, showed unmistakably that the régime of Cromwell, though needed for a time, was unpopular, and was not in accordance with the national aspirations. If they were to be ruled by a tyrant, they preferred to be ruled according to precedents and traditions and hallowed associations. The English people loved then, as they love now, as they ever have loved, royalty,—the reign of kings according to the principles of legitimacy. They have shown the disposition to fetter these kings, not to dispense with them.

So the experiment of Cromwell and his party failed. How mournful it must have seemed to the original patriots of the revolution, that hard, iron, military rule was all that England had gained by the struggles and the blood of her best people. Wherefore had treasures been lavished in a nine years' contest; wherefore the battles of Marston Moor and Worcester; wherefore the eloquence of Pym and Hampden? All wasted. The house which had been swept and garnished was re-entered by devils worse than before.

Thus did this experiment seem; teaching, at least, this useful and impressive lesson,—that despotism will succeed unwise and violent efforts for reform; that reforms are not to be carried on by bayonets, but by reason; that reformers must be patient, and must be contented with constitutional measures; that any violation of the immutable laws of justice will be visited with unlooked-for retribution.

But sad as this experiment seemed, can it be pronounced to be wholly a failure? No earnest human experiment is ever thrown away. The great ideas of Cromwell, and of those who originally took up arms with him, entered into new combinations. The spirit remained, if the form was changed. After a temporary reaction, the love of liberty returned. The second revolution of 1688 was the logical sequence of the first. It was only another act in the great drama of national development. The spirit which overthrew Charles I also overturned the throne of James II; but the wisdom gained by experience sent him into exile, instead of executing him on the scaffold. Two experiments with those treacherous Stuarts were necessary before the conviction became fastened on the mind of the English people that constitutional liberty could not exist while they remained upon the throne; and the spirit which had burst out into a blazing flame two generations earlier, was now confined within constitutional limits. But it was not suppressed; it produced salutary reforms with every advancing generation. "It produced," says Macaulay, "the famous Declaration of Rights, which guaranteed the liberties of the English upon their present basis; which again led to the freedom of the press, the abolition of slavery, Catholic emancipation, and representative reform."

Had the experiment not been tried by Cromwell and his party, it might have been tried by worse men, whose gospel of rights would be found in the "social contract" of a Rousseau, rather than in the "catechism" of the Westminster divines. It was fortunate that revolutionary passions should have raged in the bosoms of Christians rather than of infidels,—of men who believed in obedience to a personal God, rather than men who teach the holiness of untutored impulse, the infallibility of majorities, and the majesty of the unaided intellect of man. And then who can estimate the value of Cromwell's experience on the patriots of our own Revolution? His example may even have taught the great Washington how dangerous and inconsistent it would be to accept an earthly crown, while denouncing the tyranny of kings, and how much more enduring is that fame which is cherished in a nation's heart than that which is blared by the trumpet of idolatrous soldiers indifferent to those rights which form the basis of social civilization. [Applause.]



JOHN MORLEY

Photogravure after a photograph from life

JOHN MORLEY

APHORISMS

[Lecture by John Morley, biographer, essayist, critic, statesman (born in Blackburn, Lancashire, England, December 24, 1838; ———), delivered before the Edinburgh Philosophical Institution, November 11, 1887.]

Ladies and Gentlemen:—I am going to ask you to-night to pass a tranquil hour with me in pondering a quiet chapter in the history of books. There is a loud cry in these days for clues that shall guide the plain man through the vast bewildering labyrinth of printed books. Everybody calls for hints what to read and what to look out for in reading. Like all the rest of us, I have often been asked for a list of the hundred best books, and the other day a gentleman wrote to me to give him by return of post that far more difficult thing—a list of the three best books in the world. Both the hundred and the three are a task far too high for me; but perhaps you will let me try to indicate what, among much else, is one of the things best worth hunting for in books, and one of the quarters of the library where you may get on the scent. Though tranquil, it will be my fault if you find the hour dull, for this particular literary chapter concerns life, manners, society, conduct, human nature, our aims, our ideals, and all besides that is most animated and most interesting in man's busy chase after happiness and wisdom.

What is wisdom? That sovereign word, as has often been pointed out, is used for two different things. It may stand for knowledge, learning, science, systematic reasoning; or it may mean, as Coleridge has defined it, common sense in an uncommon degree; that is to say, the unsystematic truths which come to shrewd, penetrating and observant minds, from their own experience of life, and their daily commerce with the world, and which is called the wisdom of life, or the wisdom of the world, or the wisdom of time and the ages. The Greeks had two words for these two kinds of wisdom: one for the wise who scale the heights of thought, and knowledge; another for those who without logical method, technical phraseology, or any of the parade of the schools, whether "Academics old and new, Cynic, Peripatetic, the sect Epicurean or Stoic severe," held up the mirror to human nature, and took good counsel as to the ordering of character and of life.

Mill, in his little fragment on Aphorisms, has said that in the first kind of wisdom every age in which the science flourishes ought to surpass the ages that have gone before. In knowledge and methods of science each generation starts from the point at which its predecessor left off; but, in the wisdom of life in the maxims of good sense applied to public and to private conduct, there is, said Mill, a pretty nearly equal amount in all ages.

If this seem doubtful to anyone, let him think how many of the shrewdest moralities of human nature are to be found in writings as ancient as the apocryphal book of the Wisdom of Solomon, and of Jesus the Son of Sirach; as Æsop's Fables, as the oracular sentences that are to be found in Homer and the Greek dramatists and orators; as all that immense host of wise and pithy saws which, to the number of between four thousand and five thousand, were collected from all ancient literature by the industry of Erasmus, in his great folio of Adages. As we turn over these pages of old times, we almost feel that those are right who tell us that everything has been said, that the thing that has been is the thing that shall be, and there is no new thing under the sun.

It is natural that this second kind of wisdom, being detached and unsystematic, should embody itself in the short and pregnant form of proverb, sentence, maxim, and aphorism. The essence of aphorism is the compression of a mass of thought and observation into a single saying. It is the very opposite of dissertation and declamation; its distinction is not so much ingenuity, as good sense brought to the point; it ought to be neither enigmatical, nor flat, neither a truism on the one hand, nor a riddle on the other. These wise sayings said Bacon, the author of some of the wisest of them, are not only for ornament, but for action and business, having point or edge whereby knots in business are pierced and discovered. And he applauds Cicero's description of such sayings as salt-pits, —that you may extract salt out of them, and sprinkle it where you will. They are the guiding oracles which man has found out for himself in that great business of ours, of learning how to be, to do, to do without, and to depart. Their range extends from prudential kitchen maxims such as Franklin set forth in the sayings of Poor Richard about thrift in time and money, up to such great and high moralities of life as are the prose maxims of Goethe,—just as Bacon's Essays extend from precepts as to building and planting up to solemn reflections on truth, death, and the vicissitudes of things. They cover the whole field of man as he is and life as it is, not of either as they ought to be; friendship, ambition, money, studies, business, public duty, in all their actual laws and conditions as they are, and not as the ideal moralist may wish that they were.

It has been said that the order of our knowledge is this: that we know best, first what we have divined by native instinct; second, what we have learned by experience of men and things; third, what we have learned not in books, but by books—that is, by the reflections that they suggest; fourth, last and lowest, by what we have learned in books or with masters. The virtue of an aphorism comes under the third of these heads: it conveys a portion of a truth with such point as to set us thinking on what remains. Montaigne, who delighted in Plutarch, and kept him ever on his table, praises him in that besides his long discourses, "there are a thousand others, which he has only touched and glanced upon, where he only points with his finger to direct us which way we may go if we will and contents himself sometimes with only giving one brisk hit in the nicest article of the question, from whence we grope out the rest!" And this is what Plutarch himself is driving at when he warns young men that it is well to go for a light to another man's fire, but by no means to tarry by it, instead of kindling a torch of their own.

Grammarians draw a distinction between a maxim and an aphorism, and tell us that while an aphorism only states some broad truths of general bearing, a maxim, besides stating the truth, enjoins a rule of conduct as its consequence. For instance, to say that "there are some men with just imagination enough to spoil their judgment" is an aphorism. But there is action as well as thought in such sayings as this: "It is a great sign of mediocrity to be always reserved in praise"; or in this, of Marcus Aurelius, "When thou wishest to give thyself delight, think of the excellences of those who live with thee; for instance, of the energy of one, the modesty of another, the liberal kindness of a third." Again, according to this distinction of the word we are to give the name of aphorism to Pascal's saying that "most of the mischief in the world would never happen, if men would only be content to sit still in their parlors." But we are to give the name of maxim to the great and admirable counsel of a philosopher of a very different school, that "if you would love mankind, you should not expect too much from them."

But the distinction is one without much difference; we need not labor it nor pay it further attention. Aphorism or maxim, let us remember that this wisdom of life is the true salt of literature; that those books at least in prose are most nourishing which are most richly stored with it; and that it is one of the great objects, apart from the mere acquisition of knowledge, which men ought to seek in the reading of books.

A great living painter has said, that the longer he works, the more does he realize how very little anybody except the trained artist actually perceives in the natural objects constantly before him; how blind they are to impressions of color and light and form, which would be full of interest and delight if people only knew how to see them. Are not most of us just as blind to the thousand lights and shades in the men and women around us? We live in the world as we live among fellow inmates in a hotel, or fellow-revellers at a masquerade. Yet this, to bring knowledge of ourselves and others "home to our business and our bosoms" is one of the most important parts of culture.

Some prejudice is attached in generous minds to this wisdom of the world as being egotistical, poor, unimaginative, of the earth earthy. Since the great literary reaction at the end of the last century, men have been apt to pitch the criticism of life in the high poetic key. They have felt with Wordsworth:—

> "The human nature unto which I felt
> That I belonged, and reverenced with love,
> Was not a punctual presence, but a spirit
> Diffused through time and space, with aid derived
> Of evidence from monuments, erect,
> Prostrate, or leaning towards their common rest
> On earth, the widely scattered wreck sublime
> Of vanished nations."

Then again extraordinary advances have been made in ordered knowledge of the various stages of the long prehistoric dawn of human civilization. The man of the flint implement and the fire-drill, who could only count up to five, and who was content to live in a hut like a beehive, has drawn interest away from the man of the market and the parlor. The literary passion for primitive times and the raw material of man has thrust the polished man, the manufactured article, into a secondary place. All this is in the order of things. It is fitting that we should pierce into the origins of human nature. It is right that the great poets, the ideal interpreters of life, should be dearer to us than those who stop short with mere deciphering of what is real and actual. The poet has his own sphere of the beautiful and the sublime. But it is no less true that enduring weight of historian, moralist, political orator, or preacher, depends on the amount of the wisdom of life that is hived in his pages. They may be admirable by virtue of other qualities, by learning, by grasp, by majesty of flight; but it is his moral sentences on mankind or the State that rank the prose writer among the sages. These show that he has an eye for the great truths of action, for the permanent bearings of conduct, for things that are for the guidance of all generations. What is it that makes Plutarch's Lives "a pasture of great souls," as they were called by one who was herself a great soul? Because his aim was much less to tell a story than, as he says, "to decipher the man and his nature"; and in deciphering the man to strike out many pregnant and fruitful thoughts on all men. Why was it worth while for Mr. Jowett the other day to give us a new translation of Thucydides' history of the Peloponnesian War? And why is it worth your while at least to dip in a serious spirit into its pages? Partly because the gravity and concision of Thucydides are of specially wholesome example in these days of over-colored and over-voluminous narrative; partly because he knows how to invest the wreck and overthrow of those small States with the pathos and dignity of mighty imperial fall; but most of all, for the sake of the wise sentences that are sown with apt but not unsparing hand through the progress of the story. Well might Gray ask his friend whether Thucydides' description of the final destruction of the Athenian host at Syracuse was not the finest thing he ever read in his life; and assuredly the man who can read that stern tale without admiration, pity, and awe, may be certain that he has no taste for noble composition, and no feeling for the deepest tragedy of mortal things. But it is the sagacious sentences in the speeches of Athenians, Corinthians, Lacedæmonians, that do most of all give the historian his perpetuity of interest to every reader with the rudiments of a political instinct, and make Thucydides as modern as if he had written yesterday.

Tacitus belongs to a different class among the great writers of the world. He had beyond almost any author of the front rank that has ever lived, the art of condensing his thought and driving it home to the mind of the reader with a flash. Beyond almost anybody he suffered from what a famous writer of aphorisms in our time has described as "a cursed ambition to put a whole book into a page, a whole page into a phrase, and the phrase into a word." But the moral thought itself in Tacitus mostly belongs less to the practical wisdom of life than to sombre poetic indignation like that of Dante against the perversities of men and the blindness of fortune.

Horace's Epistles are a mine of genial, friendly, human observation. Then, there is none of the ancient moralists to whom the modern, from Montaigne, Charron, Raleigh, Bacon, downwards, owes more than to Seneca. Seneca has none of the kindly warmth of Horace; he has not the animation of Plutarch; he abounds too much in the artificial and extravagant paradoxes of the Stoics. But, for all that, he touches the great and eternal commonplaces of human occasion—friendship, health, bereavement, riches, poverty, death—with a hand that places him high among the wise masters of life. All through the ages men, tossed in the beating waves of circumstance, have found, in the essays and letters of Seneca, more than in any other secular writer words of good counsel and comfort. And let this fact not pass without notice of the light that it sheds on the great fact of the unity of literature, and of the absurdity of setting a great gulf between ancient or classical literature and modern, as if under all dialects, the partakers in Græco-Roman civilization, whether in Athens, Rome, Paris, Weimar, Edinburgh, London, Dublin were not the heirs of a great common stock of thought and speech.

I certainly do not mean anything so absurd as that the moralities, whether major or minor, whether affecting the foundation of conduct or the surface of manners, remain fixed. On the contrary, one of the most interesting things in literature is to mark the shifts and changes in men's standards. Boswell tells a curious story of the first occasion on which Johnson met Sir Joshua Reynolds. Two ladies of the company were regretting the death of a friend, to whom they owed great obligations. Reynolds observed that they had, at any rate, the comfort of being relieved from a debt of gratitude. The ladies were naturally shocked at this singular alleviation of their grief, but Johnson defended it in his clear and forcible manner, and, says Boswell, "was much pleased with the mind, the fair view of human nature, that it exhibited, like some of the reflections of Rochefoucauld." On the strength of it he went home with Reynolds, supped with him, and was his friend for life. No moralist with a reputation to lose would like to back Reynolds' remark in the Nineteenth century.

Our own generation in Great Britain has been singularly unfortunate in the literature of aphorism. One too famous volume of proverbial philosophy had immense vogue, but it is so vapid, so wordy, so futile, as to have a place among books that dispense with parody. Then, rather earlier in the century, a clergyman, who ruined himself by gambling, ran away from his debts to America, and at last blew his brains out, felt peculiarly qualified to lecture mankind on moral prudence. He wrote a little book in 1820 called "Lacon; or, Many Things in Few Words, addressed to those who think." It is an awful example to anybody who is tempted to try his hand at an aphorism. Thus, "Marriage is a feast where the grace is sometimes better than the dinner." I had made some other extracts from this unhappy sage, but you will thank me for having thrown them into the fire. Finally a great authoress of our time was urged by a friend to fill up the gap in our literature by composing a volume of "Thoughts": the result was that most insufferable of all deadly-lively prosings in our sublunary world, "Theophrastus Such." One living writer of genius has given us a little sheaf of subtle pointed maxims in the "Ordeal of Richard Feverel," and perhaps he will one day divulge to the world the whole contents of Sir Austin Feverel's unpublished volume, "The Pilgrim's Scrip."

Yet the wisdom of life has its full part in our literature. Keen insight into peculiarities of individual motive, and concentrated interest in the play of character, shine not merely in Shakespeare, whose mighty soul, as Hallam says was saturated with moral observations, nor in the brilliant phrases of Pope. For those who love meditative reading on the woes and destinies of men, we have Burton and Fuller and Sir Thomas Browne in one age, and Addison, Johnson, and the rest of the essayists in another. Sir Thomas Overbury's "Characters," written in the Baconian age, are found delightful by some; but for my own part, though I have striven to follow the critics' golden rule to have preferences but no exclusions, Overbury has for me no savor. In the great art of painting moral portraits, or character writing, the characters in Clarendon or in Burnet's "History of His Own Time" are full of life, vigor, and coherency, and are attractive to read. I cannot agree with those who put either Clarendon or Burnet on a level with the characters in St. Simon or the Cardinal de Retz: there is a subtlety of analysis, a searching penetration, a breadth of moral comprehension, in the Frenchmen, which I don't find, nor, in truth much desire to find in our countrymen. The homelier hand does well enough for homelier men. For all that, such characters as those of Falkland, of Chillingworth, by Clarendon, or Burnet's very different Lauderdale, are worth a thousand battle-pieces, cabinet plots, or parliamentary combinations, of which we never can be sure that the narrator either knew or has told the whole story. It is true that these characters have not the strange quality which some one imputed to the writing of Tacitus, that it seems to put the reader himself and the secrets of his own heart into the confessional. It is in the novel that, in this country, the faculty of observing social man and his peculiarities has found its most popular instrument. The great novel, not of romance, or adventure, but of character and manners, from the mighty Fielding, down, at a long interval, to Thackeray, covers the field that in France is held and successfully held, against all comers, by her maxim-writers, like La Rochefoucauld, and her great character writers, like La Bruyère. But the literature of aphorism contains one English name of magnificent and immortal lustre—the name of Francis Bacon. Bacon's Essays are the unique masterpiece in our literature of this oracular wisdom of life, applied to scattered occasions of our existence; the essays are known to all the world; but there is another and perhaps a weightier performance of Bacon's which is less known, or not known at all, except to students here and there. I mean the second chapter of the eighth book of his famous treatise, "De Argumentis," which has been translated into pithy English.

In this chapter, among other things, he composes comments on between thirty and forty of what he calls "The Aphorisms or Proverbs of Solomon," which he truly describes as containing, besides thoughts of a theological character, "not a few excellent civil precepts and cautions springing from the inmost recesses of wisdom, and extending to a variety of occasions." I know not where else to find more of the salt of common sense in an uncommon degree than in these terse comments on the Wise King's terse sentences, and in the keen, sagacious, shrewd, wisdom of the world, lighted up by such brilliance of wit, and affluence of illustration, in the pages that come after them.

This sort of wisdom was in the taste of the time; witness Ralegh's "Instructions to his Son," and that curious collection "of political and polemical aphorisms grounded on authority and experience," which he called by the name of the "Cabinet Council." Harrington's "Political Aphorisms," which came a generation later, are not moral sentences; they are a string of propositions in political theory, breathing a noble spirit of liberty, but too abstract for practical guidance through the troubles of the day. But Bacon's admonitions have a depth and copiousness that are all his own. He says that the knowledge of advancement in life, though abundantly practised, had not been sufficiently handled in books, and so he here lays down the precepts for what he calls the "Architecture of Fortune." They constitute a description of a man who is politic for his own fortune, and show how he may best shape a character that will attain the ends of fortune.

First, A man should accustom his mind to judge of the proportion and value of all things as they conduce to his fortune and ends.

Second, Not to undertake things beyond his strength nor to row against the stream.

Third, Not to wait for occasions always, but sometimes to challenge and induce them according to the saying of Demosthenes: "In the same manner as it is a received principle that the general should lead the army, so should wise men lead affairs," causing things to be done, which they think good, and not themselves waiting upon events.

Fourth, Not to take up anything which of necessity takes up a great quantity of time, but to have this sound ever ringing in our ears: "Time is flying, time that can never be retrieved."

Fifth, Not to engage one's self too peremptorily in anything, but ever to have either window open to fly out at, or a secret way to retire by.

Sixth, To follow that ancient precept not construed to any point of perfidiousness, but only to caution and moderation that we are to treat our friend as if he might one day be a foe, and our foe as if he should one day be friend.

All these Bacon called the good arts, as distinguished from the evil arts, which had been described years before by Machiavelli in his famous book "The Prince" and also in his "Discourses." Bacon called Machiavelli's sayings depraved and pernicious, and a corrupt wisdom, as indeed they are. He was conscious that his own maxims, as well, were in some need of elevation and of correction, for he winds up with wise warnings against being carried away by the whirlwind or tempest of ambition; by the general reminder that "all things are vanity and vexation of spirit," and the particular reminder that, "Being without wellbeing is a curse, and the greater being, the greater curse," and that "all virtue is most rewarded, and all wickedness most punished in itself"; by the question whether this incessant, restless, and, as it were, Sabbathless pursuit of fortune, leaves time for holier duties, and what advantage it is to have a face erected towards heaven, with the spirit perpetually grovelling upon earth, eating dust like a serpent; and finally he says that it will not be amiss for men, in this great and excited chase of fortune, to cool themselves a little with that conceit of Charles V in his instructions to his son, that "Fortune hath somewhat of the nature of a woman, who, if she be too closely wooed, is only the further off."

Nobody need go to such writings as these for moral dignity or moral energy. They have no place in that nobler literature from Epictetus and Marcus Aurelius downwards, which lights up the young soul with generous aims, and fires it with the love of all excellence. Yet the most heroic cannot do without a dose of circumspection. The counsels of old Polonius to Lærtes are less sublime than Hamlet's soliloquy, but they have their place. Bacon's chapters are mainly of circumspection, whether we choose to give circumspection a high or a low rank in the list of virtues. Bacon knew of the famous city which had three gates, and on the first the horseman read inscribed, "Be bold"; and on the second gate yet again, "Be bold and evermore be bold"; and on the third it was written, "Be not too bold."

This cautious tone had been brought about by the circumstances of the time. Government was strict; dissent from current opinions was dangerous; there was no indifference and hardly any tolerance; authority was suspicious and it was vindictive. When the great genius of Burke rose like a new sun in the sky, the times were happier and nowhere in our literature does a noble prudence wear statelier robes.

Those who are curious to follow the literature of aphorism into Germany, will, with the mighty exceptions of Goethe and Schiller, find but a parched and scanty harvest. The Germans too often justify the unfriendly definition of an aphorism as a form of speech that wraps up something quite plain in words that turn it into something very obscure. As old Fuller says, the writers have a hair hanging to the nib of their pen. Their shortness does not prevent them from being tiresome. They recall the French wit to whom a friend showed a distich: "Excellent," he said; "but isn't it rather spun out?"

Lichtenberg, a professor of physics, who was also a considerable hand at satire a hundred years ago, composed a collection of sayings, with a little wheat amid much chaff:—

> "People who never have any time are the people who do least."
>
> "The utmost that a weak head can get out of experience is an extra readiness to find out the weakness of other people."
>
> "Over anxiously to feel and think what one could have done is the very worst thing one can do."
>
> "He who has less than he desires should know that he has more than he deserves."
>
> "Enthusiasts without capacity are the really dangerous people."

This last, by the way, recalls a saying of the great French reactionary, De Bonald, and which is never quite out of date: "Follies committed by the sensible, extravagances uttered by the clever, crimes committed by the good,—that is what makes revolutions."

Radowitz was a Prussian soldier and statesman who died in 1853, and left among many other things two or three volumes of short fragmentary pieces on politics, religion, literature, and art. They are intelligent and elevated, but contain hardly anything to our point tonight, unless it be this,—that what is called Stupidity springs not at all from mere want of understanding, but from the fact that the free use of a man's understanding is hindered by some definite vice: Frivolity, Envy, Dissipation, Covetousness, all these darling vices of fallen man,—these are at the bottom of what we name Stupidity. This is true enough, but it is not so much to the point as the saying of a highly judicious aphorism of my acquaintance, that "Excessive anger against human stupidity is itself one of the most provoking of all forms of that stupidity."

Another author of aphorisms of the Goethe period was Klinger, a play-writer, who led a curious and varied life in camps and cities, who began with a vehement enthusiasm for the sentimentalism of Rousseau, and ended, as such men often do, with a hard and stubborn cynicism. He wrote "Thoughts on Different Subjects of the World and Literature," which are intelligent and masculine if they are not particularly pungent in expression. One of them runs—"He who will write interestingly must be able to keep heart and reason in close and friendliest connection. The heart must warm the reason, and the reason must in turn blow on the embers if they are to burst into flame." This illustrates what an aphorism should not be. Contrast its clumsiness with the brevity of the famous and admirable French saying of Vauvenargues, that "Great thoughts come from the heart."

It is only Goethe and Schiller, and especially Goethe, "the strong, much-toiling sage, with spirit free from mists, and sane and clear," who combine the higher and the lower wisdom, and have skill to put moral truths into forms of words that fix themselves with stings in the reader's mind. All Goethe's work, whether poetry or prose, his plays, his novels, his letters, his conversations, are richly bestrewn with the luminous sentences of a keen-eyed, steadfast, patient, indefatigable watcher of human life. He deals gravely and sincerely with men. He has none of that shallow irony by which small men who have got wrong with the world seek a shabby revenge. He tells us the whole truth. He is not of those second-rate sages who keep their own secrets, externally complying with all the conventions of speech and demeanor, while privately nourishing unbridled freedom of opinion in the inner sanctuary of the mind. He deals soberly, faithfully, laboriously, cheerfully, with motive and with conduct. He marks himself the friend, the well-wisher, and helper. I will not begin to quote from Goethe, for I should never end. The volume of Sprüche, or aphorisms in rhyme and prose in his collected works is accessible to everybody, but some of his wisest and finest are to be found in the plays, like the well-known one in his "Tasso,"—"In stillness Talent forms itself, but Character in the great current of the world."

But here is a concentrated admonition from the volume that I have named, that will do as well as any other for an example of his temper:—

> "Wouldst fashion for thyself a seemly life?—
> Then fret not over what is past and gone;
> And spite of all thou mayst have lost behind
> Yet act as if thy life were just begun.
> What each day wills, enough for thee to know;
> What each day wills, the day itself will tell.
> Do thine own task, and be therewith content;
> What others do, that shalt thou fairly judge;
> Be sure that thou no brother-mortal hate,
> Then all besides leave to the Master Power."

If any of you should be bitten with unhappy passion for the composition of aphorisms, let me warn such an one that the power of observing life is rare, the power of drawing new lessons from it is rarer still, and the power of condensing the lesson into a pointed sentence is rarest of all. Beware of cultivating this delicate art. The effort is only too likely to add one more to that perverse class described by Gibbon who strangle a thought in the hope of strengthening it, and applaud their own skill when they have shown in a few absurd words the fourth part of an idea. Let me warmly urge anybody that so mistaken an ambition instead of painfully distilling poor platitudes of his own, to translate the shrewd saws of the wise-browed Goethe.

Some have found light in the sayings of Balthasar Gracian, a Spaniard, who flourished at the end of the Seventeenth century, whose maxims were translated into English at the very beginning of the Eighteenth, and who was introduced to the British public in an excellent article by Sir M. E. Grant-Duff a few years ago. The English title is attractive: "The Art of Prudence, or a Companion for a Man of Sense." I do not myself find Gracian much of a companion, though some of his aphorisms give a neat turn to commonplace. Thus:—

> "The pillow is a dumb sibyl. To sleep upon a thing that is to be done, is better than to be wakened up by one already done."
>
> "To equal a predecessor one must have twice his worth."
>
> "What is easy ought to be entered upon as though it were difficult, and what is difficult as though it were easy."
>
> "Those things are generally best remembered which ought most to be forgot. Not seldom the surest remedy of the evil consists in forgetting it."

It is France that excels in the form apart from the matter of aphorism, and for the good reason that in France the arts of polished society were relatively at an early date the objects of a serious and deliberate cultivation, which was and perhaps is unknown in the rest of Europe. Conversation became a fine art. "I hate war," said one; "it spoils conversation." The leisured class found their keenest relish in delicate irony, in piquancy, in contained vivacity, in the study of niceties of observation and finish of phrase. You have a picture of it in such a play as Molière's "Misanthropist," where we see a section of the polished life of the time—men and women making and receiving compliments, discoursing on affairs with easy lightness, flitting backwards and forwards with a thousand petty hurries, and among them one singular figure, hoarse, rough, sombre, moving with a chilling reality in the midst of frolicking shadows. But the shadows were all in all to one another. Not a point of conduct, not a subtlety of social motive escaped detection and remark.

Dugald Stewart has pointed to the richness of the French tongue in appropriate and discriminating expressions for varieties of intellectual turn and shade. How many of us, who claim a reasonable knowledge of French will undertake easily to find an English equivalent for such distinctions as are expressed in the following phrases—Esprit juste; esprit étendu, esprit fin, esprit délié, esprit de lumière? These numerous distinctions are the evidence, as Stewart says, of that attention paid by the cultivated classes to delicate shades of mind and feeling. Compare with them the colloquial use of our overworked word "clever." Society and conversation have not been among us the school of reflection, the spring of literary inspiration that they have been in France. The English rule has rather been like that of the ancient Persians, that the great thing is to learn to ride, to shoot with the bow, and to speak the truth. There is much in that. But it has been more favorable to strength than to either subtlety or finish.

One of the most commonly known of all books of maxims, after the Proverbs of Solomon, is the Moral Reflections of La Rochefoucauld. The author lived at court, himself practised all the virtues which he seemed to disparage, and took so much trouble to make sure of the right expression that many of these short sentences were more than thirty times revised. They were given to the world in the latter half of the Seventeenth century in a little volume which Frenchmen used to know by heart, which gave a new turn to the literary taste of the nation, and which has been translated into every civilized tongue. It paints men as they would be, if self-love were the one great mainspring of human action, and makes magnanimity itself no better than self-interest in disguise:—

> "Interest," he says, "speaks all sorts of tongues and plays all sorts of parts, even the part of the disinterested."
>
> "Gratitude is with most people only a strong desire for greater benefits to come."
>
> "Love of justice is with most of us nothing but the fear of suffering injustice."
>
> "Friendship is only the reciprocal conciliation of interests, mutual exchange of good offices; it is a species of commerce out of which self-love always intends to make something."
>
> "We have all strength enough to endure the troubles of other people."
>
> "Our repentance is not so much regret for the ill we have done as fear of the ill that may come to us in consequence."

And everybody here knows the saying that "In the adversity of our best friends we often find something that is not exactly displeasing."

We cannot wonder that, in spite of their piquancy of form, such sentences as these have aroused in many minds an invincible repugnance for what would be so tremendous a calumny on human nature, if the book were meant to be a picture of human nature as a whole. "I count Rochefoucauld's 'Maxims,'" says one critic, "a bad book. As I am reading it, I feel discomfort; I have a sense of suffering which I cannot define. Such thoughts tarnish the brightness of the soul; they degrade the heart." Yet as a faithful presentation of human selfishness, and of you and me in so far as we happen to be mainly selfish, the odious mirror has its uses by showing us what manner of men we are or may become. Let us not forget either that not quite all is selfishness in La Rochefoucauld. Everybody knows his saying that hypocrisy is the homage that vice pays to virtue. There is subtle truth in this,—that to be in too great a hurry to discharge an obligation is itself a kind of ingratitude. Nor is there any harm in the reflection that no fool is so troublesome as the clever fool; or in this, that only great men have any business with great defects; nor, finally in this, that we are never either so happy or so unhappy as we imagine.

No more important name is associated with the literature of aphorisms than that of Pascal; but the Thoughts of Pascal concern the deeper things of speculative philosophy and religion, rather than the wisdom of daily life, and, besides, though aphoristic in form, they are in substance systematic. "I blame equally," he said, "those who take sides for praising man, those who are for blaming him, and those who amuse themselves with him: the only wise part is search for truth—search with many sighs." On man, as he exists in society, he said little; and what he said does not make us hopeful. He saw the darker side. "If everybody knew what one says of them, there would not be four friends left in the world." "Would you have men think well of you, then do not speak well of yourself." And so forth. If you wish to know Pascal's theory you may find it set out in brilliant verse in the opening lines of the second book of Pope's "Essay on Man." "What a chimera is Man!" said Pascal. "What a confused chaos! What a subject of contradiction! A professed judge of all things, and yet a feeble worm of the earth; the great depository and guardian of truth, and yet a mere huddle of uncertainty; the glory and the scandal of the universe!" Shakespeare was wiser and deeper when under this quintessence of dust, he discerned what a piece of work is man,—how noble in reason, how infinite in faculty, in form and moving; how expressive and admirable. That serene and radiant faith is the secret, added to the matchless gifts of imagination and music, why Shakespeare is the greatest of men.

There is a smart spurious wisdom of the world which has the bitterness not of the salutary tonic, but of mortal poison; and of this kind the master is Chamfort, who lived through the French Revolution, and whose little volume of Thoughts is often extremely witty, always pointed, but not seldom cynical and false. "If you live among men," he said, "the heart must either break or turn to brass." "The public! the public!" he cried, "how many fools does it take to make a public!" "What is celebrity? The advantage of being known to people who don't know you."

All literatures might be ransacked in vain for a more repulsive saying than this, that "A man must swallow a toad every morning if he wishes to be quite sure of finding nothing more disgusting still before the day is over." We cannot be surprised to hear of the lady who said that a conversation with Chamfort in the morning made her melancholy until bedtime. Yet Chamfort is the author of the not unwholesome saying that "the most wasted of all days is that on which one has not laughed." One of his maxims lets us into the secret of his misanthropy. "Whoever," he said, "is not a misanthropist at forty can never have loved mankind." It is easy to know what this means. Of course if a man is so superfine that he will not love mankind any longer than he can believe them to be demigods and angels, it is true that at forty he may have discovered that they are neither. Beginning by looking for men to be more perfect than they can be, he ends by thinking them worse than they are, and then he secretly plumes himself on his superior cleverness in having found humanity out. For the deadliest of all wet blankets give me a middle-aged man who has been most of a visionary in his youth.

To correct all this, let us recall the saying that I have already quoted [from Helvetius] which made so deep an impression on Jeremy Bentham: "In order to love mankind, we must not expect too much from them." And let us remember that Archbishop Fénelon, one of the most saintly men that ever lived, and whose very countenance bore such a mark of goodness that when he was in a room men found that they could not desist from looking at him, wrote to a friend the year before he died, "I ask little from most men; I try to render them much, and to expect nothing in return, and I get very well out of the bargain."

Chamfort I will leave, with his sensible distinction between pride and vanity. "A man," he says, "has advanced far in the study of morals who has mastered the difference between pride and vanity. The first is lofty, calm, immovable; the second is uncertain, capricious, unquiet. The one adds to a man's stature; the other puffs him out. The one is the source of a thousand virtues; the other is that of nearly all vices and all perversities. There is a kind of pride in which are included all the commandments of God; and a kind of vanity which contains the seven mortal sins."

I will say little of La Bruyère, by far the greatest, broadest, strongest of French character-writers, because his is not one of the houses of which you can judge by a brick or two taken at random. For those in whom the excitements of modern literature have not burnt up the faculty of sober meditation on social man, La Bruyère must always be one of the famous names. Macaulay somewhere calls him thin. But Macaulay has less ethical depth, and less perception of ethical depth, than any writer that ever lived with equally brilliant gifts in other ways; and thin is the very last word that describes this admirable master. If one seeks to measure how far removed the great classic moralists are from thinness, let him turn from La Bruyère to the inane subtleties and meaningless conundrums not worth answering that do duty for analysis of character in some modern American literature.

I will say nothing of Rivarol, a caustic wit of the revolutionary time, nor of Joubert, a writer of sayings of this century, of whom Mr. Matthew Arnold has said all that needs saying. He is delicate, refined, acute, but his thoughts were fostered in the hot-house of a coterie, and have none of the salt and sapid flavor that comes to more masculine spirits from active contact with the world.

I should prefer to close this survey in the saner moral climate of Vauvenargues. He died one hundred and forty years ago, leaving a little book of maxims behind, which for tenderness, equanimity, cheerfulness, grace, sobriety, and hope are not surpassed in prose literature. "One of the noblest qualities in our nature," he said, "is that we are able so easily to dispense with greater perfection."

> "Magnanimity owes no account to prudence of its motives."
>
> "To do great things a man must live as though he had never to die."
>
> "The first days of spring have less grace than the growing virtue of a young man."
>
> "You must rouse in men all consciousness of their own prudence and strength if you would rouse their character."

Just as somebody else [Tocqueville] said: "He who despises mankind will never get the best out of either others or himself."

The best known of Vauvenargues' sayings, as it is deepest and broadest, is the far-reaching sentence already quoted, that "Great thoughts come from the heart." And this is the truth that shines out as we watch the voyage of humanity from the "wide, gray, lampless depths" of time. Those have been the greatest in thought who have been best endowed with faith, hope, sympathy, and the spirit of effort. And next to them come the great, stern, mournful men, like Tacitus, Dante, Pascal, who, standing as far aloof from the soft poetic dejection of some of the moods of Shelley or Keats, as from the savage fury of Swift, watch with a prophet's indignation the heedless waste of faculty and opportunity, the triumph of paltry motive and paltry aim, as if we were the flies of a summer noon, which do more than any active malignity to distort the great lines, and to weaken or to frustrate the strong and healthy parts of human nature. For practical purposes all these complaints of men are of as little avail as Johnson found the complaint that of the globe so large a space should be occupied by the uninhabitable ocean, encumbered by naked mountains, lost under barren sands, scorched by perpetual heat, or petrified by perpetual frost, and so small a space be left for the production of fruits, the pasture of cattle, and the accommodation of men.

When we have deducted, said Johnson, all the time that is absorbed in sleep, or appropriated to the other demands of nature, or the inevitable requirements of social intercourse, all that is torn from us by violence and disease, or imperceptibly stolen from us by languor, we may realize of how small a portion of our time we are truly masters. And the same consideration of the ceaseless and natural pre-occupations of man in the daily struggle will reconcile the wise man to disappointments, delays, shortcomings of the world, without shaking the firmness of his own faith, or the intrepidity of his own purpose.

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